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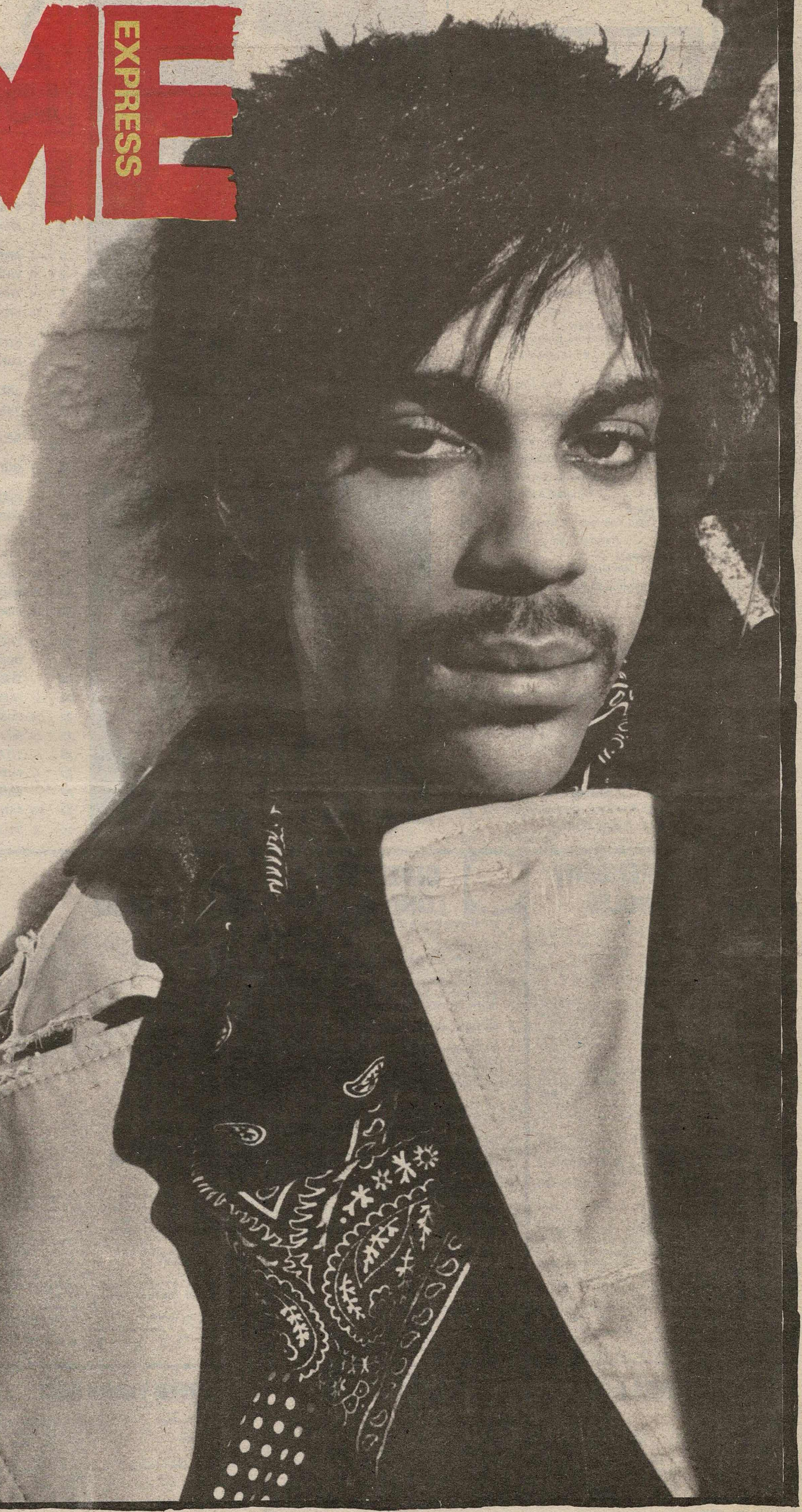


Would you let your pet frog be kissed by this Prince? Pic: Joe Stevens

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**STAND AND DELIVER**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	5	1
2	3	**YOU DRIVE ME CRAZY**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	5	2
3	4	**STARS ON 45**	Starsound (CBS)	6	1
4	2	**CHEQUERED LOVE**	Kim Wilde (RAK)	4	2
5	17	**BEING WITH YOU**	Smokey Robinson (Motown)	3	5
6	8	**I WANT TO BE FREE**	Toyah (Safari)	3	6
7	5	**SWORDS OF A THOUSAND MEN**	Tenpole Tudor (Stiff)	5	5
8	7	**BETTE DAVIS' EYES**	Kim Carnes (EMI)	4	7
9	26	**ALL THOSE YEARS AGO**	George Harrison (Dark Horse)	2	9
10	9	**KEEP ON LOVING YOU**	Reo Speedwagon (Epic)	5	8
11	16	**THE SOUND OF THE CROWD**	Human League (Virgin)	4	11
12	12	**DON'T LET IT PASS**	UB40 (Dept Int)	2	12
13	19	**HOW 'BOUT US**	Champagne (CBS)	2	13
14	6	**OSSIE'S DREAM**	Spurs F A (Shelf)	4	6
15	—	**TOO DRUNK TO FUCK**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)	1	15
16	—	**WILL YOU**	Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	1	16
17	14	**IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN**	The Undertones (Ardeck)	3	14
18	18	**TREASON**	Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)	4	17
19	10	**STRAY CAT STRUT**	Stray Cats (Arista)	5	9
20	—	**FUNERAL PYRE**	Jam (Polydor)	1	20
21	20	**AIN'T NO STOPPING**	Enigma (Creole)	2	20
22	25	**THEME FROM CHARIOTS OF FIRE**	Vangelis (Polydor)	3	22
23	—	**ONE DAY IN YOUR LIFE**	Michael Jackson (Motown)	1	23
24	13	**GREY DAYS**	Madness (Stiff)	6	4
25	—	**FOLLOW THE LEADERS**	Killing Joke (E.G.)	1	25
26	—	**MORE THAN IN LOVE**	Kate Robbins (RCA)	1	26
27	—	**SPELLBOUND**	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	1	27
28	11	**WHEN HE SHINES**	Sheena Easton (EMI)	4	11
29	—	**GOING BACK TO OUR ROOTS**	Odyssey (RCA)	1	29
30	—	**PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PIGBAG**	Pigbag (Y)	1	30

Jello Biafra, the voice behind the title **they** *dared not print.*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

June 6th, 1981

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**STARS ON 45**	Starsound (CBS)	3	1
2	1	**KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	28	1
3	—	**ANTHEM**	Toyah (Safari)	1	3
4	3	**WHA'PPEN?**	The Beat (GoFeet)	4	2
5	4	**THIS OLE HOUSE**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	8	3
6	24	**DISCO DAZE AND DISCO NIGHTS**	Various (Ronco)	2	6
7	6	**HOTTER THAN JULY**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	29	1
8	10	**LONG DISTANCE VOYAGER**	Moody Blues (Threshold)	2	8
9	—	**JAZZ SINGER**	Neil Diamond (Capitol)	26	4
10	14	**THE ADVENTURES OF THIN LIZZY**	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	2	10
11	—	**SECRET COMBINATION**	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	1	11
12	5	**QUIT DREAMING AND GET ON THE BEAM**	Bill Nelson (Mercury)	2	5
13	9	**HIGH INFIDELITY**	Reo Speedwagon (Epic)	5	9
14	15	**POSITIVE TOUCH**	Undertones (EMI)	4	6
15	11	**CHARIOTS OF FIRE**	Vangelis (Polydor)	5	7
16	16	**STRAY CATS**	Stray Cats (Arista)	10	4
17	23	**EAST SIDE STORY**	Squeeze (A & M)	2	17
17	12	**BAD FOR GOOD**	Jim Steinman (Epic)	3	12
19	18	**PLAYING WITH A DIFFERENT SEX**	Au Pairs (Human)	2	18
20	19	**THE DUDE**	Quincy Jones (A & M)	4	19
21	7	**COMPUTER WORLD**	Kraftwerk (EMI)	3	7
22	—	**THEMES**	Various (K-Tel)	1	22
23	17	**I AM THE PHOENIX**	Judy Tzuke (Rooket)	3	17
24	13	**PUNKS NOT DEAD**	The Exploited (Secret)	4	10
25	25	**MAKIN' MOVIES**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	21	3
26	—	**TO EACH . . .**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)	5	19
27	—	**FUTURE SHOCK**	Gillan (Virgin)	6	3
27	—	**CAN'T GET ENOUGH**	Eddy Grant (Ice)	1	27
27	20	**FAITH**	The Cure (Fiction)	7	7
30	26	**JOURNEYS TO GLORY**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	13	3

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1 (6) **Too Drunk To Fuck** Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
2 (2) **I Want To Be Free** Toyah (Safari)
3 (1) **Don't Let It Pass / Don't Slow Down** UB40 (Dep Int)
4 (3) **Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag** Pigbag (Y)
5 (8) **Go For Gold** Girls At Our Best (Happy Birthday)
6 (—) **The Resurrection EP** Vice Squad (Riot City)
7 (4) **Why** Discharge (Clay)
8 (5) **Slates** The Fall (Rough Trade)
9 (9) **Chance Meeting** Josef K (Postcard)
10 (6) **Candy Skin** Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
10 (20) **Charm** Positive Noise (Statik)
12 (10) **Dogs Of War** The Exploited (Secret)
13 (—) **Our Swimmer** Wire (Rough Trade)
14 (23) **Number 11** Dead or Alive (Inevitable)
15 (11) **Don't Dry Your Tears.** Delmontes (Rational)
16 (—) **Rebecca's Room** Wasted Youth (Bridge House)
17 (13) **Nagasaki Nightmare** Crass (Crass)
18 (22) **Sing Me A Song EP** Marc Bolan (Rarn)
19 (26) **The Complete Disorder EP** Disorder (Disorder)
20 (28) **Attention Stockholm** Virna Lindt (Compact)
21 (16) **Rebel Without A Brain** Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
22 (18) **Dreaming Of Me** Depeche Mode (Mute)
23 (12) **Poor Old Soul** Orange Juice (Postcard)
24 (29) **You're No Good** ESG (Factory)
25 (27) **Kerb Crawler** Au Pairs (021)
26 (30) **24 Hours** The Chefs (Attrix)
27 (—) **Children Of The Sun** Misunderstood (Cherry Red)
28 (—) **Anti Police** Demob (Round Ear)
29 (15) **All Systems Go** Poison Girls (Crass)
30 (—) **Fanfare In The Garden** Essential Logic (Rough Trade)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1 (2) **Playing With A Different Sex** Au Pairs (Human)
2 (4) **Anthem** Toyah (Safari)
3 (1) **Punks Not Dead** The Exploited (Secret)
4 (3) **To Each** A Certain Ratio (Factory)
5 (7) **Heart of Darkness** Positive Noise (Statik)
6 (5) **Mesh And Lace** Modern English (4AD)
7 (6) **He Who Dares Wins** Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
8 (8) **Lubricate Your Living Room** Fire Engines (Accessory)
9 (9) **Prayers On Fire** Birthday Party (4AD)
10 (10) **Closer** Joy Division (Factory)
11 (13) **Signing Off** UB40 (Graduate)
12 (16) **Dirk Wears White Sox** Adam & The Ants (Do-it)
13 (17) **Concrete** 999 (Albion)
14 (23) **How The West Was Won** Rankin' Toyan (Greensleeves)
15 (15) **Unknown Pleasures.** Joy Division (Factory)
16 (12) **Ultimate Action** Action (Edsel)
17 (18) **Live** Misty in Roots (People Unite)
18 (20) **Stations Of The Crass** Crass (Crass)
19 (—) **Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables** Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
20 (19) **In Berlin** Blurt (Armageddon)
21 (—) **Pindrop** Passage (Object)
22 (11) **390 Degrees of Simulated Stereo** Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
23 (22) **Whatever Happens** Swell Maps (Rough Trade)
24 (14) **Toyah Toyah Toyah** Toyah (Safari)
25 (21) **In The Flat Field** Bauhaus (4AD)
26 (26) **Sheep Farming In Barnet** Toyah (Safari)
27 (28) **Bagpipe Music** Art Objects (Heartbeat)
28 (—) **Dub Landing** Scientist (Greensleeves)
29 (24) **Inflammable Material** Stiff Little Fingers (Rough Trade)
30 (30) **Grotesque** Fall (Rough Trade)

REGGAE

1 **Love A Dub** Ranking Dread (Greensleeves)
2 **Wide Awake In A Dream** Barry Biggs (Dynamic)
3 **Happiness Forgets.** Errol Dunkley (Natty Congo)
4 **Hotter Reggae Music** Welton Ire (Taxi)
5 **M16** Barrington Levy (Live & Learn)
6 **Love Bump** Lone Ranger (Studio 1)
7 **Hold On To Your Love.** Al Campbell (Art & Craft)
8 **Lots Of Loving** Tony Tuff (Black & White)
9 **Everyone Turn Ranking** Hugo Brown (Mandingo)
10 **Leave Yah** Freddy McGregor (JB)

Chart by Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

FUNK

1 **Going Back To My Roots** Odyssey (RCA)
2 **Wikka Wrap** Evasions (Groove Productions)
3 **Let Somebody Love You** Keni Burke (RCA)
4 **Love Either Grows or Goes*** Scandal (Lee Genesis) (Sam)
5 **Dancin' The Night Away*** Voggue (Celsius)
6 **If You Want Me*** Barbara Roy (Roy B)
7 **How's It Feel** Harvey Mason (Arista)
8 **Turned On To You*** Eighties Ladies (Melodic)
9 **Dancing On The Floor (Hooked On Love)** Third World (CBS)
10 **Shake It Up Tonight*** Cheryl Lynn (Columbia)

* Denotes Import

Chart by Tim Palmer, Groove Records, 52 Greek St, W.1.

INTERNATIONAL HOLLAND

1 **Making Your Mind Up** Bucks Fizz (RCA)
2 **How 'Bout Us** Champagne (CBS)
3 **Can You Feel It** Jacksons (Epic)
4 **Dance On** Doris D & Pins (Phonogram)
5 **De Verzonken Stad** Frank En Mirella (Polydor)
6 **This Ole House** Shakin' Stevens (CBS)
7 **Double Dutch Bus** Frankie Smith (WMOT)
8 **Without Your Love** Roger Daltrey (Polydor)
9 **Het Is Moeilijk Bescheiden Te Blijvin** Peter Blanker (Fleet)
10 **Then The Music Stopped** Pussycat (EMI)

BUMA/STEMBRA/Billboard

ARGENTINA

1 **My Turn To Love You** Eddy Grant (Interdisc/ATC)
2 **The Gambler** Kenny Rogers (EMI)
3 **Tremendo Amor** Maria Celeste (CBS)
4 **Living On The Front Line** Eddy Grant (ATC/Music Hall)
5 **Solo Un Sabado Mas.** Leonardo Jury (Microfon)
6 **Lady** Kenny Rogers (EMI)
7 **Quiero Dormir Cansado** Emmanuel (RCA)
8 **Another One Bites The Dust** Queen (EMI)
9 **Santa Maria** Manuela Bravo (Phonogram)
10 **Flash** Queen (EMI)

Prensario/Cashbox

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Fernando** Abba (Epic)
2 **Combine Harvester** Wurzels (EMI)
3 **My Resistance Is Low** Robin Starstedt (Decca)
4 **No Charge** J. J. Barrie (Power Exchange)
5 **Silly Love Songs** Wings (Parlophone)
6 **Fool To Cry** Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
7 **Devil Woman** Cliff Richard (EMI)
8 **Let Your Love Flow** Bellamy Brothers (Warner Brothers)
9 **Arms Of Mary** Sutherland Brothers & Quiver (CBS)
10 **More More More** Andrea True Connection (Buddah)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **My Brother Jake** Free (Island)
2 **Knock Three Times** Dawn (Bell)
3 **I Did What I Did For Maria** Tony Christie (MCA)
4 **I Am I Said** Neil Diamond (UNI)
5 **Indiana Wants Me** R. Dean Taylor (Tamla Motown)
6 **Malt And Barley Blues** McGuinness Flint (Capitol)
7 **Heaven Must Have Sent You** Elgins (Tamla Motown)
8 **Brown Sugar** Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
9 **I'm Gonna Run Away From You** Tammi Lynn (Mojo)
10 **Lady Rose** Mungo Jerry (Dawn)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

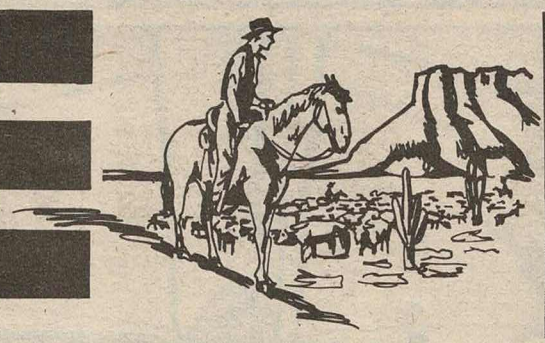
1 **Strangers In The Night** Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
2 **Paint It Black** Rolling Stones (Decca)
3 **Monday Monday** Mamas And Papas (RCA)
4 **Wild Thing** Troggs (Fontana)
5 **Sorrow** Merseys (Fontana)
6 **When A Man Loves A Woman** Percy Sledge (Atlantic)
7 **Promises** Ken Dodd (Columbia)
8 **Don't Bring Me Down** Animals (Decca)
9 **Sloop John B** Beach Boys (Capitol)
10 **Rainy Day Woman Nos 12 & 35** Bob Dylan (CBS)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Surrender** Elvis Presley (RCA)
2 **Runaway** Del Shannon (London)
3 **Frightened City** Shadows (Columbia)
4 **You'll Never Know** Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
5 **But I Do** Clarence Henry (Pye Int.)
6 **More Than I Can Say** Bobby Vee (London)
7 **On The Rebound** Floyd Cramer (RCA)
8 **Have A Drink On Me** Lonnie Donegan (Pye)
9 **Little Devil** Neil Sedaka (RCA)
10 **What'd I Say** Jerry Lee Lewis (London)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

FROM THE HIP . . . TO THE HIP



NEWS DEREK JOHNSON THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Clash forced to play 16-date season after ticket fiasco

UNDER FIRE IN NEW YORK

WHEN THE CLASH landed at Kennedy Airport last Tuesday, it was more than clear that America definitely wanted the band. By the end of the week, it had become very much less than clear exactly how America was going to get them.

The original plan was for The Clash to play an eight-day stretch at Bonds International Casino, at one time a swish disco, now going rock and roll, on New York's notorious Times Square. When the tickets first went on sale three weeks ago fans had jammed the Bonds box office from the early hours of the morning.

On Thursday, the opening night, all seemed to be going according to plan. Every available ticket had long since been sold and the scalpers (that's touts to you) were out in force offering ten-dollar tickets for a nifty fifty. Bonds may have seemed a little crowded and there were one or two hassles at the door, but no more than any other rock showing. The Clash played a two-hour show (they have developed a tendency to drop into lengthy dub grooves at the end of their normally clipped hits) and the only jarring incident was the hostile reaction by a dumb thug element in the crowd to rappers Grandmaster Flash.

It must have come as something of a surprise to punters departing after the Clash set, to see a gang of fully equipped firemen storming through the main doors of the building.

"Where's the fire?"

"No fire," the firemen replied — but beyond that they were giving nothing away. Nothing that is until the following afternoon, when the New York Fire Department slapped a restraining order on Bonds limiting the size of the crowds to 1750 people. According to the Fire Department's estimate the opening night crowd was just short of 3700 and there was no reason to suppose that a smaller number would turn up on any of the subsequent seven nights.

The problem was that, although the art deco interior of Bonds could hold 4000 people with only minimal discomfort, in an emergency the fire exits could get less than 1800 out of the place with any degree of safety. On the Channel Two News the Fire Chief volunteered the information that in his judgement as few as 900 could get out in the event of a fire but he was willing to stretch a point.

After an emergency meeting between Clash managers Bernie Rhodes and Kosmo Vinyl, fire chiefs and Bonds management, a compromise was reached whereby Bonds agreed to cancel upcoming attractions Gary Glitter and The Stranglers, and The Clash would extend their shows for a further seven days — a total of 16 in all — so Bonds could conform to the 1750 limit and all ticket-holders would see a show.

On Friday night, the system worked despite TV crews looking for a riot, a heavy police presence and a large number of disgruntled ticket-holders, particularly out-of-towners, being told to come back one week later.

By Saturday morning, however, the city's building department had got in on the act, too, and also decided that Bonds was a potential fire-trap. Going one better than the fire officers, they slapped a court order on the night club, effectively closing it indefinitely.

A mini-riot ensued when ticket-holders protested at being turned away from the Saturday afternoon matinee, and the sidewalk was cleared by mounted police. The evening show was also cancelled, but with heavy publicity on both TV and radio there were no incidents.

But the chances of the Sunday show — and, in fact, the chances of The Clash playing any more dates of the Bonds season — seemed in grave doubt. With over a quarter of a million dollars in ticket money still in question, it would have been hard for them to play any other venue until that money was refunded.

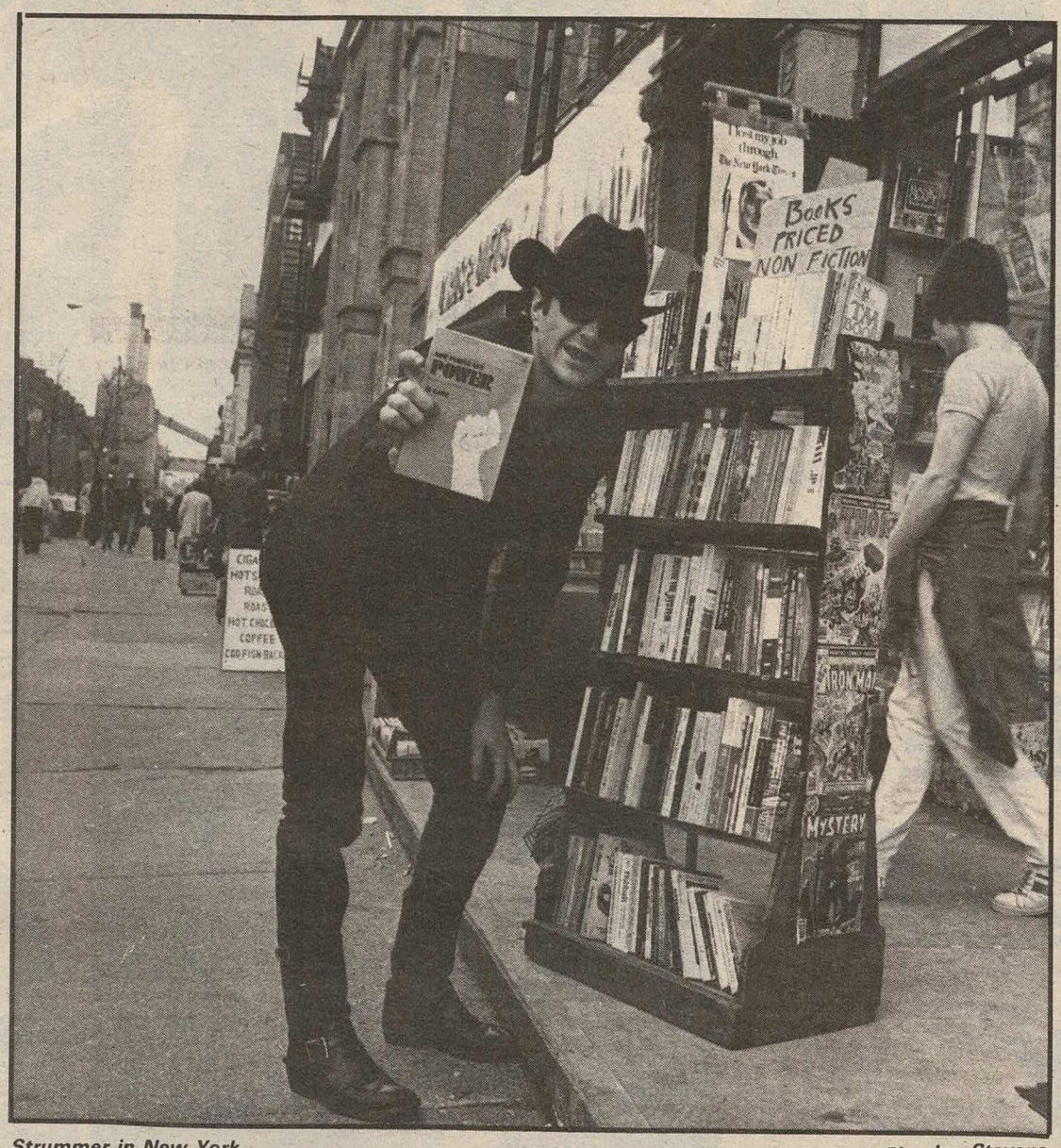
Then, with everything seemingly at its blackest, the New York Building Commissioner stepped in (apparently after having been bugged by his own children about The Clash closure) and reached a compromise. If Bonds beefed up their security and reworked their fire escape system they could open for the duration of the Clash dates — provided the audience didn't exceed the fire chief's 1750 limit.

Even though shows were apparently now going on, the question still remains why the city authorities should have decided to hit Bonds on the opening night of The Clash. Although the extended Clash season was their most ambitious project to date, there have been other shows at Bonds including The Ramones and The Plasmatics (who blew up a car) that have pulled crowds of around 4000.

Conspiracy theories are rife. Stories circulate about anonymous tip-offs and unpaid bribes.

By far the most popular idea is that the Bonds fiasco may have been a major shot in the hotting-up of the Manhattan club wars.

— MICK FARREN



Strummer in New York — *Pic: Joe Stevens*

Dury pays homage to HRHs

☐ **IAN DURY & The Blockheads** will celebrate the marriage of Prince Charles and Lady Diana Spencer by playing a special London concert on the evening of the Royal Wedding — at Hammersmith Odeon on Wednesday, July 29 — *NME* understands.

No official confirmation of the concert could be obtained this week from any of the leading promoters, so obviously tickets are not yet on sale, but an announcement is expected in a week or two.

It's believed that the July 29 show will be one of a series of concerts at Hammersmith timed to coincide with the Royal Wedding and the massive influx of visitors to the capital.

☐ **TOM ROBINSON's Sector 27** make their first UK appearance for six months on Sunday, June 22, at London's Heaven Ultradisco at Charing Cross. They're playing a one-off benefit in aid of the campaign to support Philip Fotheringham, a gay Anglo-Canadian who was refused entry into the United States at New York's JFK airport. Immigration officers searched him and discovered letters revealing his sexuality, and he was ordered onto a flight back to London.

The irony of the situation is that Sector 27 have just returned from their second American tour, and Tom Robinson is scheduled to visit San Francisco later this month, as special guest of the city's Gay Freedom Day Parade.

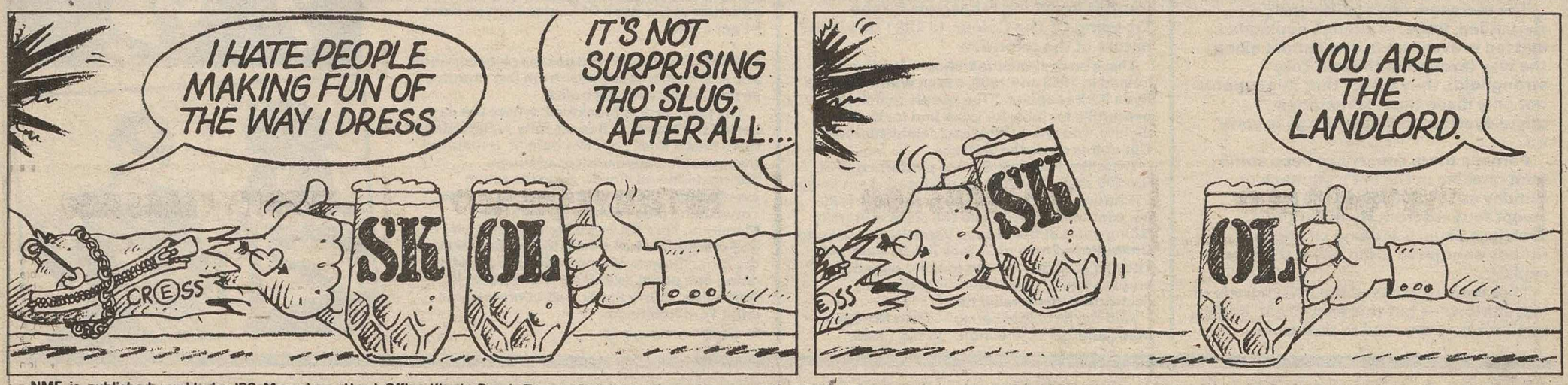
The Heaven show will feature two other bands, still being lined up, and tickets are £3.

☐ **SQUEEZE** headline a rare club gig on Thursday, June 18, when they appear at London Camden Dingwalls.

☐ **BLACK UHURU** have still not been able to confirm details of their UK tour next month, because of the activities of Jamaican maestros Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, who are scheduled to accompany them on their British dates. The problem is that Sly and Robbie have now decided to tag along with Peter Tosh, when he plays London Rainbow on June 29 and 30.

THE SKOLARS

ADVERTISEMENT



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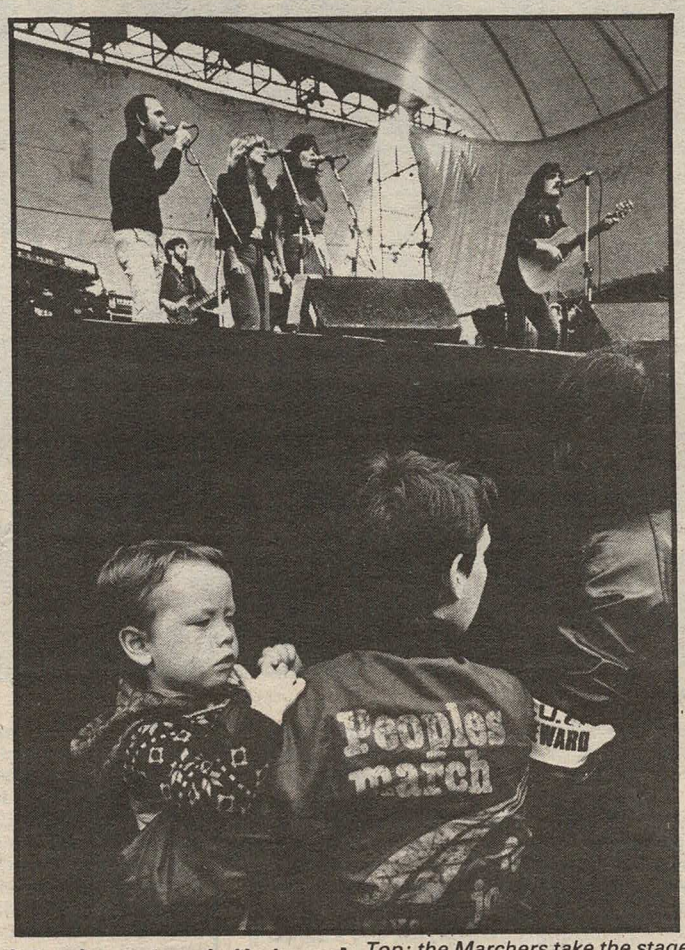
W.O.R.K. No No My Daddy Don't . . .



ANDREW 'Wat' TYLER sees the peasants revolt, 1981 style, as the Jobs March hits London. Pictures in the park by ADRIAN BOOT

Top: the Marchers take the stage followed by Jim Capaldi (above) and Pete Townshend. Right: Aswad arrive at Brockwell and park. Bottom: Barry Forde (left) emerges with a smile.

PRESIDENT LYNDON JOHNSON once boasted of having watched a ball game on TV while thousands massed outside the White House gates shouting protest at the Vietnam war.

Maggie Thatcher, likewise, put up a disinterested front when the People's March For Jobs neared London last week. "It will have no effect on me," she said not too convincingly.

All month long, since the 500 left Liverpool and Huddersfield, the Government has been nourished with stories in its favourite newspapers saying the march was a flop; that it was a put-up job by Superlefty crackpots; that it was a warped parody of Jarrow and the '30s when the hard-up at least knew how to starve with dignity.

The marchers report differently. Garlanded, feted, sheltered, applauded and fed in every town and hamlet along the way (excepting the odd Tory stronghold), they testify that this support not only made them sometimes misty-eyed but gave them legs to carry on.

Perhaps there *could* have been some faint quaking in the PM's stomach on Sunday as 150,000 joined the 500 and swept forward from Hyde Park to Trafalgar Square, looking strong and moody enough to grind down the whole capital.

Thre were touches of the CND parade of last summer — but this was larger, edgier, further along the road to flashpoint.

A brass band struck up a tune in Hyde Park and looked to be the leader. But it was a police riot truck that took front position, with lookout turret and banks of megaphones. A helicopter buzzed overhead. Poised tough along the park embankment were police on horseback, fine-looking yard-long canes at their hips.

At the bottom of Lower Regent Street the police were packed more densely. A hypothetical breakaway here could see a surge into Waterloo Place, down the steps to The Mall and to Buckingham Palace itself; or though Horseguards Parade to Downing Street.

On the previous day, the 500 had been prevented marching through Whitehall, past the PM's street, because — it was explained — it was already occupied by tourists watching rehearsals for the Trooping Of The Colour. In 1981 this is the nature of the priorities.

There were similar marches in Northern Ireland in 1968 and 1969, a man warned from a Hyde Park soapbox. "The people marched peacefully for jobs, for work and for their dignity, and were mercilessly clubbed down. Out of this came the violence."

From the Trafalgar Square platform one of the 500 said: "I have seen the future. I am living the future. In Kirby near Liverpool there is 30 per cent unemployed and the place is literally falling apart at the seams. Vandalism is soaring. Unemployed men of 30 look like 50-year-olds. They sit in empty houses looking out onto empty streets. I have seen degradation, destitution, demoralisation."

And the next speaker up — from Scotland — made another connection. "In the 1930s, unemployment led to racism which led to the death camps of Europe. We said never again. Full employment was our priority. In 1981 we are back in the same nightmare."

SOME CURIOUS FACTS as delivered from the Trafalgar Square platform:

Arms expenditure this year is £12.8bn. National Health spending will be £8bn. The 2.5 million official unemployed are being paid £15bn. a year or £6,000 each to stay that way. More than a few MPs (according to MP Dennis Skinner) are moonlighting. They are holding roughly 700 additional jobs between them. Some have six or seven each, including directorships, consultancies, lawyering. MPs just got a 21 per cent increase in pay. The governor of the Bank Of England got an extra 51 per cent.

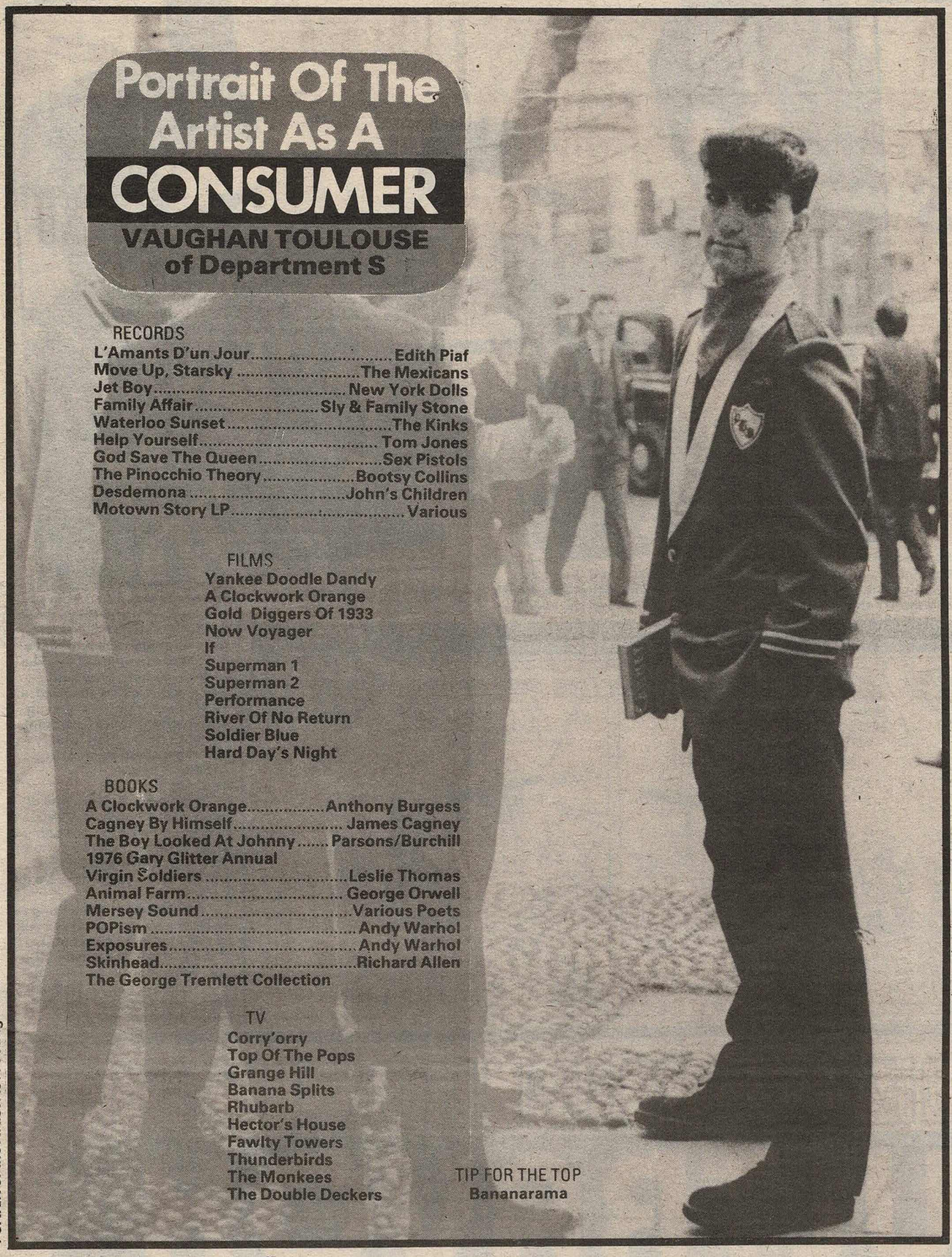
IN BRIXTON they've still got the charred rubble and scorch marks left over from last month's street battles with the police.

The local park is Brockwell, where the day before the Trafalgar Square rally — Saturday — there was a Rock For Jobs benefit. It featured the rumoured appearances of Bruce Springsteen and Jimmy Page (negative eventuality), the actual appearance of Pete Townshend plus Friends, Aswad, The Members, Tour De Force, no George Melly but a gag-cracking Alexei Sayle, Martin Besserman, the magnificence of Linton Kwesi Johnson doing one poem called 'All We're Doing Is Defending', Barry Forde, self-confessed old leftie Tom Robinson.

■ *Continues page 14*

Portrait Of The Artist As A CONSUMER

VAUGHAN TOULOUSE of Department S



RECORDS

L'Amants D'un Jour ..... Edith Piaf
Move Up, Starsky ..... The Mexicans
Jet Boy ..... New York Dolls
Family Affair ..... Sly & Family Stone
Waterloo Sunset ..... The Kinks
Help Yourself ..... Tom Jones
God Save The Queen ..... Sex Pistols
The Pinocchio Theory ..... Bootsy Collins
Desdemona ..... John's Children
Motown Story LP ..... Various

FILMS

Yankee Doodle Dandy
A Clockwork Orange
Gold Diggers Of 1933
Now Voyager
If
Superman 1
Superman 2
Performance
River Of No Return
Soldier Blue
Hard Day's Night

BOOKS

A Clockwork Orange ..... Anthony Burgess
Cagney By Himself ..... James Cagney
The Boy Looked At Johnny ..... Parsons/Burchill
1976 Gary Glitter Annual
Virgin Soldiers ..... Leslie Thomas
Animal Farm ..... George Orwell
Mersey Sound ..... Various Poets
POPism ..... Andy Warhol
Exposures ..... Andy Warhol
Skinhead ..... Richard Allen
The George Tremlett Collection

TV

Corry'orry
Top Of The Pops
Grange Hill
Banana Splits
Rhubarb
Hector's House
Fawlty Towers
Thunderbirds
The Monkees
The Double Deckers

TIP FOR THE TOP
Bananarama

Portrait of the Artist As A Young Academic: David Corio

Riot fury a load of Bolognas

"RIOT FURY hits Ants' concert" gasped the headline in Monday's *Mirror*.

A lurid report followed, detailing apocalyptic mayhem said to have occurred when Adam and dandy highwaymen played Bologna, Italy, last week. "Vandals went wild," it's reported — the resultant atrocities including trashed seats, smashed toilets and ripped-up theatre floor.

Our sources in Bologna, however, remain unimpressed by the account of temperamental Latin Ant-ics. Sure, a couple of windows didn't live to tell the tale, they say, but what minor commotion there was arose out of overcrowding — 2000 Antfans in a 1600-capacity hall. That apart, the gig was a relatively sedate affair.

CBS in London, meanwhile, remark that nobody from the Ant camp, currently continuing its Eurotour unimpeded, considered the drama anything to write home about, and they've heard nothing. "A bit of a non-event," they suspect.

'Mirror Reporter' is 73.

Lowry

"He's responded with amazing alacrity to recent political events — instituted a complete purge of the right lapel of his jacket."

NEXT WEEK IN NME

Chris Bohn and the flying Dutchman Anton Corbijn win a computer date in Barcelona with KRAFTWERK. The encounter will last one hour, and then they will turn back into showroom dummies.

THE PLASTICS tell their own story of their recent Euro-tour in colour photos, cutouts and tooth picks: a collage to be collected.

Back in the UK, Paul Morley asks DEVOTO: why were you fool enough to break up Magazine? And you'll find out whether you won our magnificent C-81 competition, and if not, who on the NME staff did . . .

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AFTER THE RIOT — THE INSULTS

'Flowers Of Romance' at the beginning and Joe Blow in the audience thought, 'Wow it sounds like the rec-kord man!'

We moved round the screen getting silhouetted by the back lights — that's all the audience could see. Then the record skipped on the turntable . . .

FOLLOWING THE riot at their recent performance in New York's Ritz Theatre, Public Image Limited held a press conference in the offices of their American record company, Columbia. While a PiL cameraman filmed the assembled pressmen, Keith Levene dealt with the newshounds.

"We did two shows in one," he told them. "It was that intense, the audience didn't need to see another show. We're satisfied that it had impact and we'll do it again but it'll be altogether different."

He proceeded to show a video of the Ritz show while Lydon, unimpressed by the coffee and pastry buffet, retired to an adjoining room stocked with a Heineken-laden fridge to hold court. First he put forward an ulterior motive for having called the press conference:

"All we want to do is film the press to use at our next gig. You think I'm joking but I'm deadly fuckin' serious, mate. They are the victims of our next joke."

So what of PiL's latest 'joke', the non-gig at the Ritz which prompted a full-scale riot. Comments by PiL member Jeanette Lee before the show had already suggested the group had a good idea what the audience reaction might be. Lydon was typically dismissive:

"We had a turntable playing There was this groan from the mob out there and that's when the bottles started flying. They were an angry mob and that's that. These people behave like louts because they're loutish. When you're getting bottled, a bit of humour does lighten up the situation. There's no point standing there being totallfy miserable about it, moaning: 'Please oh please, stop throwing them!'

"They wanted some kind of rock and roll band. Pity, 'cause that's not what they are going to get from us. Piss off to them, they have a pretty good idea what to expect next time we do a gig."

If the Ritz show is anything to go by, future performances will be self-indulgent situationism of the sort which preceded the riot. The half-hour's worth of 'entertainment' consisted of the bass intro to the 'Public Image' debut single being

THE LONE GROOVER — BENYON

HMM... THERE SURE ARE A LOTTA DUDES LOOKIN' LIKE NOUVEAU HIPPIES...
NUDGE
EVEN WEARIN' SIXTIES HEAD BANDS, JUST LIKE YOURS, EH, PRONTO!
TUNE IN, C.P.OUT & FIDDLE WHILE TH' UNIVERSE BURNS.
TH' RIGHT TO SHIRK RESPONSIBIL
TUNE IN COP OUT.
ER... SORRY MAESTRO—I WAS READIN' THIS LIVERPOOL FANZINE 'BOUT TH' USE OF L·S·D SUPOSITORIES.....
WHAT D'YA SAY...
I SAID THERE'S TOO MANY 'HEAD BANDS' AROUND!
I DUNNO— I QUITE LIKE 'TEAR DROP' TH' FURS'.....
* HEAD— ANOTHER TERM FOR SPACE CADET IE SOMEONE WHO IS FAR OUT— WEIRD — ARCHAIC HIPPY NOUN.

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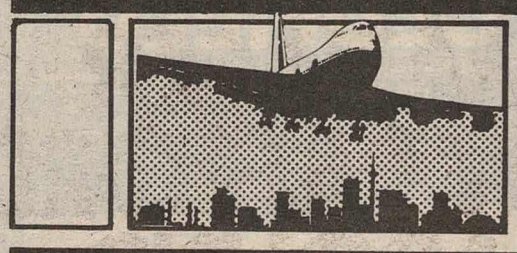
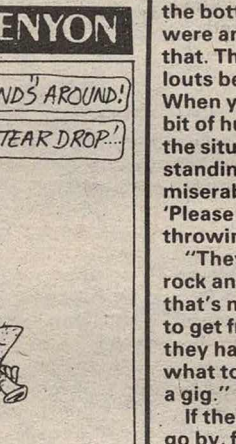


ULTRAVOX

TEARDROP EXPLODES

TENPOLE TUDOR

THE POLECATS SPONOOCH



show starts 1pm, ends 8pm

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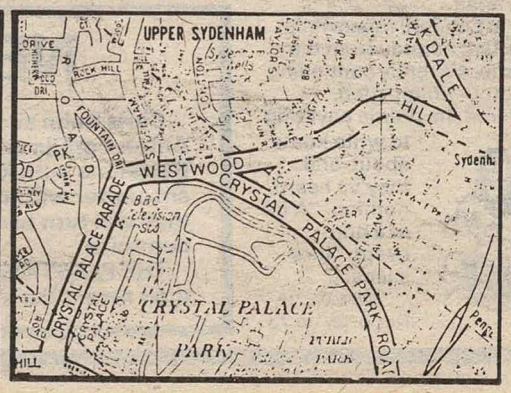


Left: Lydon with Nora (Ari Up's mum to you) scarfing down suchi (raw fish) in sleazy Times Square. Pic: Joe Stevens

repeated several times, a video of Keith Levene being interviewed by a woman in a garbage can, and various other free form exploits — mainly insults directed towards the audience.

Lydon dismissed out of hand the event's obvious connections with New York-inspired contrived artiness:

"I would not knowingly ever play to an 'Art' crowd. I hate art-teests. Pretentious, moi? I know video is 'the mode' in the 'Art' scene, maan, at the moment but I can remember when synthesisers were the great untouchables. Not so anymore, mate. I don't accept restrictions like that, life's too shórt."

PiL are now residing in the States for an indefinite period, presently stashed away in a hotel but on the look-out for more permanent accommodation. Following the Ritz fiasco they seem to be attracting the attention of a somewhat elite coterie, much to Lydon's delight.

" 'Ere did you see who was at our gig? The fuckin' Who! They booked a table — conceited, arrogant bastards that they are. They ran out of the building though when the bottles started flying.

"Martin Scorcese had been trying to talk to us all week but after seeing The Performance he doesn't want to know, thinks we're sick. I heard Diana Ross was out there as well and said that she loved it. I'd like to have met her."

Meanwhile the management of the Ritz, perhaps finding the publicity from the fray outweighs the cost incurred by the audience throwing bottles and trashing the video screen, are offering PiL large sums of money for a return, though probably not a repeat, performance.

— JOE STEVENS

WORLD MOURNS AS MAGAZINE AND SKIDS SPLIT

Adamson opts for roots as Jobbo steps up art attack

GUITARIST and founder member Stuart Adamson has quit The Skids to pursue a solo career and, although the band will continue, it will now be a flexible unit built around the nucleus of Richard Jobson and bassist Russell Webb. The Skids have a history of internal upheaval, most notably a succession of drummers, and Jobson is now left as the only original member.

Main reason for Adamson's departure is the distance involved in him living in Scotland, while Jobson and Webb reside in London — leading to what he describes as "a total lack of empathy between members".

He adds: "I felt it was time I changed, though it's just a pity I had to leave The Skids to do it. I found that I'd lost the spark and spirit necessary to continue in the band. We were pulling in different directions and we all had our own ideas."

Adamson is now at home in Dunfermline working on new material, and expects to put together another group in the future.

The Skids now become just Jobson and Webb, with additional musicians assisting on a temporary basis as they see fit — though according to Jobson, it's likely that in future they'll be a recording band rather than a live unit.

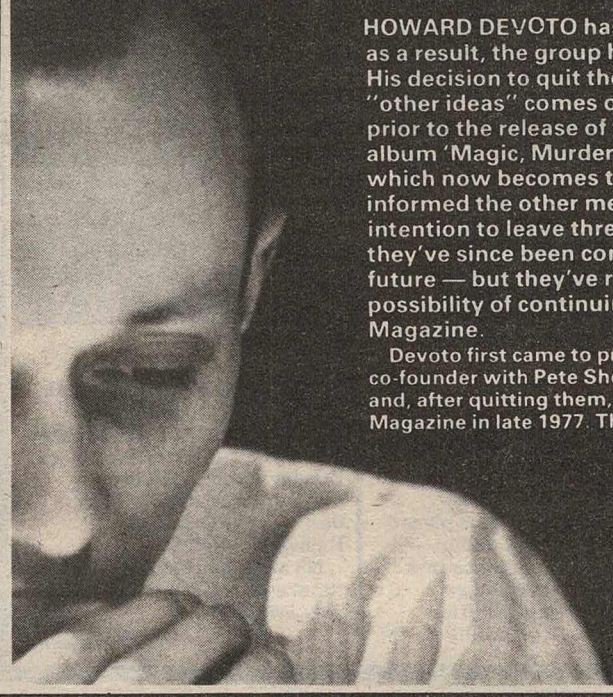
They recently completed work on a new single 'Iona', with Mike Oldfield involved in its recording, though it's been decided to delay release until the autumn. They also plan to record a follow-up album to the successful 'Absolute Game', and this is also likely to be out in the autumn.

Meanwhile, Jobson has several other projects up his sleeve, the most immediate being as part of Virginia, Josephine and Jobson. The two ladies are classically trained musicians, who'll be recording an album of Jobson's poetry set to a musical backing — and this team, who recently made their stage debut at Cabaret Futura, will also be playing a string of live dates involving a 90-minute set.

Another recording project involves Jobson with Alan Rankine and Billy McKenzie from The Associates, who've written a song for Jobson to be released as a single. And Jobson reciting his poetry to Russell Webb's backing is likely to be featured on an upcoming Cabaret Futura album from Virgin.

In addition to this, Jobson's stage debut as a strange actor takes a step forward, when the play in which he has a lead role — *Demonstration Of Affection* by Chris Ward — moves into London's West End later this month. The production has been re-vamped, and Honey Bane becomes his new leading lady, when the play opens at the Arts Theatre (Newport St.) on June 15 — initally for two weeks though, depending on its success, the run could be extended.

The first Skids pic used in NME, showing Stuart Adamson (left) and Joey Jolson (sic)



HOWARD DEVOTO has quit Magazine and, as a result, the group has ceased to exist. His decision to quit the band to pursue "other ideas" comes only three weeks prior to the release of their fourth studio album 'Magic, Murder And The Weather', which now becomes their farewell set. He informed the other members of his intention to leave three weeks ago, and they've since been considering their future — but they've ruled out the possibility of continuing to use the name Magazine.

Devoto first came to prominence in 1976 as co-founder with Pete Shelley of The Buzzcocks and, after quitting them, he put together Magazine in late 1977. They were signed by Virgin, and have so far released three studio albums and the live LP 'Play'.

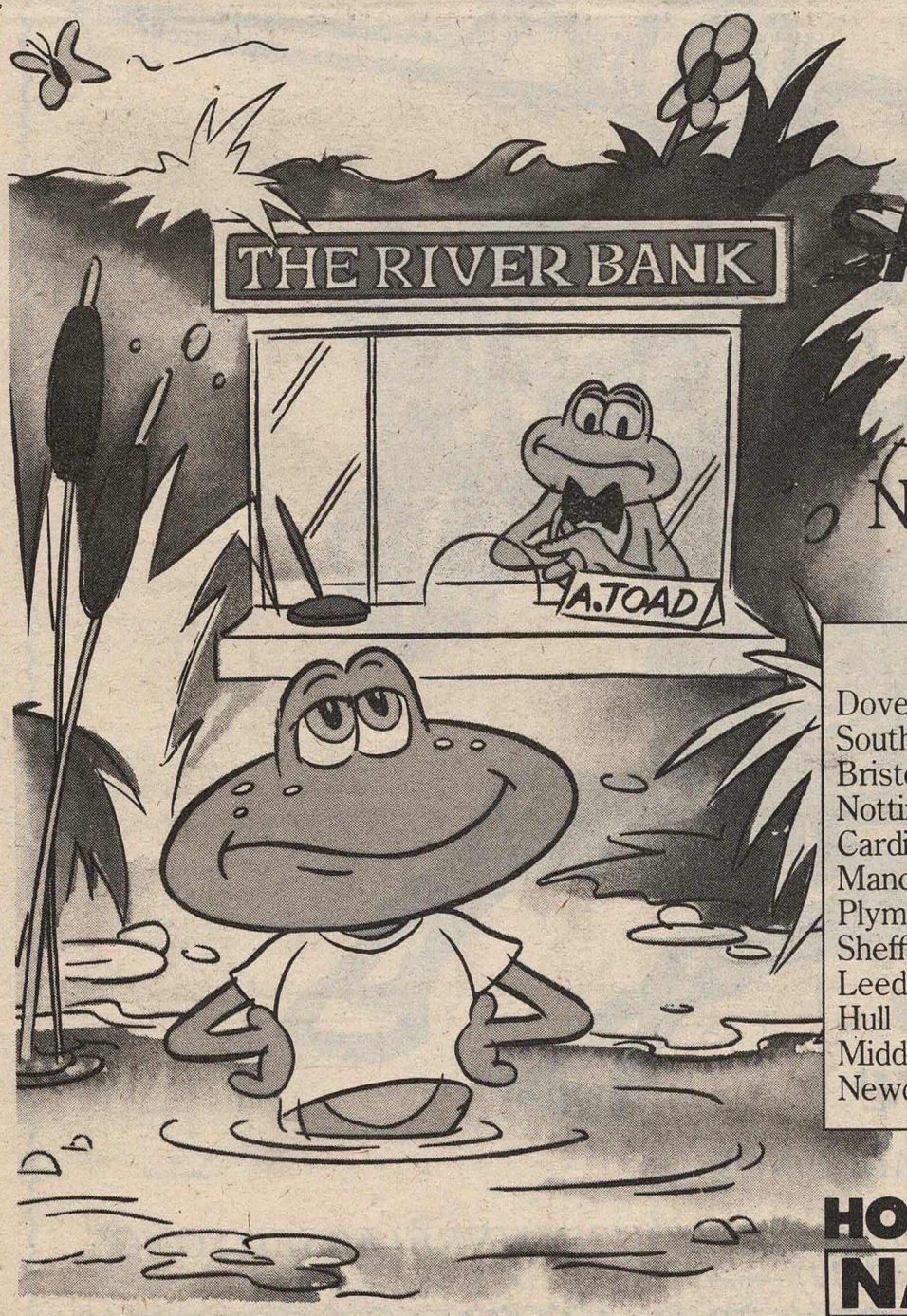
Commented Devoto: "The timing of my decision may seem odd, with the new album just coming out, but I really feel that a change for me has been long overdue. I didn't want to tour to promote the LP — and even if the album was hugely successful, I'd still want to leave. So what was the point in waiting?

"As to where I go from here, it's too early to be specific. I can only say that I won't be forming another group, though I intend to continue writing and recording. Whether this will be the traditional 'going solo' vein, or something altogether more anonymous, I haven't yet quite decided."

The remaining members of Magazine — Dave Formula, Barry Adamson, drummer John Doyle and newly recruited guitarist Ben Mandelson — are now taking a break while pondering future plans. Said a spokesperson on their behalf: "Nobody wants to see endless permutations of post-Devoto Magazine. To continue Magazine beyond the release of the new album wouldn't do justice to the band's past or to everyone's future."

However, it has probably not escaped Devoto's attention that Pete Shelley is currently unattached.

Pic: Anton Corbijn



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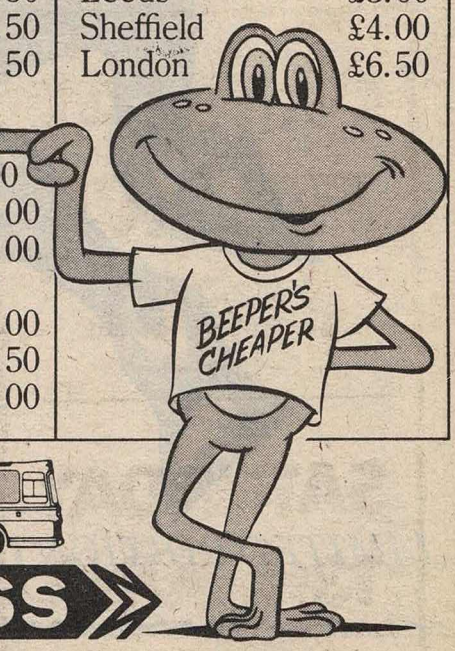


HOP OFF WITH NATIONAL EXPRESS

Loot for Chrysalis?

ENTERTAINING MR ORTON ON CELLULOID

CHRYSALIS'S SUCCESS with Blondie, 2-Tone, Spandau, etc, is certainly enabling that company to branch out into other entertainment fields. It's now set to invest £1 million in a film of *Prick Up Your Ears*, the biography of playwright Joe Orton, written by John Lahr (whose father Bert Lahr played the lion in *The Wizard Of Oz.*)

With plans also in the pipeline for a sci-fi yarn called *Form Of Terror*, it looks as if Chrysalis are moving into the film industry in a considerable way. Company co-chairman Terry Ellis (who will produce *Prick Up Your Ears*) feels that there's money and quality product to be made out of ventures which, while having a specifically British feel, can make it on the international market "without resorting to blockbuster packages".

Certainly *Prick Up Your Ears* looks good on paper. Orton's life story allows for as much satirical, grotesque and subversive scope as one of his own plays. From a provincial working-class background, he became the irreverent toast of literary London in the '60s — though not before years of obscurity, unemployment and a spell in prison for defacing library books. In 1967 he was murdered, bludgeoned to death by his longtime lover Kenneth Halliwell, who then took a lethal overdose of Nembutal.

Playwright Alan Bennett — heir to some of that Orton wit — is writing the screenplay, which will be directed by Stephen Frears. Since Frears directed *Gumshoe* a decade ago, he's been connected with much acclaimed TV work, including *Bloody Kids* scripted by Stephen Poliakoff and *A Visit From Miss Prothero*, scripted by Bennett himself.

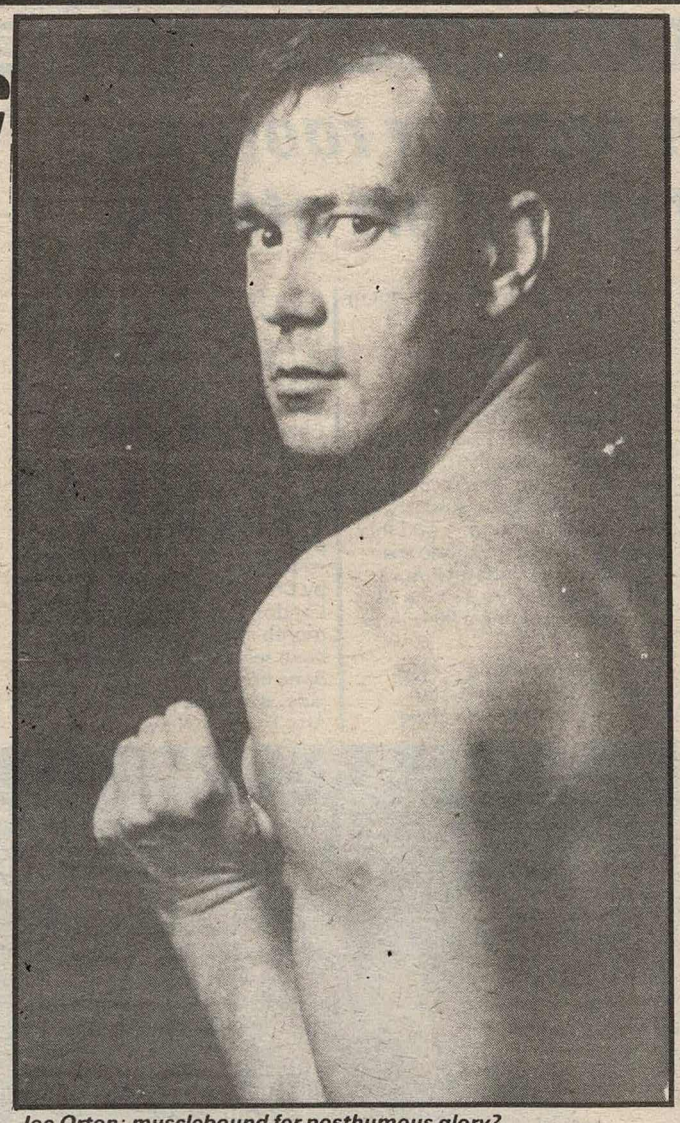
Frears agrees that it is "a terrific story — very dramatic. But the two of them (Orton and Halliwell) were also very original and somehow ahead of their time. They lived very hard lives in an atmosphere of continual hysteria, cynicism and violence. Their lives *were* very shocking. And they lived in almost total poverty, which again is relevant to today.

"When Seditionaries put out those T-shirts with Orton on it — he was one of their favourites — I thought, well there's *something* there. I don't know exactly what it is or what it means, but we're going to investigate further."

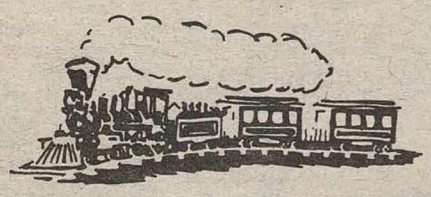
It will be interesting to see how the fraught Orton — Halliwell relationship is placed against Swinging London — considering for instance that Orton did in fact write an abortive filmscript for The Beatles. "We'll be faithful to the story," promises Frears, "and it's not going to be treated surrealistically; surrealism was a thing *of* the '60s. Those were the days when people had money; these days people don't just as Orton and Halliwell didn't."

No actor has yet been located to take on the role of the playwright.

—PAUL TICKELL



Joe Orton: musclebound for posthumous glory?



School leavers' Nazi warning

KEEPING OUR SCHOOLS CLEAN . . .

THE EXTREME right once again did lousy at the recent local elections and, naturally, some cheers have gone up. But beware, said a deputation of school leavers in Room W1 of the House of Commons last week, beware the future.

In five years or so the new proteges of the National Front and the British Movement — the 12 to 15-year-olds — will be approaching the ballot box, and at that time the swing right could be felt in the halls of the legislature.

On a stifling Friday afternoon, the leavers unleashed for the press a disturbing catalogue of personally witnessed acts of intimidation, violence, sloganeering and even seig heiling in the classroom.

The perpetrators, they said, were invariably bored, screwed-up youth and most often they were being prodded to their task by adult extremists.

Ann, a young black from West London, described coming home from a disco one night with her kid brother and being confronted by 150 chanting skins in swastika arm bands. There were no buses and no way out until, like a miracle, she said, a tribe of mods arrived on their scooters. In the bottle and knife party that followed, she was able to escape — "But I was so scared thinking about it," said Ann, "I never came outdoors for three weeks."

Another leaver — Connor — told of the strange fetishes that come over the racists. A new one is chucking batteries through the home windows of black people and their "commie sympathisers".

With his Asian mate at his side, Connor said: "They can't stand friendship like ours. They'll do everything to try to break it up."

Ann also had a white mate called Sue alongside. The whole system, she said, is riddled through with racism — the police, the politicians, teachers. "Revolution: that's the only way to purge ranks."

Gary, a 'turned' NF thug, warned of the danger of writing off all skins as racists. "If there are 400 skins in Ladbroke Grove, then I'd say you're going to get only ten of 'em who're racist."

Gary, who edits YANZINE — journal of Youth Against Nazis (a branch of the Anti Nazi League) — described the underhand means by which his own eight-year-old brother was drawn into BM membership. But griping, he says, isn't the answer. The answer is to leaflet and picket and for groups like the National Union of Teachers, National Union of School Students, and the ANL to come

■ *Continues page 10*

BILL NELSON

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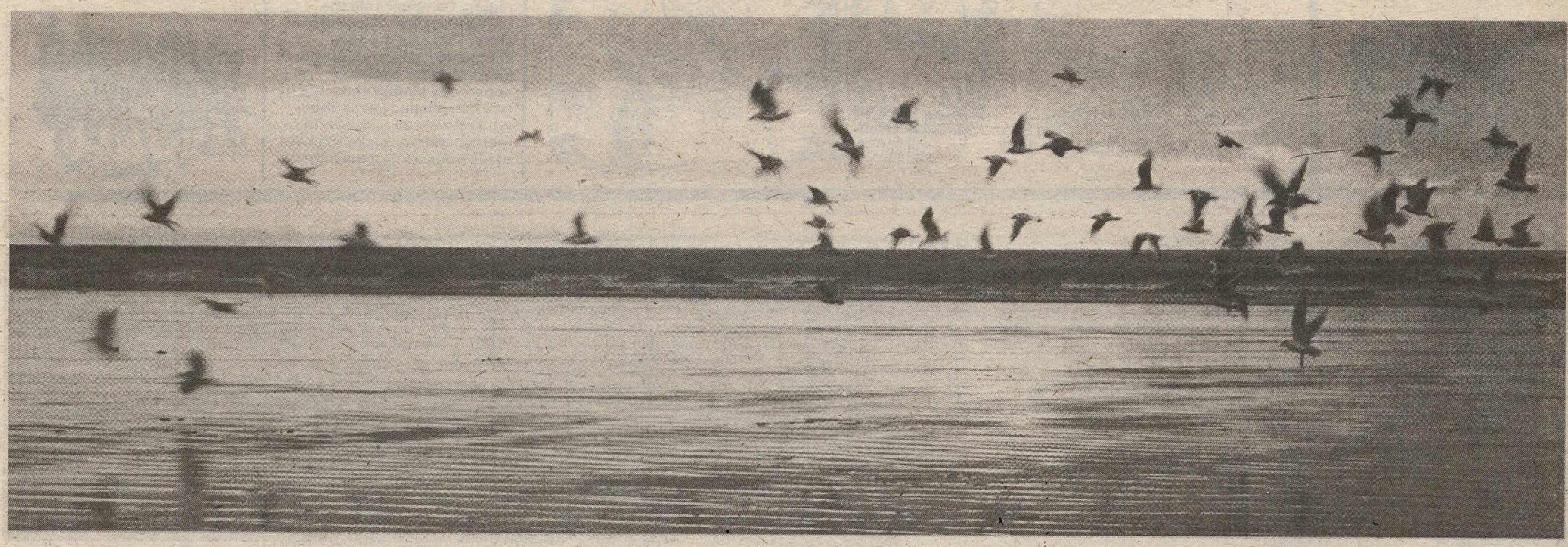

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SCHOOL'S OUT

■ *From page 8*

together to beat fascism in schools.

"Martin Webster pretends one minute to be behind the party's young following. But when the elections come round then he starts going on about thugs and hooligans. We can get *that* over for a start."

Dick North, a Brixton member of the NUT executive, agreed. "We teachers have to take part in this struggle. We should be seen confronting these people, arguing with them and then joining the students in subsequent anti-racist activities."

Another teacher, Amanda Leon from Southwark, battered at the gates of "Neutrality": "Some schools like to push the neutral image. But there's no such thing in the classroom. There are certain issues where we have a clear responsibility."

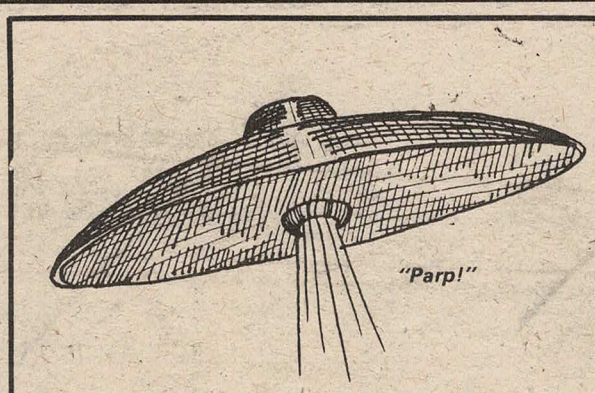
This meant struggling against teachers who were themselves racist and supporting the black teachers who were subject to intimidation.

It was school-leaver Connor who finally gave the proceedings an upbeat.

"The vast majority of kids," he said, "hate the NF and the BM. But they're too scared to say so. Yet if there's an ANL group around them they will feel confident enough.

"The fact that the ANL is reviving gives me some optimism. People now realise they can't ignore what's going on. Because it won't just go away. It's sinking in that people are going to have to get up and state opposition."

— CRASS-BENCHER



Above: A true story? On September 16, 1965, South African police had a close-range encounter with a saucer. Constables John Lockem and Koos de Klerk were patrolling the Pretoria-Bronks highway when their headlights showed a round gleaming 30-foot object on the road. They could see flames underneath as it took off, and the UFO left physical evidence on the road surface. From Spacelink magazine — drawn and researched by David Thompson.

No room for fun at UFOs Congress

FAREWELL, AMATEUR NUT

AN EXQUISITELY daft piece in *The Sun* last week on the 2nd London International UFO Congress at the Mount Royal Hotel.

It jibed. It ridiculed. And although it was in typical idiot *Sun* prose, it hit the organisers where they most hurt. In their confusion.

The modern UFO phenomenon dates back to Kenneth Arnold's "flying saucers" over Washington State. But still not one person in the Mount Royal last week could say with certainty what's going on Out There — including *Thrills'* all-seeing observer.

This is unfortunate. For it tends to trash BUFORA's immediate goal — to gain respectability.

Judging by Mount Royal, the UFO experts see their only hope in the elimination of the large and now embarrassing crank following. In recent months 150 "unqualified" voluntary investigators have been purged from the BUFORA pool of 300.

The next giant step is to woo the scientific establishment. Get the Ph.Ds and the B.Sc.s and the F.R.A.S.s on your side, argued Swedish computer expert Bertil Kuhlemann, and the research cash and respectability will follow.

Kuhlemann was the opening keynote speaker. He called for "methodological codifying" of information. He wants an international computer exchange and the precise definition of goals and sub-goals — and with his flow charts and diagrams and the heavy monotony of his voice, he sank Congress into a bog.

The Kuhlemann approach got an echo from Stuart Campbell, BUFORA's starchy New Model investigator for the Edinburgh region. Campbell told the Livingston Close Encounter story. This was the 1979 experience of a commonsense Scots forester who was apparently almost abducted by two ball-shaped alien robots who attempted to drag him to a mother craft by suckering hold of his trousers. But even this rich tale (and Campbell had the trousers with him) turned to ash through overbearing pedantry. Campbell's own anti-climatic verdict was — "black ball lightning".

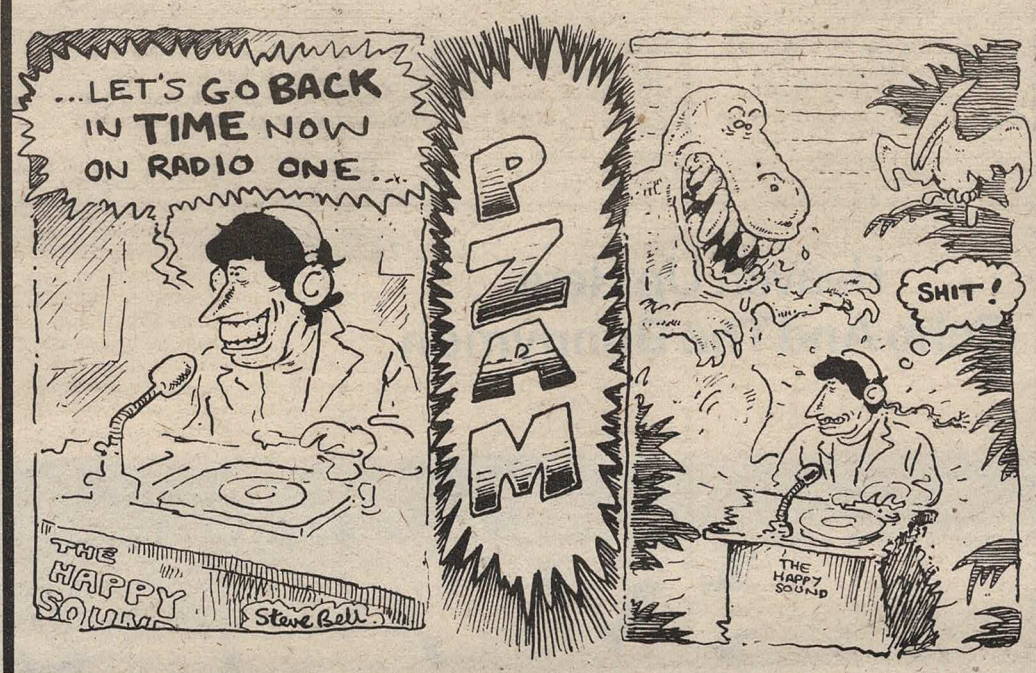
Congress star billing went to US optical scientist Bruce Maccabee, one of 60 foreign delegates. Maccabee personally investigated the December '78 bright-moving-lights over New Zealand sensation, which happened to be filmed by an airborne TV crew. He brought the movie with him as well as numerous complexities that argued this was no luminous squid boat or a freak glimpse of Venus as is usually claimed. But what! The newest "explanation" — that the phenomenon was "earthquake lights" — never got a look-in.

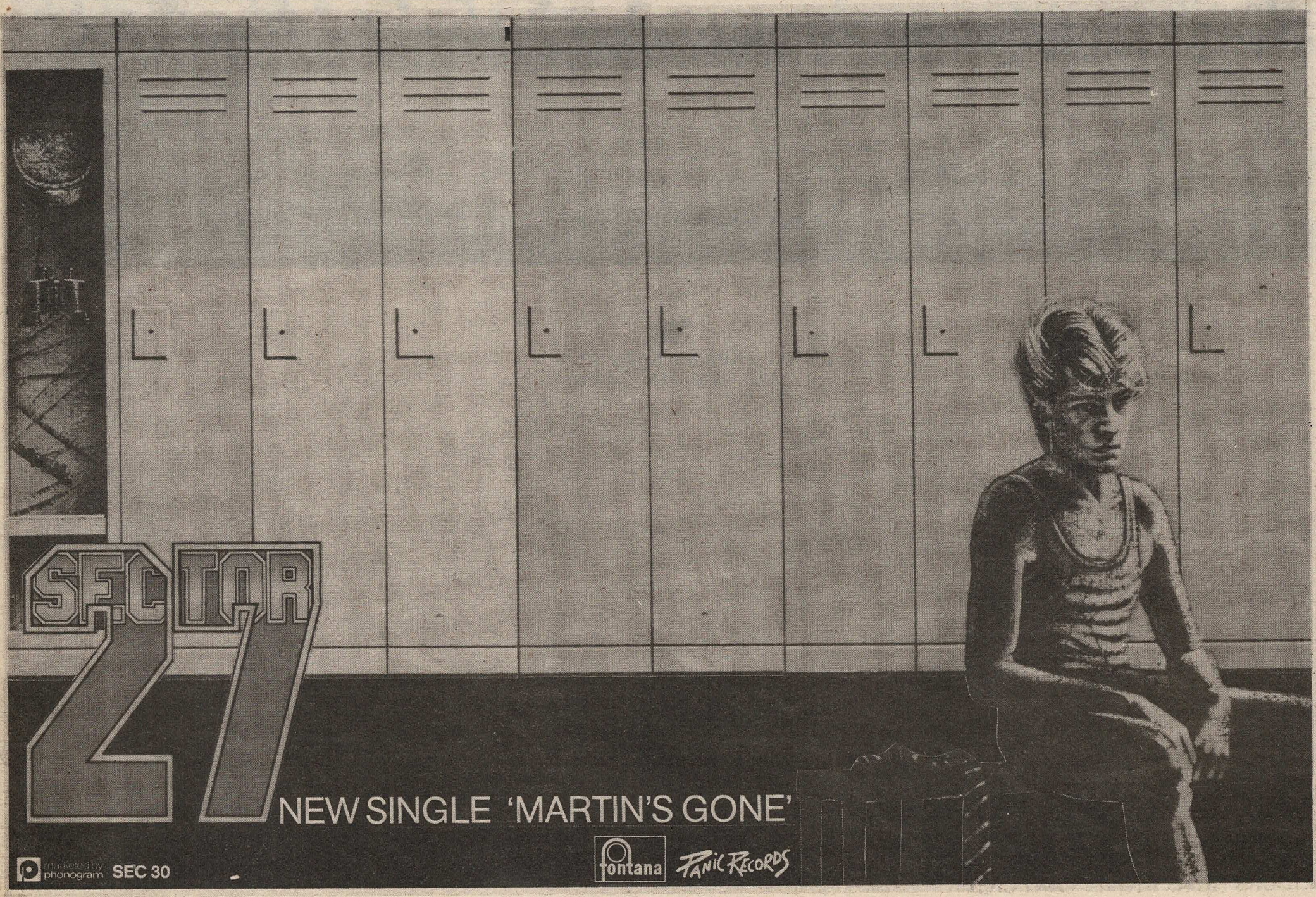
As for the new software direction, tending towards the psychological and the psychic . . . it all got very short shrift. Perhaps that end smacks too much of crank weirdo, a too perfect reminder of the imprecise state of the art.

And the amateur nut? Well, goodbye amateur nut. The future, it seems, is button-down.

— ANDREW TYLER

STEVE BELL





ROCK ON, CROSSY!

"Are you sure this is the way to get into NME, Tommy . . . ?"

DANGEROUS VISIONS

PAUL MORLEY dangles his braces in front of one week's TV

J. C. WILSHER'S blue rinsed study of surveillance and manipulation ***Sin With Our Permission*** *(Playhouse, ATV)* was neat enough allowing for the inevitable transparency of the hypothetical new town. (New town — wherever it might be.) It wasn't real enough to be disturbing, and any satire was sensible and subdued.

Well-known mixed blessings Paul Eddington, Robin Bailey and John Flanagan, plus toothy tight-skirted Kate Fahy, kept me moderately happy as the parable of the soap opera unfolded, crease by crease. A brand new town (over the hills and far away) monitored its inhabitants via sound and screen and used the information to fashion the script/storylines/morals of the local TV's daily serial. Who was watching who, the mystery of freedom, the narcissism inherent in responsibility, of course, plus would initial rebel Walton (Gregory Floy) relent and join in with the delinquent conspiracy?

He did, a little too easily — but then he was probably swayed more by his boss's (Fahy) body than a degraded lust for power.

The soap serial within the play, which spread propaganda throughout the community, was based around Dr Perry (Bailey) and was delicately artificial, familiarly trite. It could replace *The Sullivans* or *Take The High Road* and few would notice.

From the smooth sud-surrealism of the serial within the play we droop into ***Crossroads***— ATV's very own, which *Sin* could be an apology for, a sly jab at, a (very) raw criticism of. This is simply simple to say, but what the hell — too much soap makes you simple. Too much *Crossroads* affects your everyday life. Freedom? There ain't no fucking (bloi blah blah).

A couple of weeks after the *Mirror* front page screamed into us using the picture of the old lady whose face tragically bore the boot-print of an oi-head, *Crossroads'* leaky Doris Luke (always around when you need her y'know), recently shoved out to shack up with lumpish Benny in the farm cottage, let in a couple of electricity men. Unusual slip for sturdy Doris, generally so alert. But then Cross-writers refuse to celebrate consistency. The meter-readers, as us know-alls could immediately see, were hardboard oi-heads conning our suddenly defenceless Doris. Doris got bothered about the face, the Cross-oi's scarpered with £3. Meg Mortimer, for the grand old ladies of this country somewhere between the Queen and the Scratcher, gently lectured Doris for letting strangers into the cottage. Doris writhed in shame. Meg had made the point; the nation had heard.

Crossroads has lately lunged, with spectacular ignorance, at the younger audience. This means you, more than me. It all began when David Hunter's son Chris — a prodigy of irritation, The Man Who Ruined The Virgin Allison — started listening to the Trendy Vicars and reading the *New Musical Express* (what imagination Cross-writers have). Then he formed Eldorado Records with one Johnny Kellar (standard ex-'60s pop star type played well (!) by Brian Croucher) and within 48 hours a recording studio appeared in the cellar of the Motel. The first record on Eldorado Records, 'So Much More Than In Love', is already in the Top Thirty. In the BBC charts. It's been played so often during the programme every Cross-addict is rushing out to buy it. I may have bought it myself.

By the time Hunter and Keller and Adam Chance (the singer Kate Loring played by the singer Kate Robbins is renewing an affair with the slimy one) are celebrating a debut chart success the record will actually be in the Top Ten. It'll be so confusing. I'll be off interviewing Chris Hunter. Could I stand the pain? And boy is he a pain. Only Iris Scott (currently in prison) throbs as much.

The Fourmen were in the *Crossroads* studio recently. A Cross-punk group — Johnny Keller had spotted them in a local club after reading too much *Sounds*. Cross-make-up people indulged themselves splendidly — gory faces, shrill clothes, scratchy hair. Meg and the leader of the group got on fabulously — he gave her a cure for migraine, she listened with interest as he talked about the group. "A few more support gigs with chart groups," she expertly announced, "and you'll be breaking through."

Old ladies the nation over were taught not to judge kids by their appearance. Doris took note of this and look what happened to her.

Switching from the recording studios, to Iris in prison, to Adam and Kate boating through canals or riding through fields as the record is plugged just one more time, to Seamus and Pat finally being kicked out of the farm — *Crossroads* is now a thousand times more farcical than it was a year ago.

This is presumably giving the viewers "the security and happiness" *Sin With Our Permission* was going on about. It gives me lots of laughs. It won't be too much of a jolt to *Crossroads'* current sibilance for Meg to get invited to The Wedding, to take her Fourmen friend along with her and for Benny to record a single for Eldorado Records. This one will be a hit. Anything goes.

Johnny Speight's punks in ***Till Death*** were even less plausible than Cross-punks. Alf Garnett's grandson looked a cawing state, and Speight's obsolete script attempted to defend this as blandly as it raised the themes of frustration, mugging, war, religion, taste, etc, etc, etc. No wonder the Una kept saying "Don't go on". If five scruffs in leather, chains and Crass symbols stopped me in the middle of the street I'd offer them a cheque. I certainly wouldn't believe they were choir-boys. This new *Till Death* is silent, toothless and too bright — the original was lovely and claustrophobic. It's turned out a fetid *Crossroads* generalisation. I suppose it's the curse of ITV.

This week's ***Public School*** was riveting. The three boys featured — inmates at Radley College, where 600 boys are "maturing fast" — were as unbelievable as Speight's punks. Sickly-handsome, over-confident, they chatted about girls and the frustrations of sexless terms. Isolation! Homosexuality! Wanking! A new term, they frankly told us, meant work . . . and wanking. Plenty of wanking.

The college's regular dances draw in girls from nearby schools to share out amongst the sex-starved seniors. One senior, Page, drove his girlfriend to the dance. This appeared to be a breach of school regulations. Page's hope of a drive home and a screw were shattered. A master drove home his horrid horsey girlfriend, Page was banished to his quarters. The camera soaked up Page's misery and we felt his frustration. Another night of wanking no doubt. Does this make him a punk? He was left to it.

■ ***Continues over***

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D. VISIONS

■ *From previous page*

Watch ***Goodbye Darling*** (BBC — Tuesday). The *Daily Mirror* called it a puny little answer to *Dallas*. Crank James said tune in now or you'll never catch up (and this is true — by the fourth play in this run of eight the characters will be famous in our household) and the *NME* says watch out for the high class dodgy boiler Rose Millington (Deborah Fallinder). She'll cause some fuss. The Cowper children (played by Gerry Cowper and Steven Pacey) are as repulsive and horribly stubborn as Chris Hunter and Iris Scott.

Which was funnier — Liverpool/Real Madrid, Cannon/Ball, Coleman/McMenemy/Hill? Liverpool should be forced to forfeit the European Cup and TV must never cover it live (live?) again. Cannon and Ball finished its vagrant run. What will I do without my Saturday fix of Ball's rank hackneyed balls-ups? Russ Abbott just will not do.

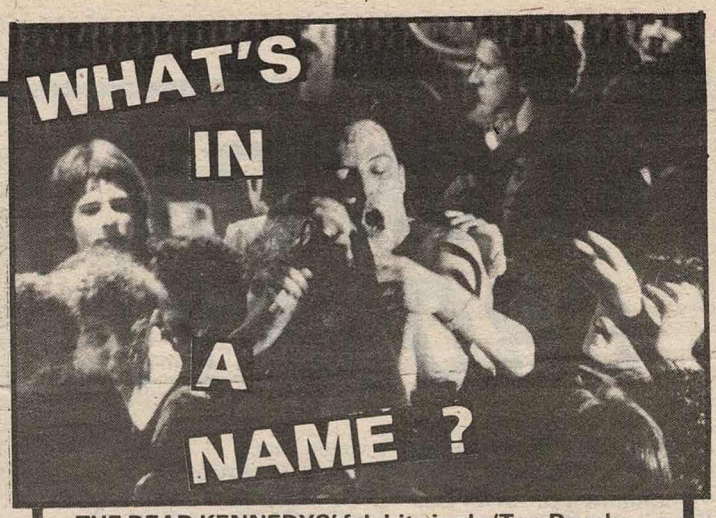
David Coleman sweated as Jimmy Hill and Lawrie McMenemy mourned the death of English football part 106 halfway through Saturday's Swiss gall. Hill called the whole system "rotten". Lawrie made a moving speech before dismissing football as just a silly game. Coleman sent us back to Motson in Zurich, who tried to pretend he was above it all, and Bobby Charlton was yet again ashamed to be British. Ron Greenwood substituted McDermott for Francis and an English supporter ran onto the pitch. England *scored* but stilll couldn't win.

Somehow, David Hockney's trousers ***(South Bank Show)*** were sadder than all this.

JAM, as expected, have leaped straight into the Top Ten. Meanwhile, Sha-

13 (11) THE SOUND OF THE CR
14 (—) FUNERAL PYRE—Jam
15 (22) AIN'T NO STOPPING—En

Daily Mirror, Tuesday.



THE DEAD KENNEDYS' fab hit single 'Too Drunk To Fuck' has met a bizarre literary fate (or fete, if you're a press officer) in the media.

When it entered the *Record Business* national charts, the potentially offending wording was printed boldly upfront. Yet in the same publication's indie charts (the ones picked up by *Sounds* and *Record Mirror)* it appeared more modestly as 'Fk'. *Music Week* was also in two minds — printing a titilating 'Too Drunk To ————' in their national charts, which presumably referred readers to their new release section where the name appears unabridged.**

It was left to the *Daily Mirror* to demonstrate an opportunism equal to that of the band — they carried a Page Three news story on how "distasteful" the whole matter was, under the heading 'Four Letter Punk Record A Hit'. Only one problem: in *their* charts it was printed 'F.....'. Perplexed readers, not given the benefit of radio exposure to the mystery work thanks to a joint BBC and IBA ban on airplay, had to sort out for themselves whether or not the word the *Mirror* pilloried as "too obscene to print" doesn't after all contain *six* letters, symbolised by the *Mirror's* five dots!

Meanwhile, don't count on clarifying the matter with a trip to Woolworths or Littlewoods. Both chains have refused to stock the bger!**

— CYNTHIA ROSE

The Wanderers

The New Album / "Only Lovers Left Alive" Polydor
Live at Rainbow 2 / Sat. 13 June / Special Guests: THE WALL

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

The bull in Target Britain

☐ CND and No Nukes Music are revving up towards that future they refuse to concede to vested interests with a demo in Scotland entitled March For The Future.

It's in support of four CND propositions (Nuclear-free Europe; Jobs Not Bombs; Stop Trident; and No Cruise Missiles) and will run from 6-7 June, culminating in a rally where the loyal Thompson Twins and their Edinburgh comrades Significant Zeros will play. The itinerary is as follows: on Saturday, 6 June at 11am, marchers depart from Faslane (The Polaris base) via Helensburgh (lunch there from 1-2pm) and arriving in Dumbarton around 5pm, where local groups will provide cheer and a concert until 7.30pm.

Dumbarton should have a hearty welcome for demonstrators: it's targeted as the site for the Trident scheme and the Ministry of Defence have just announced their intention to begin work next year on the fittings for same at the Coulport depot. Dumbarton's District Council have demanded a public enquiry before the work should commence, but at this point the MoD seem most reluctant to provide any such chance for objections to be raised.

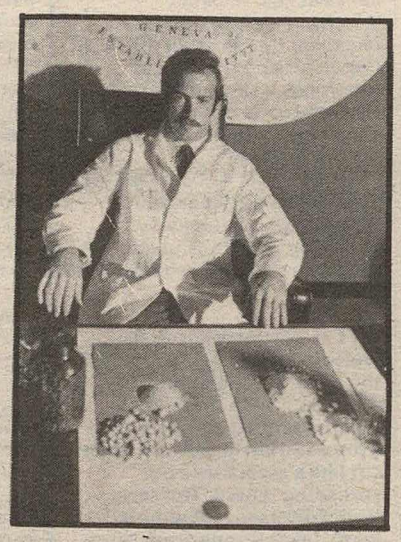
By 9.30pm, the marchers will arrive in Clydebank for the night's stay and around 10.30 the next morning will set off for Glasgow. ETA for the big Glasgow rally is 1.00pm and the platform of speakers will include Margot McDonald of the Scottish Nationalist Party; Helen Liddle of the Scottish Labour Party; and stirring orator Robin Cook, MP.

CND has arranged special trains from both London and the Midlands for this, their major northern event of the year. For further details of these or anything else, contact their national HQ on 01-263 4954, or via 11 Goodwin Street, London N4.

☐ NON-NUCLEAR music which also works wittily comes from new group Cry Shark's single 'Protect And Survive', an eerie collage of chanting and scraps of 'Reality' backed with a more amusing swipe at repression called 'One Phone Call'. The surprisingly peppy protest debuts on Red Saunders' Radical Wallpaper label and was laid down at Recession Recordings — a South-West London studio built by vocalist George Csato and guitarist Wayne Minter, which has also been frequented by Alien Culture and Oxy And The Morons. 'Protect And Survive' is available by mail order (£1.25 incl. P&P) from 198 Queensgate, London SW7.

CYNTHIA ROSE

HI TECH SAYS HI TO YOUR HI-FI



AFTER PICTURE discs, cassette singles, twelve-inchers and laser albums, comes . . . DehydroRecord! Developed by scientists up in the Welsh Alps, 'DhRs', as they're known, will be on the market by autumn.

"The idea," explains leading chemist Chap Zooglazier, "is that the conventional design of records is outdated" (See Spandau Ballet Newsheet 56) "and these DhRs can be carried about in quantity to be resurrected at will with only half a fluid pint of water. Just think — no more humping great cardboard boxes of albums to your friend's flat on the sixth floor. We estimate a thousand long playing discs can be transported in somebody's Adidas bag in this powder form." (Our photo shows DhR copies of the Echo and the Bunnymen EP and Tom Petty's latest album.)

And drawbacks? "Well, if the moisture runs out prematurely the mixture returns to dust on your turntable. This may cause an audible lack of fidelity from your Hi-Fi. Moreover, if, on your way to a party, a constable asks to see inside your pockets, it may take a deal of explaining to convince him that inside that polythene bag is your sister's album collection. Still, these are teething problems and we are convinced that by January 1983 DhR discs will be as common as Smell-O-Vision is in all our cinemas today."

GARY NUMAN BY COMPUTER

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In the whacky world of pop, falling over itself for the next fad, great music sometimes gets overlooked

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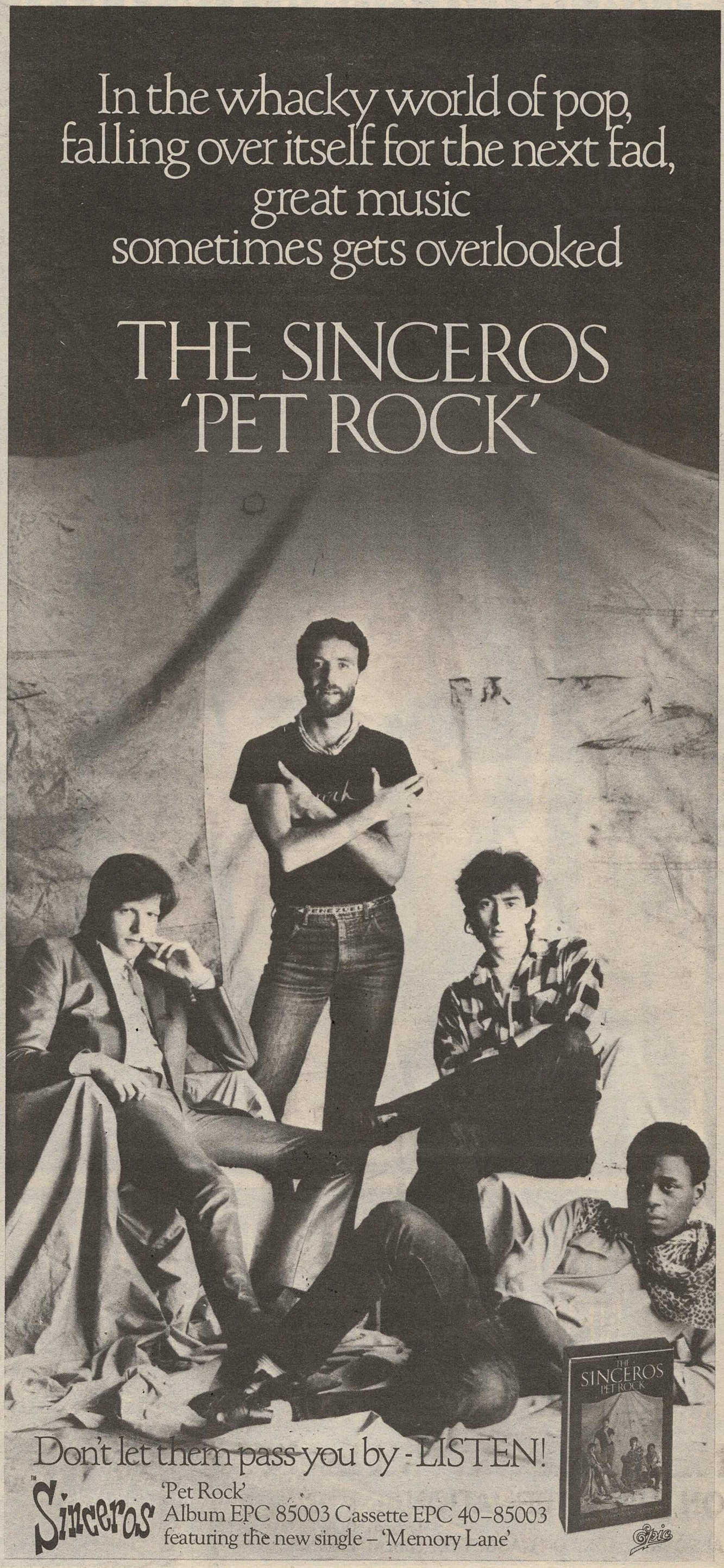

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Messrs Forde and Robinson share a non-sexist, non-racist, non-homophobic, non-rockist joke

W.O.R.K.

■ *From page 4*

Killing Joke were rejected by the organisers, the TUC, for previously blaspheming the Marching Mentality on a public stage. But Jim ("I'm living in Brazil now, man") Capaldi was there, and Richie Havens too.

It never rained but it was sort of Knebworth. The mood languid, blah blah, virtually no grip on the reality of the event. Alexei told some great cystitis and Stoke Newington jokes. The Honour Oak and Catford Communists sold some nice sandwiches. Hackney Communists laid on "the cheapest hot dogs on the field". Capaldi made the kind of relentless, self-promoting noise that everyone got tired of ten years ago. And he should have stayed in Brazil.

For contrast — Tour De Force. They rushed in from South Wales to play their lively chopping pop think pieces, and the poop poop harmonies fitted perfectly.

IT FELL TO Barry Forde to welcome the appearance over the crest of a hill of the 500 marchers. With their faces looking tanned and leathery from a month in the rain, they cut like a sword into the spreading crowd. The song from Forde was 'Maggie's Farm' (ain't gonna work there cos it exploits). And Forde had Tom Robinson working like a jumpfish to help with the vocals.

A lot more emotion could have been wrung from the crowd had the instruments been switched down or off. People could have heard their hands clapping and the lumps rising in the throat.

The devoted Quads played as they have done all the way down from the beginning. Primitive jerking rock, T-shirts, skinny black jeans. No further comment.

"When I see these people out there," said Richie Havens backstage, talking the same whipped-up language of hope and eternal oneness, "it's like I see myself."

The answer to unemployment is ...

"The answer starts from the inside and works outwards. If only we cared more for the things we have and not for the things we wish to have." You see.

Dear Pete Townshend looked worried before going on and worried afterwards. Brandy? He says he's been propping up certain bars these three months since parting from his wife. He says he's listened to a "lot of one-track, embittered conversations" and feels the world to be a dangerous place. Me too.

"I just despair sometimes," he says. "So many people I know and care about and love are so entrenched in looking after themselves. It starts once you get a family. It's like the gun lobby, that protective. After that you do everything in your power to preserve and protect it.

"But what the shit do I know about politics? I know how to play guitar. So I'll go out and play guitar."

If we skipped a description of what happened when he got out there it wouldn't hurt his career. He was with Neil Hubbard on guitar, Tony Butler bass, Peter Hope Evans on harmonica, Mark Brezinski drums and let's face it, it was torpid. They did Jimmy Reed's 'Big Boss Man', 'Substitute', 'Won't Get Fooled Again' and a couple others and I had to manufacture a trance just to escape.

When I came to he was apologising: "Let's hear it for the ones who actually did the legging. Arseholes like us turn up at the last minute and take the credit."

When Townshend left thousands peeled away with him but what they missed apart from the cleaning up was the best set of the day from Aswad. Aswad all balanced out with the feeling and the mood. The slippery wobbly electronics and the gleaming horns, New Orleans funeral style. They ended on 'Warrior Charge' then bustled for Lambeth Town Hall for a Brixton Defence benefit.

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT:

For the marchers it's back to unyielding reality. There's concern that the heroic treatment they've been gettng this month might have lifted them into a deluded euphoria and that the bump coming back down could hurt badly.

The TUC plans more marches, wants to keep them on the move. And there's a developed idea for an Unemployment Union nationwide to provide sports and day centre facilities, free transport and a couple or three more sprats for the jobless.

You know there's 2½ million of them now. Keep your nose down.

REMINDER OF THE WEEK

THE YARDBIRDS: For Your Love/Heart Full Of Soul (Old Gold) The Yardbirds had one or two things that the high-brow Paisley patterned permed and pouting new poppers would give their Gucci loafers for — a knowledge of Gregorian chants (you do call them greggies?) and a part appearance in *Blow Up*. They could also teach Spandau Steve and curly Cope a thing or two about excellence; hear these poignant pop prizes and realise why the new pop is just so old hat. Like cinema, music got boring when it stopped being focussed at a love object ('For *your* Love') and began singing hymns of praise to its own navel. There's just no *soul* in solipism, there's no innovation in introspection. There's more life in Keith Ralph's corpse than there is Rusty Egan's whole hulking, breathing form, poor sod, and I'm sticking with him. Why go out into the present for ham when you've got a stake through the heart at home in the past?

BAILIFF BAIT!

BILL NELSON: Youth Of Nation On Fire (Mercury)
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX: Tokyo (Liberty)
SNIFF AND THE TEARS: That Final Love (Chiswick)
FLYING LIZARDS: Lovers And Other Strangers (Virgin)
THE KORGIS: All The Love In The World (Rialto)
DEPECHE MODE: New Life (Mute)

Let's get fiscal; how do bands that don't get hits *live?* Do they have day jobs? Do they go without life's bare essentials — Imperial Leather and August Darnell and vodka martinis, say? I am *curious,* full stop.

Bill Nelson, sort of the patron saint of Bailiff Bait — how did he bop so deluxe all those years? — trots out the same sly, sweet nothings that he's been trotting out for a decade now, but his graphics are by Rockin' Russian and they're what matters these days.

The Flying Lizards go on boring for their art. Without meaning to be sexist, a pretty girl like Patti Palladin would do better in the pin-up as opposed to pop world. The B-side finds our very own Vivien Goldman singing a song called 'Wind' in an awful '60s folkie whine — sorta "we shall overcome our wind".

He he! What's he like, Mavis? He's a really tasty geisha. The Bailiff Bands tend to sing about Japan, or ill sorted, manhandled versions of it. Classix Nouveaux try to make a Soviet empire out of a little island that makes bad machines. Boora, boora, boora.

Paul Sniff *has* a day job — he paints impossibly beautiful Roxy women that he can never possess — though his latest sleaze, a sort of Suzi Q coming out of Safeway suggests a sort of sad, rude awakening. Once you've *seen* poor Paul Sniff you can never hear his lissome aural limping without recalling and dismissing him — he wants to be beautiful Lawrence Harvey lighting a cigarette amongst the ruins of a bored European bordello, and it just doesn't work! He not a romantic lead, not like Ferry — he's more the back end of a pantomime horse.

The Depeche Mode is a magotty old pumpkin masquerading as a glass coach. The Korgi's record is like being held by the feet with your head in a vat of golden syrup and that's just how they mean it to be, the cynical old swines.

Oh, they're such bores, these Bailiff Bait Bands, these Enigma Rockers. The key to them is that they all play Mona Lisa Pop — nonsense lyrics, weak tunes, small sales, a veil of mystery thrown over the void. All great art shoves its soul in your face in words of one or two syllables ('Stalin Wasn't Stalling', 'Head', 'God Save The Queen') and stuns you with its simplicity, it doesn't play hide and seek, it doesn't mutter on about "technology" "Japan" "Totalitarianism" and "Berlin", which is *just* what all these wretches do. They're not worthy of a CSE History pass, let alone a recording contract.

INGRID: Stop Wasting Your Time (Polydor) It's a man's life as a silent songwriter! And no one has suffered more from the decline of the silent songwriter than the black chanteuse, formerly the lucky vehicle for some of the best silent songwriting (Bacharach, Holland-Dozier-Holland) in the world.

So the Taylor and Burton of the Beat world — Jankel and Dury — reunite to produce this little gem for the inscrutable, beautiful Ingrid Mansfield Allman, vocal and focal point of 'Southern Freeez'. Unfortunately it's pure paste — setting that aura to work on this bit of mock Cockney crock is like sending Ava Gardner on as a hostess on *Three, Two, One.*

MUTANT!

VOICE FARM: Double Garage (Optional) If you're not bland and blond you tend to grow up really thick in Southern California. I guess that the unimpeachable Ron (Mental) Mael is the classic case study, but here we have three offbeat beauties — two boys and one of the other sort — who get nasty very nicely. Remarkable how Teen Coast taste has changed from fun, fun, fun, to run, run, run, he's got a gun, gun, gun. This is all the worst of 'Norman Bates', 'What's Behind The Green Door' and 'The Teddy Bear's Picnic'. If you go down to the woods today . . . you will find Dick Van Dyke and Mary Tyler Moore involved in a musical remake of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre.*

GRACE JONES: Pull Up To The Bumper (Island) A Grace Jones record minus a Grace Jones photograph is inevitably a lot like a Manhattan without whisky, so there's one reason why this won't sell. Every pleb is bent on seeing her as a cold spitting cobra, a ghetto sphinx, a fancy dress fisticuffs fine freak of a woman, and will probably reject this warm, unwinding piece of her persona — Jones as gracious, warm, urban machine — in the same way they refused her gorgeous, mantrapping 'The Hunter Gets Captured By The Game' a while back. I love it — a venal, vital voice, lots of talk about limousines, windscreens and parking lots — that's all cars are good for, providing sex metaphors — and a cheap load of dream street noises. But as I said, her public image has been edged into a corner so that I don't see her getting another record on the charts unless it stars her stalking her supper, singing for it and stamping on it. People want a victor, not a valentine.

BELLY LAUGH!

CANNON & BALL: Let Your Braces Dangle (SRT)
THE PROFESSIONALS: Join The Professionals (Virgin) A pair of gummy old gumbies escaped from the ferret wheel of the working mens club circuit and into the recording studio for a weak little working class samba around some stale tripe leftovers on the side of Les Dawson's plate. As desperately lumpen as Bid Daddy chewing a half ounce of Old Holborn and gobbing it at Arthur Mullard, a real ale guzzling, eel-gobbling knees-up about faraway places with strange sounding handles and hot and cold running Watneys Red. Like all records of its type, sickeningly predictable after two hearings. Mind you, the Cannon & Ball record is rather fun.

JIM CARROLL: People Who Died (CBS)
JOE WALSH: A Life Of Illusion (Asylum) Two Ugly Americans from the land of Are You Being Shot?, they'd like to think they're pop poles apart but they're twins under the skin. Laid back, laid to rest, it's all the same. Jim Carroll is the latest big noise from New York — if you think that not being able to handle your drugs (ie becoming addicted to them, of all the wet things), being the wrong side of 30 and being loved by Keith Richard (who's as old as my parents and not half as good looking) makes one "hot". He's the latest in the Verlaine-Hell line of boo-hoo poets — those distinctive come-to-sick-bed-eyes and that Hold My Hand Mummy expression. He wears his lack of drug expertise like a stewardess' name-tag: "I'm ex-junkie, buy me."

His tune is no-go pogo. His words read like the Janet Cook Pulitzer Prize-winning reportage on the eight-year-old black junkie — she had to give the prezzy back when the report turned out to be pure fiction. "Teddy, sniffing glue, she was six years old, he fell from the roof on East Two Nine. Cathy was eleven when she pulled the plug, on 26 reds and a bottle of wine." Phew! With friends like that, who needs a black tie?

More mawkish than a million Margaret O'Brien films, totally phoney and un-fun. What's there to live for? Who needs the corpse corps? Terribly precious — not precious as in invaluable, but precious as in gnomey. It reminds me more than anything else of Benny Hill's 'Ernie' hit of a few years back: *"Was that the trees a-rattling / Or the hinges on the gate? / Or Ernie's ghostly goldtops a-rattling in their crate?"*

The Joe Schmaltz scam is much the same — Letter From The Analyst's Couch, Part Infinite, more moaning about his moneyed situation. The tune is sort of Stones-ish 'Street Fighting Sloth'. Moaning about money, for god's sake! Moaning about drugs! If you don't enjoy your drugs or your money, *give them away.*

YARWOOD!

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS: Pretty In Pink (CBS) I was going to say that this is big budget, small success Sex Pistols pyre stuff, right down to Rep's I'm-A-Little-Catholic-Boy, Lock-Me-In-The-Cupboard persona and sneer — malcontent, malevolent malade Malcolm. But it actually is quite luscious, and I love it in the way I love anything that reminds me of Rotten — the Albertos 'Snuff Rock' EP, Sophie Richmond's diary, William Hamilton. It's a long time since Public Image did anything as decent as this though — please put a tune in the old punk's beret, Furs.

Making the breaks: JULIE BURCHILL

Art attack: JILL MUMFORD

≤ (like last week)

RENT A MOB!

SECTOR 27: Martin's Gone (Panic) Music in search of a liberal peppering of shoulders to bleat on. Bake it in a cake and smuggle it "inside" during visiting hours. As someone in "stir" once remarked, "I wanted you guys to be bigger than the MC5 but you wanted to be bigger than Lord Longford."

Martin may have departed but on the slip-side there's 'Christopher Calling'. Talk about moving gingerly on to the next one!

ESSENTIAL LOGIC: Fanfare In The Garden (Rough Trade) Charming, alarming little record, brought to you via the spectacular talent of Adam Kidron, who is sort of the P. Spector of the Marx and muesli set. Sounds like Cristina Monet with her finger out. The only weak link is Lora's deplorably posh accent which sticks in my common as dirt throat a little. She sounds like she should be reciting the new *Habitat* catalogue, bless her. In fact, the words tend to err on the side of Georgette Heyer, rather. I've gone right off the record, in fact.

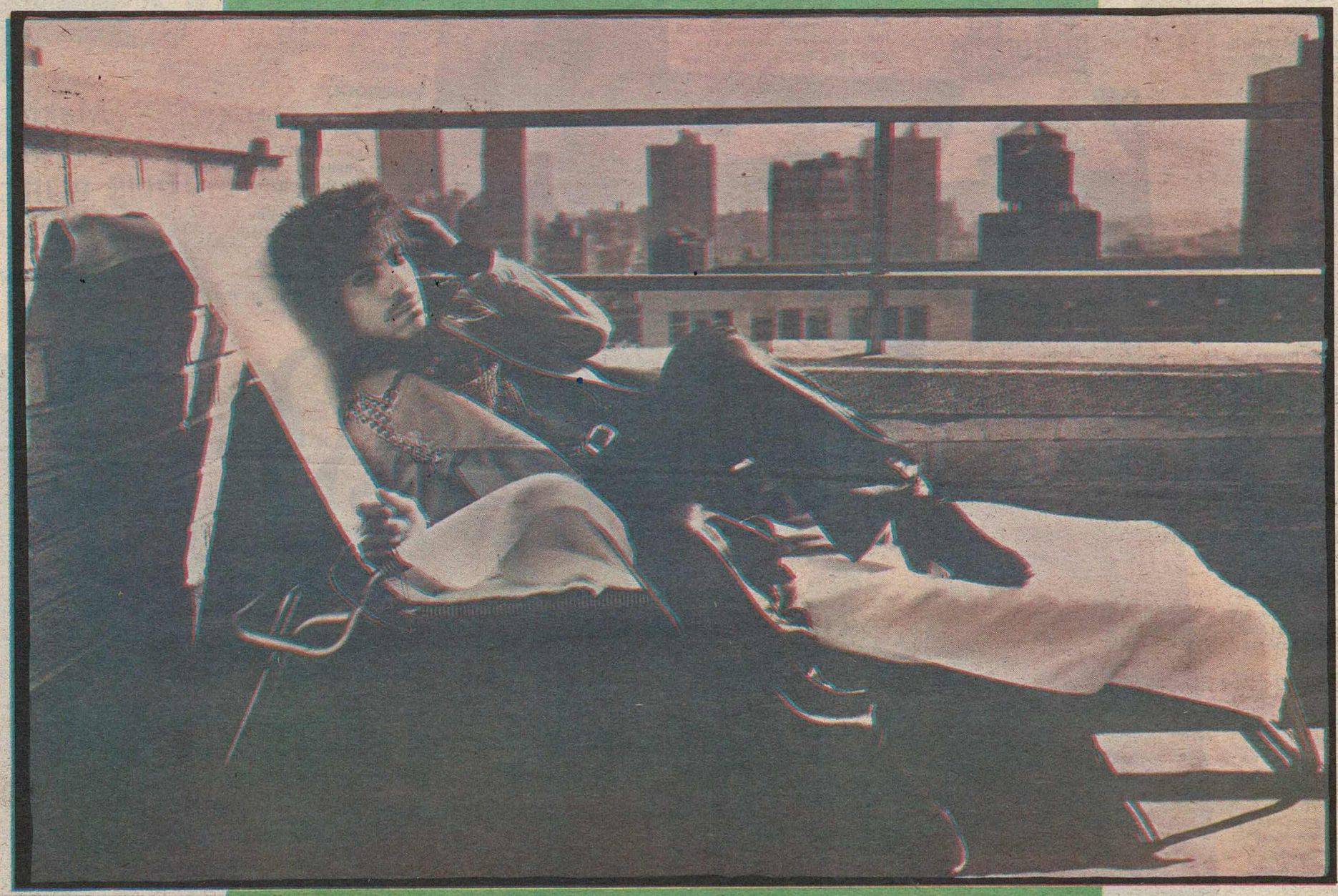
WUGLIES!

DENNIS WATERMAN: Come Away With Me (EMI)
BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY: Breaking Down The Walls Of Heartache (Arista)

Dennis Waterman sings a moving ode to better half John "Sweeny" Thaw, attempting to tempt the granite-jawed tec away from Wugly wifie Sheila Hancock. It's like Smokie at closing time, bouncing their beer bellies out to the car-park, party marching music for the over-45s on the road to Gretna Green with Phyllosan on their side.

Bram Tchaikovsky's career — the saddest career in the world? — continues on the Arista Home For The Aged with a ritual disembowelment of the brave and cute '60s uptempo torcher. Why don't you find a more fulfilling and useful job, Bram? Like digging big holes and filling them in again.

Half a million dirty minds can't be wrong about this man



A new sex symbol in America who writes songs about oral sex and incest, this is the Prince the ladies die for Chris Salewicz listens to his trashy talk

THIS FELLOW sitting across the table from me in an uptown Manhattan Holiday Inn room may be a Prince but he ain't no Charlie.

On the other hand, this 20-year-old Prince is just as much a lad with the ladies as is our prospective monarch: in the musicality of his speaking voice, which is much lower in tone than the high pitch you'd expect from listening to his records, there is a slur that comes from lack of sleep.

"I haven't been to sleep for a couple of nights ... Well, I've been to bed, but not for sleeping," he adds meaningfully.

"Ho-ho-ho!" I spontaneously chuckle with disrespectful satire, miming macho rib-nudging.

Such lack of awe for the Big Willie talk that is such an essential part of Prince's everyday mood and music obviously pisses him off a bit. But, really, what does he expect? Still, not a bad lad when all's said and done ...

Prince has flown in to New York from his home-town of Minneapolis, Minnesota, for this interview. This is just the beginning of a lot of mileage he's going to be putting under his belt. This week he also jets to Europe for a series of dates that includes one London show, at the Lyceum.

In the jargon of the trade, Prince is "working" his 'Dirty Mind' album, released at the end of last year. Like his first two Warners LPs, 'For You' and 'Prince', 'Dirty Mind' was produced, arranged, written and almost entirely performed by Prince alone.

In America, 'Dirty Mind' is an "underground" hit — which means that via word of mouth and exceptionally favourable press coverage it has notched up a more than healthy half-million sales. Radio play has been virtually nil, this being due to much of the subject matter of the LP, which contains the kind of lyrics that might have come out of a few heavy sessions of Freudian dream analysis. Amongst other topics, the album deals with oral sex, troilism and incest. It also concerns itself with direct political matter, however; 'Dirty Mind' climaxes with the song, 'Partyup', and an atmosphere of militant defiance that insists *"You're gonna have to fight your own damn war, 'cos we don't wanna fight no more.*

THERE IS a weird mist about the body music made by the green-eyed, sensually slack-jawed Prince, as there is also about the multi-instrumentalist himself. An academic analysis of his intensely immediate sounds indicate their origins lie in areas as far apart (and as close together) as pre-Disco Philly, Eddie Cochran's primal rock'n'roll rhythms, The Beatles, and the inevitable Jimi Hendrix, who seems to have provided much of the spiritual source material for the notoriously lascivious, wild spectacular which Prince enacts every time he steps out onstage. Yet the hypnotic accessibility of this compound belies a mysterious, vinegary cold within the cool of its core.

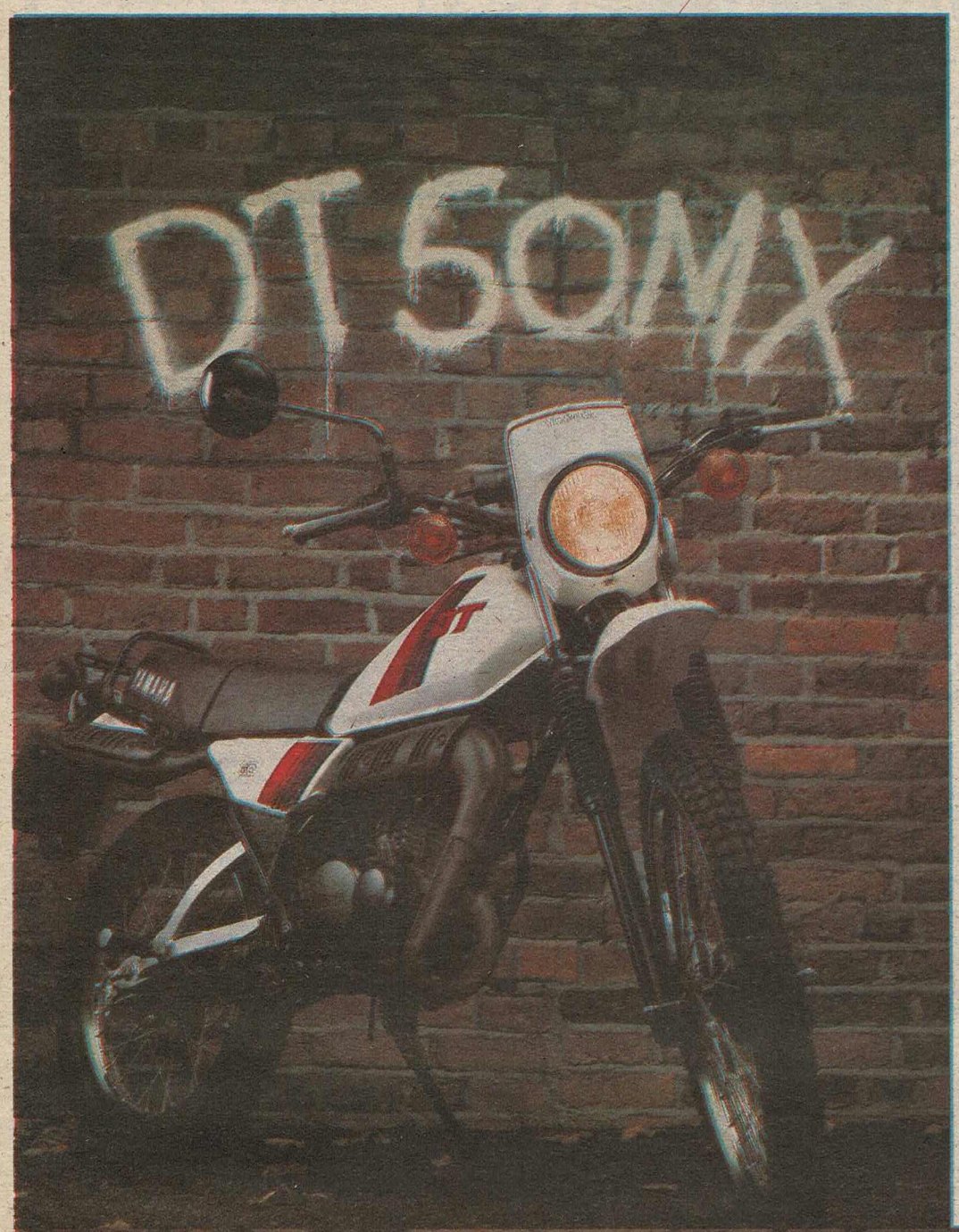
Whatever, Prince dislikes suggestions that he is re-defining R&B. Or that his first two, less cohesive LPs were an interpretation of disco in rock terms.

"To me disco was always *very* contrived music. It was all completely planned out for when the musicians

PHOTO BY JOE STEVENS

CONTINUES ▸

Class for fast learners.



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◗ FROM OVER

were recording it in the studios. Basically, what *I* do is just go in and play.

"It's easy for me to work in the studio, because I have no worries or doubts about what the other musician's going to play because that other musician is almost always *me!* All the other musicians on the record are me. Disco music was filled with breaks that a studio musician would just play and fill up when his moment came. But I don't do that at all — I just play along with the other guy."

Prince's voice, which lies in a region occupied by Michael Jackson and Smokey Robinson, also has its curious edge. *Too* much that of a beautiful young boy, it is like the silky near-castrato of a choirboy beneath whose starched, spotless surplice is a body crawling with crabs.

Maybe that's what Prince is about — the twin sides of human nature. "Sin and salvation," says the man who dedicates to God 'Dirty Mind', a record that promises *"incest is everything it's meant to be."*

But Prince has a lot more going for him than the majority of his compatriot comtemporaries who have experienced any measure of significant success.

"All the groups in America seem to do just exactly the same as each other — which is to get on the radio, try to be witty, say the most sickening things they can think of and gross out the interviewer. They think that's going to make them big and cool.

"They're a little too concerned," says the man who claims he's given away most of the cash he's made to friends and acquaintances in need, "with keeping up the payment on the Rolls Royce when really they should be busying themselves with doing something that's true to their own selves. Obviously the new wave thing has brought back a lot of that greater reality. There are so many of those groups that there is just no way many of them can make it in those vast commercial terms. So they have no choice but to write what's inside of them.

"I think it's all getting better, actually."

Such a subdued, low-key character offstage that one feels it certainly must be his alter ego that takes over in performance, Prince all the same remains always a natural communicator. He waxes warm and cold, though — just like his two-edged music. But it's his prerogative; he's very much his own man, working on *his* terms in a similar manner to that insisted on by other of black America's genuine musical artists like Marvin Gaye and Stevie Wonder.

He dislikes being considered a prodigy: "I don't even know what the word really means," he shrugs. "I'm just a person."

Prince also bristles uncomfortably at PR descriptions of his fluency with 27 separate instruments.

"That came about because that was the exact number of instruments I played on the first album. But actually there are a lot of instruments which if you can play you can also play another six related ones."

The black and white front cover shot on 'Dirty Mind' is an exact representation of the persona Prince presents onstage — the army surplus flasher's mac (which he is wearing in the Holiday Inn at this very moment: "It's the only coat I've got"), the dark jockstrap-like underpants. The photograph has been cropped at pubis level, missing out the bare thighs and leg warmers that complete Prince's androgynous stage-wear.

This image, though, is far from the soft-focus colour job of the horseman astride his winged white steed that graced the rear of 'Prince'. Pretty dodgy stuff — enough to make a strong man weep.

It was his need to extend the autonomy he'd already gained in production and arrangement terms that led to Prince breaking with his Minneapolis-based management following the release of 'Prince', and signing a deal with the former managers of Little Feat.

"I think I've always been the same. But when you're in the hands of other people they can package it in a way that is more ... uhhh ... *acceptable*. All along I've had the same sort of ideas that came out on this record. It's just that my former management had other thoughts about it all." His voice curls downwards.

"The songs on 'Dirty Mind' were originally just some demo tapes that I recorded and took to LA to play to my new management. Even they weren't too happy with them. We also had long talks about what I felt was me getting closer to my real image, and at first they thought that I'd gone off the deep end and had lost my mind. Warners basically thought the same, I think.

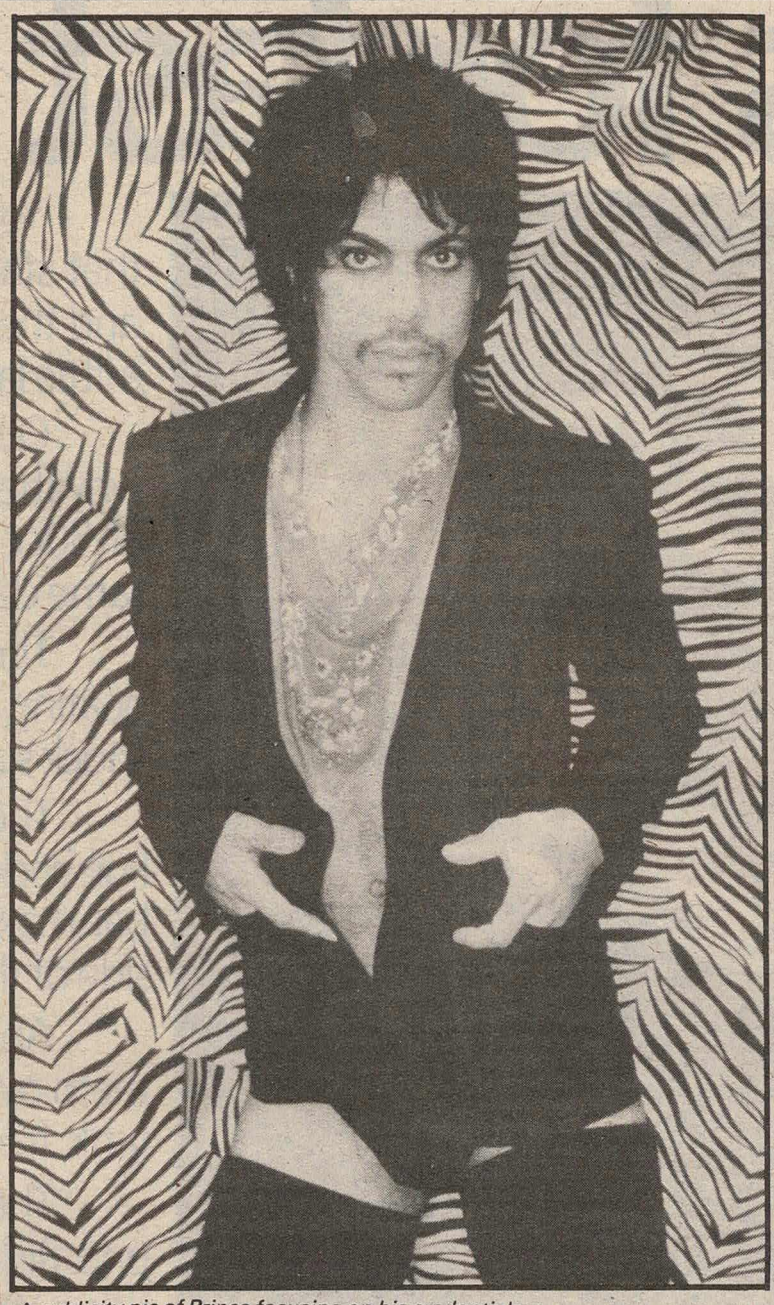
"But once I told them that this was the way it was, then they knew they had no choice and they'd have to try it, because they weren't going to get another record out of me otherwise.

"I know that *I'm* a lot happier than I was. Because I'm getting away with what *I* want to do. With the other two albums I feel I was being forced to suppress part of myself — though also I was younger."

This grabbing of greater control of his own destiny was probably inevitable, considering the production and arrangement autonomy Prince already had.

"I just turned down all the producers that Warners suggested to me for the first album. Even when they finally agreed to let me produce myself they insisted I had to work with what they said was an Executive Producer, who was really just an engineer. And that caused a whole lot of other problems, because he was versed in short-cuts and I didn't want to take any — though (laughs) that *was* why it took five months to make.

"The recording's become a little easier these days. I used to be a perfectionist — too much of one. Those ragged edges tend to be a bit truer."



A publicity pic of Prince focusing on his credentials.

PRINCE IS the third youngest in a family of four brothers and four sisters. They are not all of the same blood: "There was a lot of illegitimacy — different fathers, different mothers."

Prince's father, who obviously christened him as he did because he knew he'd need to learn how to fight, was an Italian-Philipino leader of a mid-west pro jazz band. He left his son's black mother when the boy was seven.

"That's when I first started playing music," he says. "He left the piano behind when he left us behind. I wasn't allowed to touch it when he still lived with us."

His background, he says, was "essentially middle-class, though our financial position took a big down swing when he went."

Around the age of nine, Prince started spending much of his out-of-school hours in his mother's bedroom, poring over her substantial porn collection. "She had a lotta interesting stuff. Certainly that affected my attitude towards my sexuality."

His mother's choice of replacement for his father also affected him. At the age of 12 Prince moved out of the family home and into that of one of his sisters. "It's very difficult having a step-father — basic resentment all the way around. Nobody belongs to anybody."

During this time, up until when he graduated from high school at 17, Prince played in a succession of high school bands, notably one called Champagne.

"It was all Top 40 stuff. The audiences didn't want to know the songs I was writing for the group. They'd just cover their faces ... largely because of the lyrics. I remember I had this song called 'Machine' that was about this girl that reminded me of a machine. It was very explicit about her, urrhhh ... parts. People seemed to find it very hard to take.

"There was quite a lot of Sly Stone stuff we used to do. I really liked it when he'd have a hit, because it would give us an excuse to play them."

It was also this spell of living with his sister that was to inspire the "incest is all it's meant to be" line.

"I write everything from experience. 'Dirty Mind' was written totally from experience ..."

So he's experienced incest?

"How come you ask twice?" (chuckles)

Oh well, one often hears it's far more common than is popularly imagined ...

For someone who is sold heavily as a primal black artist, Prince visually is hardly black at all.

"Though they say that even if you've just got one drop of black blood in you it makes you entirely black. But in fact I don't necessarily look on myself as a member of the black race — more a member of the human race ..."

THE PERSPECTIVE on the apparently obsessive sexuality of 'Dirty Mind' is shifted by the non-specific politics of 'Partyup': "I was in a lot of different situations when I was coming up to make that record. A lot of anger came up through the songs. It was kind of a rough time. There were a few anti-draft demonstrations going on that I was involved in that spurred me to write 'Partyup'.

"Really, that song is just about people who'd rather have a good time than go and shoot up one another. That's all — it's pretty basic. I just seem to read about a lot of politicians who're all going to die soon and I guess they want to go out heavy, because they're prepared to make a few mistakes and end up starting a war that they don't have to go out and fight.

"I just think the people should have a little more to say in some of these foreign matters. *I* don't want to have to go out and die for their mistakes.

"Thank God we got a better President now," Prince continues, rather startlingly, "with bigger balls" — the reader may note the recurrent sexual imagery — "than Carter. I think Reagan's a lot better. Just for the power he represents, if nothing else. Because that also means as far as other countries are concerned.

"He also has a big mouth, which is probably a good thing. His mouth is his one big asset."

Perhaps this is Prince's Minneapolis background coming out. Who else has Minnesota turned up in recent years? Only Prince, Bob Dylan, Walter Mondale and Hubert Humphrey. Which is at least a healthy bit of yin and yang. *(More like Cheech and Chong. — Ed.)*

Prince says he still lives in the city in which he was born precisely *because* it is so isolated. Ask Prince about his musical influences and he'll go all coy on you. You don't hear *anyone,* he'll claim, if your home is in Minnesota. All the radio stations play is C&W music, he says. In fact, he genuinely doesn't appear to have heard, or even heard of, a large percentage of acts with whom one might assume he would be familiar.

"Listening to the radio there," he insists, "really turned me off a lot of things that were supposedly going on. If they did pick up on something they'd just play it to death, and you'd end up totally disliking it. So I missed out on a lot of groups."

There was a certain amount of deliberate choice operating here.

"When I started doing my own records I really didn't want to listen to anybody, because I figured I should just disregard what anybody else might be doing. Though I suppose subconsciously I might have been influenced just by the mood that was going on around me. I can only be a product of my time ... Unless I cut myself off totally ... Though that," he adds, purposely enigmatic, "is soon to come."

From what's he going to cut himself off?

"The world."

What does he intend to do?

"Just write music, and things like that. Hang around in my head. And just make records. I don't think I'll perform anymore. I don't want to do this too much longer."

Is it stopping being fun?

"It's still fun. But I get bored real fast. Yeah, it's still fun. But I can't see it going on for too much longer in the same fashion."

And so Prince strides off into the sunlit Manhattan streets, heading for that last plane to Minnesota.

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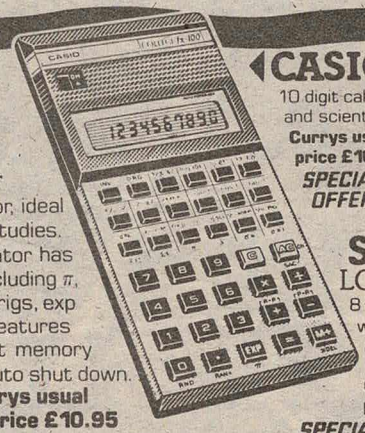

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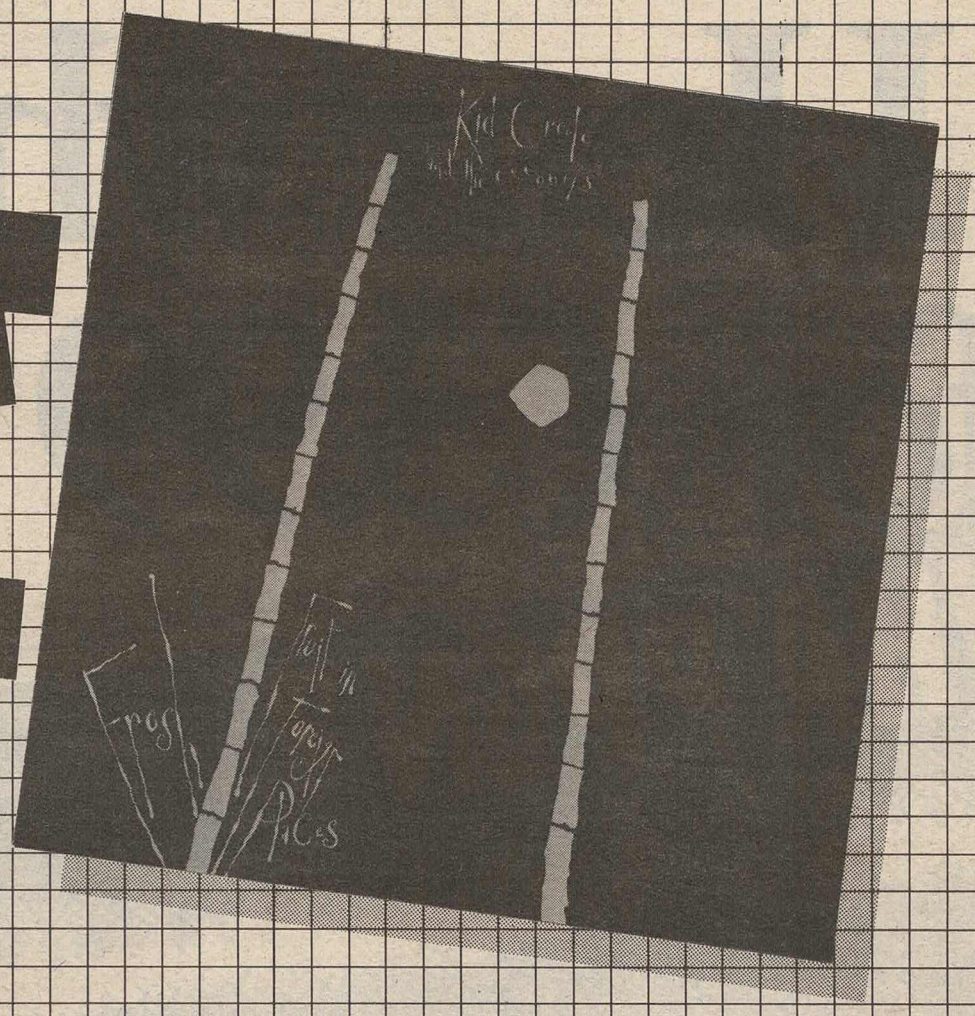

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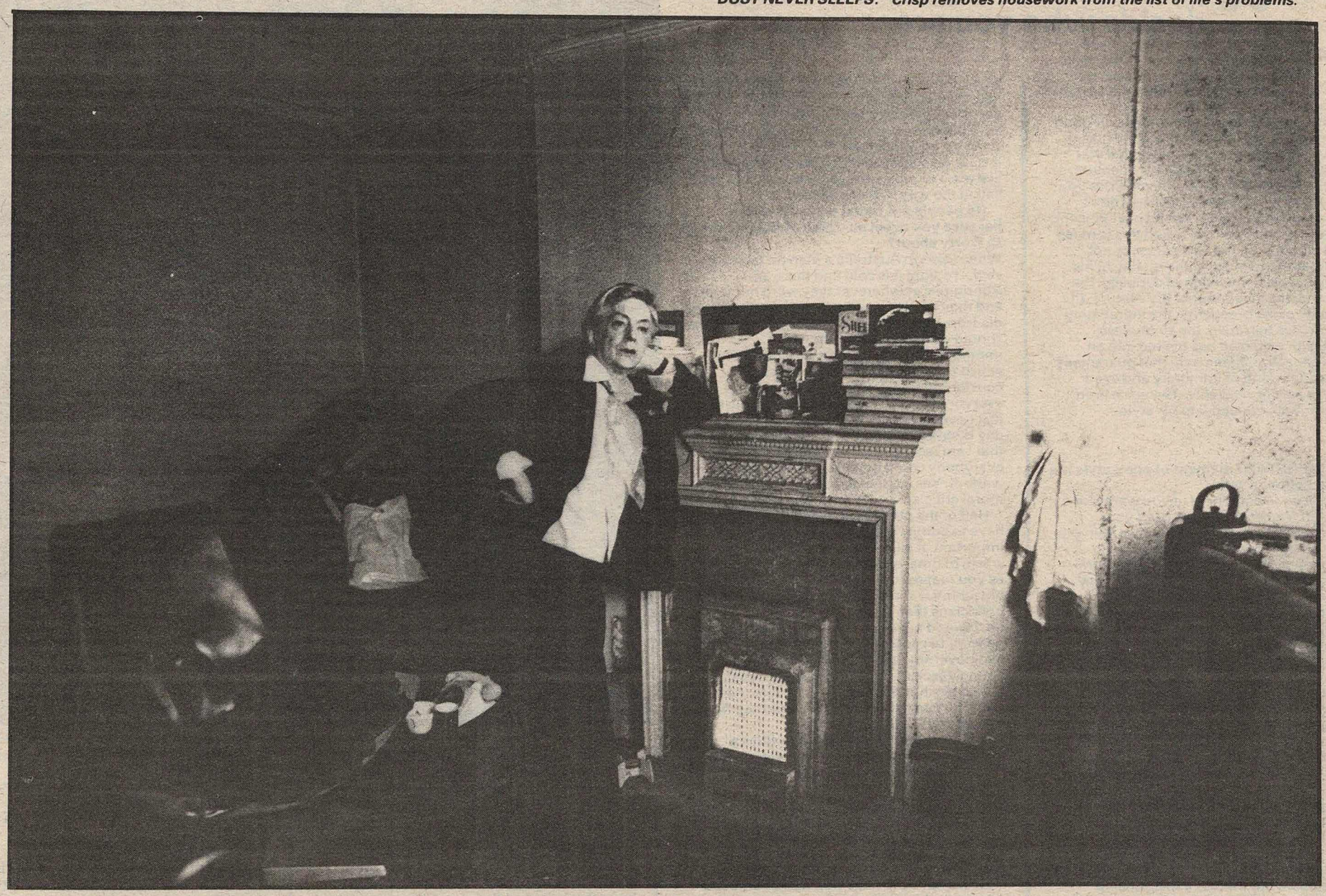

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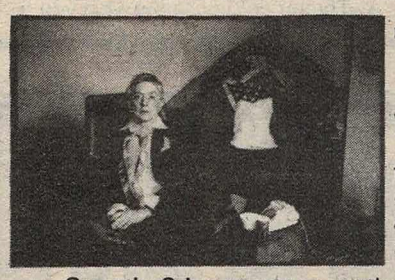

THE VOICE is a rarefied power of virtue and veneration, a sovereign creation that you could never imagine bickering or whimpering or indeed staying quiet.

It is a voice I first heard ingeniously represented by the actor John Hurt in the classic television portrayal of Quentin Crisp's life-so-far *The Naked Civil Servant,* a voice I have heard many times since on radio and TV and lately record.

Quentin Crisp greets me at the front door of a terraced house in Chelsea — "You are the music paper?" — and I hear the voice for the first time neither disembodied nor alluringly distant. It is no disappointment.

"Years ago," it frostily sings, "my agent said to me you must expect to become part of the fantasies of strangers. I said ho ho ho, but in some mysterious way you do. People very kindly say that in my early life I showed a great deal of courage, but I was actually stuck with it. There was no way I could behave as an ordinary mortal.

"There is no sense of revenge now that I am accepted, because in order to revenge myself on the world I would have to think that I had been treated unfairly. If you think you've been treated unfairly you must think you deserve better, whereas I think I deserve nothing.

"I'm only glad that the world is kind to me. How can I say how grateful I am? My attitude is not 'oh you're too late now, I offered you my love 50 years ago and what did you do . . . I'm certainly not going out into the world now, I shall stay right here'. My attitude is that 'things' have changed — these things are nameless, there shouldn't really be fashions in morality but there undoubtedly are — and so I've emerged and looked around and everything seems to be alright. The war seems to be over after I've been in my shelter for 50 years. So I've got out.

"And so now that I'm out the best I can do is to seem grateful. Never to take either my wages or the friendliness of the world for granted, this is the only return I can give. I must make sure that never a day goes by without me acknowledging that I live by kind permission of the universe."

The room in Chelsea is exactly as I imagined it, and therefore it is exactly how you imagined it: not sombre or sad but simply splendidly slovenly. The dust collects around the edges of the room like down, paint on the walls peels with a flourish — Crisp removes housework from the list of life's troubles. "You must first remove the unreal problems . . ."

Crisp sits opposite me, an unhurried, immaculate, fluorescent purple vision set in sharp relief to the soft-focus anachronism of the room.

Quentin Crisp rarely has conversations. He has interviews, especially now that he is promoting a book, a record and a stage show. I say to him that people already have the opportunity to know everything about Quentin Crisp that they wish to know: another set of interviews is perhaps unnecessary — and certainly he will supply similar chunks of answers.

"Somebody said to my agent, why does he always say the same things? And my agent said because they always ask the same questions. But then if I was the Prime Minister I would be asked the same questions, or if I was the Archbishop of Canterbury. You try to vary the answers a little. The last person who came was from a magazine for women, so the answers tended to be slightly cosier. But they're the same answers!"

You adapt depending on interviewer and eventual readership?

"You try to adapt. You hear yourself saying something which is a quotation from an obscure poet and you think that really won't do . . . when you're being interviewed on television you try to think what the interviewer will want the interview to be like. If you are on Mr Cavett's show you're in the entertainment business. But you can be in an interview where you are in the human interest bracket, and then you must not be funny all the time, you must be funny occasionally. A brave laugh!"

You imagined this interview would be for young people?

"Yes. When we spoke about young people and music I thought that this is what you had come to hear, and so I thought, well I'll go on about this instead of thinking I don't want to talk about it. It's the least I can do. You bothered to come here. If you were a friend I would think, what would they like to talk about? I would ask you 'And how is your allotment coming along?' It's like being a music hall comedian: you say the lines the audience hopes to hear, and indeed you are being provoked to say the lines the audience hopes to hear. I mean, everybody must now be used to the fact I don't clean my room, but never a TV interview goes by without it being referred to. And I say the same things!"

Could people get fed up with you?

"They could. But the public likes you to be predictable."

QUENTIN CRISP:
Naked civil servant, 75 year old virgin, author, raconteur, and legend, delivers a master's thesis in the fine art of living.

Interview by Paul Morley
Photographs by Pennie Smith

"BLIND WITH mascara and dumb with lipstick, I paraded the streets of Pimlico . . . I wore a fringe so deep that it completely obscured the way ahead. This hardly mattered. There were others to look where I was going."

Quentin Crisp is 73 and has lived in the room in Chelsea for 38 years. "Mercifully I never made fun of old people when I was young, so I was never scared of growing old. My health is better than it might have been, there's just the rheumatism, and I also discovered when it's towards the end of the run, and I say this on stage, you can overact appallingly. This is actually put in a joke form, but it is true."

Most old people do not exploit this.

"They don't exploit it, so if somebody says I feel I am growing old and I haven't got a style, I say to them being old is your style. Indulge the fact that nothing can be expected of you. When you are young you are always thinking suppose I take the wrong path, in years to come I will end up fifty miles away from where I want to be. But now you only have a few yards to go you can do as you damn well please."

For 35 years he was an art school model, and for 50 years the subject of hostility from scared moralists and irritated bullies. What he understates as his "ambiguous appearance" was not to annoy the world but "to tell passers-by what they passionately wanted to know. If I were on a desert island I would merely have wanted to decorate myself. I was just being me. I've lived entirely by consent: however, being entirely individual is being selfish. Had I been born today I suppose I could have been less selfish because there is greater permissiveness."

Writer Miles Chapman observed that "he spent 40 or 50 years in the subversive guise of a social leper, flouting the conventional canons of good taste, making his make-up, floppy fedora and other limp-wristed accessories into a cross between a straitjacket and a suit of armour. He imprisoned, chastised and martyred some parts of himself so that other bits could blossom into the orchidacious creation that was impersonated so accurately on television by John Hurt."

Crisp took over from Hurt, playing the respectable and rhapsodic hallucination that the world began to adore. Crisp received the adulation, the wonder, with the same grace with which he absorbed the hostility and paranoid curiosity. Encouraged by an implausible fame, Crisp offered the world his gift.

"It was inevitable that I would be noticed. What was not inevitable was that I would be rewarded for making myself conspicuous. That is the remarkable thing."

He went onto the stages of the world to describe how 50 years of rejection and humiliation had contributed to his philosophy of style, how style was order. Style had been his sustenance, his insulation. Style is at the heart of his diplomacy.

"Fashion", says Quentin Crisp, "is a way of not having to decide who you are."

"Style," says Quentin Crisp, "is deciding who you are and being able to perpetuate it."

This is, among other things, the greatest piece of rock criticism ever. It all falls into place. Howard Devoto is style; Steve Strange is fashion. David Bowie is style; Gary Numan is fashion. Bow Wow Wow are style; Styx fashion. Bette Midler style; Hazel O'Connor fashion.

"When you look into your soul and find that you are vulgar then vulgar you must be! Nothing can be worse than cultivating a certain refinement to present yourself to people of refinement when really your natural medium is to be your horrible self. Style is not to me elegance, style is not to me stylishness, it is simply setting it all together, arranging it all so that it tells the world what you have to say. It is a constant striving to unify utterly all aspects of your nature."

OVER ▶

"Fashion is a way of not having to decide who you are . . .

CONTINUED ▶

Crisp's style slices right through the notion of 'taste'.

"I don't like the idea of good music, or good books, or good anything. There is the noise that you like and there is the noise that you don't like. Taste is something that I deplore. When you hear the voice of Vincent Price you know exactly what he will look like. I don't know how he managed it. But he has! Vincent Price has a pronounced style and this is miles beyond whether he is a good actor or not."

It is his strategy of style, the quality of his survival and his conversion of curiosity, the self control, the splendour of his venture, the complexity of his prosperity, the ingratiating candour of his narrative, the shameless manner with which he has melted into an allusive caricature of himself, that guarantees Crisp a certain kind of immunity and even perhaps a pale immortality. The voice is an inscription etched deep into his style.

AN IMPORTANT element of one's style is a conviction of self.

I've said to audiences, if you were alone on a desert island you would need your lifestyle like never before if you were going to live. I'm sure there would be people who would die not of starvation, or of exposure, but because they would become lost. They wouldn't know who they were.

How do you explain what it is to know who you are?

I think you have to go into the subject very thoroughly, and I think you have to abandon your parents' teaching — 'you shouldn't spend a lot of time thinking about yourself, try thinking about others'. I think you must spend a long time thinking about yourself, and you must not allow yourself to pass into a dream. Somebody said to me your view of life is narcissistic, and I replied Mr Narcissus fell in love with himself and when you're in love with someone you not only condone their faults you idealise them. The faults become all *sweet*. This is what you must not do. You may have to embrace your weaknesses, but you must never *indulge* them. First of all your style is for yourself, but there is a relationship between the world and the stylist. I can only put it by saying that people are to the stylist what water is to a swimmer. They are the element in which he exercises his talent.

Anyone is capable of developing a style.

Anyone can do it. It won't be the same as mine, nor is it my *faintest* wish that it be so. Oh yes, they've only got to think about it, which some people would rather *die* than do . . . I'm sure there are lots of other stylists, but they don't go on about it so. They just do it. I make it clear on stage that I'm not asking you to be like me, I'm only asking you to arrive at your self in the way that I've arrived at it.

Do people put moral pressure on you because you reject so-called important things to worry about?

When I was in Australia a man on television said, 'Tonight it is cold and there are Aborigines or whatever they were out there and they are very cold and some will perhaps die from the cold. Do you really think that they should develop their style?' I said immediately, I am dealing with problems which by world standards would be considered trivial. Of course I know and everybody else knows there are people that just have so little in life that to get through the day is sufficient and so I would always accept that I am talking about something which everybody could get through their lives without. Yes, so that is a way of making a moral criticism.

Half of the other people consider important I have to admit I genuinely don't consider important at all. Politics I consider a *total* waste of time, except for politicians. As soon as you realise that teaching is for teachers, preaching is for preachers and politics is for politicians then it all falls into place. So that, no, I would never vote, but then again I have to be wary because if I lived in a place where the two governments that will come without voting, fascism or communism, existed, then I would be shot. So then I would vote. As I stood before the firing line I would say *hold everything!* I'll vote.

You've said that not only is politics a mistake, but also music. Is this merely an entertaining announcement or can you explain?

Well it's certainly what I believe. I can safely say that music is a mistake, which I think I can explain. In all other tribes music is a means of arousing and uniting the male population, usually to face a disaster, frequently a war. Now we have the male population aroused and excited and no war. So you have what is called soccer violence, because what are they to do with all this excitement that is *aroused!* Now, people don't listen to the world at all. They go around shut off from the world, and you can't help saying of what are you afraid?

In the time of a woman called Miss Shapiro, which is before your time, as far as I know she sang two songs, and one of these was 'Walking Back To Happiness', and whatever you did or wherever you went you heard these words. So we all become one and we lose the feeling that we are in the world.

If the world went silent tomorrow the violence would cease. *Silence!!* And they would have to live in it. They would have to have *thoughts* and they would have to *speak!* There would be people in hospital suffering withdrawal symptoms — but they would recover and they wouldn't all be drawing on this common nameless energy which they can't really use in any way.

The movies are a means by which we think we shall rule the world. People try to extract from the movies, however absurdly, something that will put them in command of life, and this is good. Music does nothing. Music arouses the emotions and the emotions are a mistake . . .

Because they're not constant.

Yes, because while you can still say I don't know what came over me, you're not really a complete person. 'And then I went really mad!' All these are confessions, they are not boasts.

What replaces emotion?

You have reason. You know what you are doing. And better *still* you know what you're

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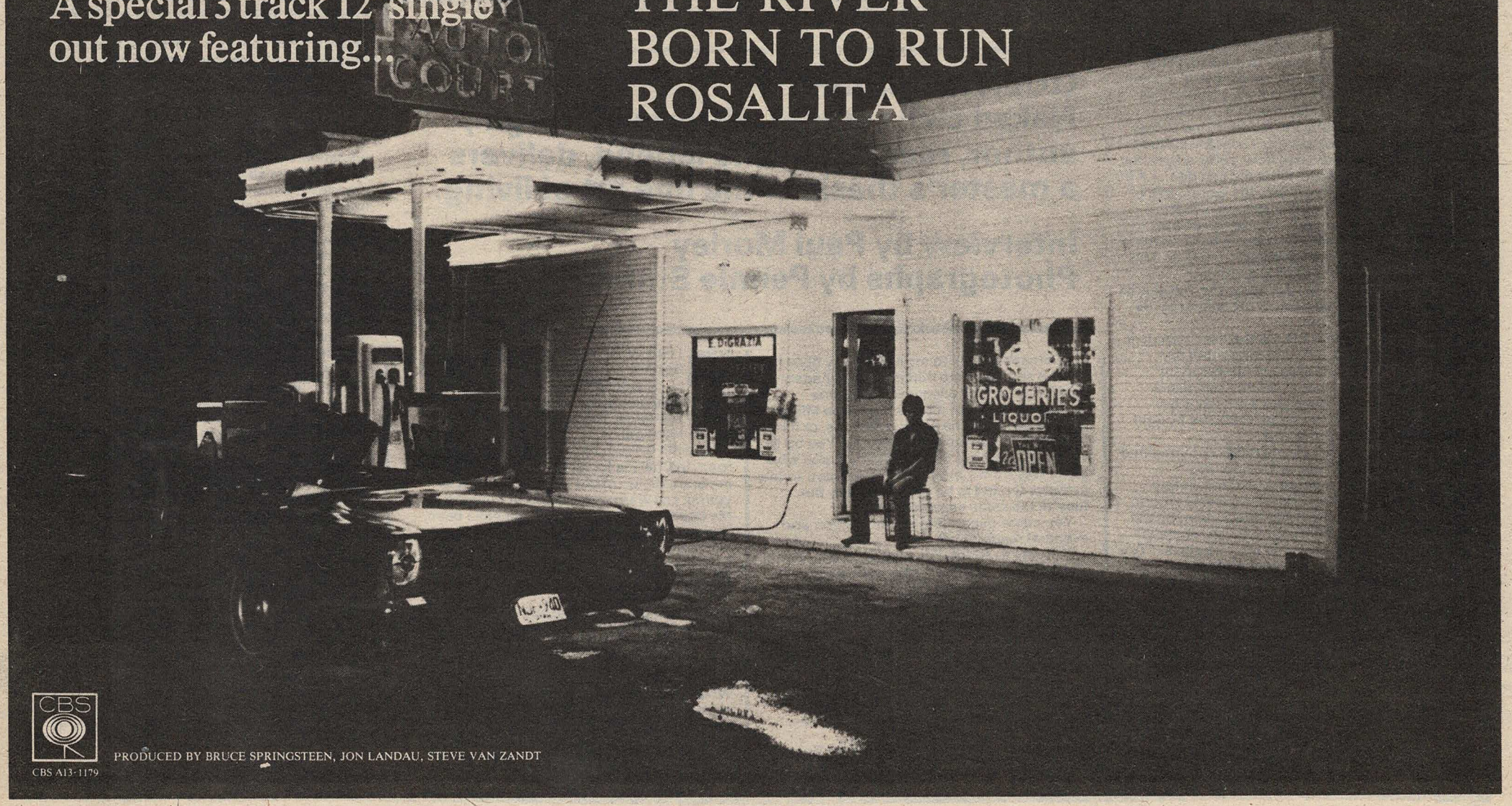

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. . . style is deciding who you are and being able to perpetuate it.

going to do and you do it.

What about outside forces?

You can't ignore outside forces altogether, but you calculate that you arrive at most situations with your kit ready. If you are a burglar you have your lock openers with you all the time, you look through them and you open the door. If you're an emotional person, you arrive, you rattle the handles, nothing happens, you tear the handles off, you beat on the door, and you never get in. So I think you have to learn to survive your emotions, which you do by feigning not to have them and in the end you don't.

And you will be cold . . .

That's right. You will be cold and *splendid!!* The idea that the word warm and all those phrases are terms of praise is a mistake, because you have to arrive at that inside yourself which is permanent, which is beyond fashion, fad and if possible beyond even emotion. So that you are able to say, come what may, including death, I now know what part of myself I will call upon for comfort, strength, whatever it is. This you can only find by abandoning yourself from this reliance on being human, emotional . . . to me this is the answer.

This is not to deny enthusiasm or exhilaration?

No. They're not quite the same. In fact it is even possible to be hysterical but not emotional. I'm very easily excited by notions, ideas, and I can quite imagine someone saying don't get so worked up. But this is not quite what I would mean by emotion.

Presumably some discipline is important.

You must be very disciplined about yourself and very indulgent with others, which you can afford to be. You can in an indulgent tone suggest that people discipline themselves. Yes, so you need to be self-disciplined. But thousands of people would say that I live the life of a self-confessed *slob*. I sit around. I can't do any of the things that other people think are absolutely necessary, but the discipline takes the form of trying to make myself accountable all the time.

What was the force behind your accumulation of knowledge, wisdom, logic whatever?

The need for self-preservation, I should think. I was always the one among many. If you are an object of ridicule, or notice, you will in the end ask yourself, what is it that I am doing? Who am I? — And am I willing to pay the price of being whatever it is I am? So then you have to find the words to justify or at least explain, and then later you find the words to make entertaining what people started out to find irritating.

The real key is that everybody has to learn to do deliberately what they used to do by mistake. This is *forced* upon you. If you don't move along with all the boys at school because you feel, well I'm doing this just because we're all doing it, and you go in the opposite direction, everyone else asks why are you going over there, and you think to yourself I *want* to answer. Something which will either *appal* them or *amuse* them. So I think it began when I was born and became codified as the years went by.

Do you think that The Decision you talk about, the understanding of yourself, is in your case so startling and penetrating because there was such a need for justification?

Yes, I *do*. I haven't thought of it — but that exactly explains it. Other people don't have to explain. If your parents are forever saying you look *marvellous* you don't really have to do anything. But if they say to you 'If you keep going on like this I don't know what's going to happen to you', then you think, well am I going on like this? And what will happen? And do I *care?* And then you have to think about your relationship with the world, and you very quickly realise the first thing is your relationship with yourself and when you've got that straight then you'll be all prepared for the world.

How do you expect people to use your overall performance?

I offer them a glimpse of how I became happy *in spite of everything*. In a way I am Miss Lonelihearts. I know that I do help some people come to a decision. In some mysterious ways *The Naked Civil Servant* was seen as a *message of hope* to America. A man

CONTINUES ON PAGE 53

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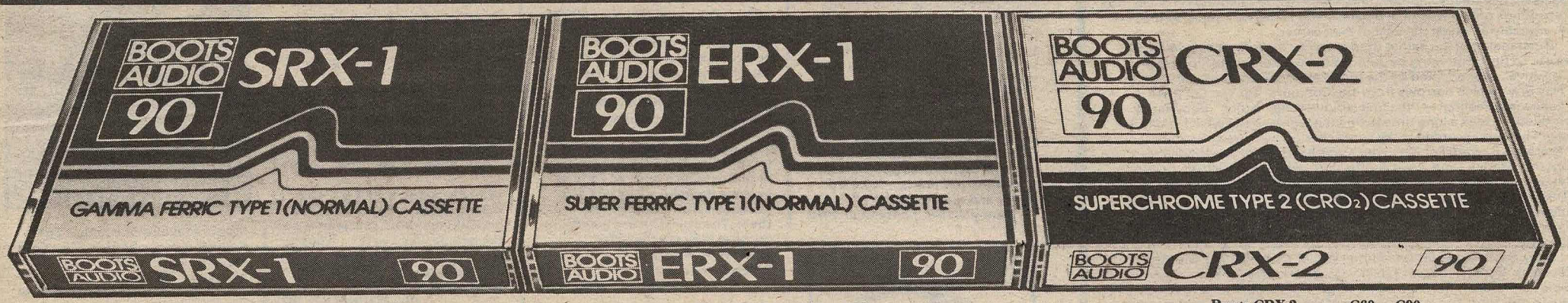
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The Words And Works Of Bob Marley and The WAILERS

The death of Bob Marley last month robbed reggae music of its foremost ambassador, the man who more than any had turned outside ears and minds to Jamaican music and culture, to its insistent heartbeat, defiant spirituality and sensuous airs.

Marley was also a musical pioneer, and left behind a vast body of work, the early part of which is still slenderly known by the majority of those attracted by Marley's later output.

He often reworked early Wailers' hits to go alongside is contemporary material; the songs are extraordinarily durable, classic even.

Though Marley was a figurehead, his achievements were often realised in unity with others, early on with Peter Tosh and Bunny Livingstone, later with the body of musicians who became 'The Wailers' after the original trio broke up. And always, of course, with his wife Rita, Salette and I Three.

And though Bob Marley is gone, his fellow musicians and idren continue the works. More music will follow, just as Bob's beliefs and music will be carried forwards. In this spirit NME offers a complete guide to the music of The Wailers. One Love.

Compiled and annotated by Penny Reel

Wailers Medley — Three In One
Version One — Studio One

"Rude boy rough. Rude boy strong, Rude boy rough. Rude boy strong. I've got to keep on moving. I've got to keep on moving. I've got to keep on moving. I've got to keep on moving. I've got to keep on moving. I've got to keep on moving. Ska, quadrille."

THE BEST in sound and blues on the island is always that which issues out of the Jamaica Recording And Publishing Studio Ltd's good offices at number 13 Brentford Road, Kingston 5: also the address of Sir Coxson's Dramatic and Music Centre, or more plainly Studio 1.

During the two decades or more since the local recording industry's inception, a great many of the music's most illustrious executants serve some sort of apprenticeship on these premises, tutored under the supervision of proprietor Clement Seymour Dodd.

It's successive tendencies as ska, rock steady, reggae, or else a variation of all three, pioneered and practised by notables that includes Kentrick "Lord Creator" Patrick, Owen Grey, Alton Ellis, Joe Higgs, Delroy Wilson, Bob Andy, Lee Perry, Winston Rodney the Burning Spear, Dennis Brown, Ken Boothe, Lincoln "Sugar" Minott, Freddie McGregor, Johnny Osbourne, Prince Lincoln of the Rasses, musicians of the calibre of Don Drummond, Roland Alphonso, Jackie Mittoo, The Skatalites, Soul Vendors, Sound Dimension, harmony groups such as The Maytals, The Ethiopians, Heptones, Silvertones, Gladiators, The Lyrics with Fred Locks, Carlton and his Shoes, The Wailers . . .

Robert Marley, Bunny Livingston, Peter McIntosh, Junior Braithwaite and Beverley Kelso came together as The Wailers around 1964, Marley having recorded a couple of undistinguished efforts for Leslie Kong a year or so previous to this. The quintet made immediate impact with its first Studio 1 session, 'Simmer Down', a spirited ska written by Bunny, and a big JA hit in 1965. At this juncture the collective were merely vocalists, with Peter Tosh the only member who could pick a little on guitar.

Further success followed that same year with 'It Hurts To Be Alone', 'Lonesome Feelings', 'Love & Affection', and then in 1966 Junior Braithwaite was obliged to leave the group and go to America with his parents, and Beverley Kelso parted at the same time.

The remaining trio of Bob, Bunny and Peter maintained their relationship with Studio 1 until around 1967, giving Coxson four number one hits in 1966, and what Bob Marley later claimed was the best selling record through the year in 1967 with 'Bend Down Low'. It was also their last session at Brentford Road.

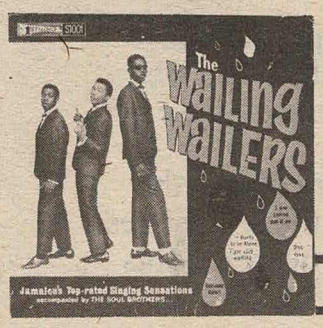
In total, The Wailers laid some 50 tracks for Dodd. During the few years' association with the producer, the group dealt skilfully with soulful ballads and doo wop pastiche, restive ska rockers, rude boy paeans, rock steady shufflers and mildly risque celebrations of sex. The recordings offer a wealth of diversity and some very superior material — arguably amongst the best of their career.

Outstanding of the earlier Studio 1 sides includes the plaintive 'It Hurts To Be Alone' sung by Junior Braithwaite, and its flip side 'Mr Talkative', later adapted by the group as 'Mr Chatterbox'; the lively 'Play Boy', which borrows from The Contours' 'Do You Love Me'; 'Lonesome Feeling' — "the first serious song I wrote," Bob Marley recalled. "It took a long time to find the words to say what I wanted to say. That was recorded at the same session with the same musicians as 'There's A Reward For Me', which was a big hit for Joe Higgs." — another Marley song 'Love & Affection', which quotes from previous lyrics; two typically abrasive Peter Tosh tunes, 'Maga Dog' and 'I Am The Toughest', both recorded a second time in his later career; plus interpretations of Bacharach and David's 'What's New Pussycat', Lennon and McCartney's 'And I Love Her', and Sam Cooke's 'Teenager In Love'.

From the later sessions is Bunny Wailer's scintillating 'Sunday Morning' homily, recut in 1980 by Gregory Isaacs for Bunny's own Solomonic label; from the same singer, 'Dancing Shoes' is still played out in the clubs, and a new version of the song is his current release; also, the first rudie tribute, 'Let Him Go (Rude Boy Get Bail)', a further Bunny Wailer recut on Solomonic in the late '70s and likewise adapted by Black Uhuru.

On the same theme is 'Rude Boy' itself, quoted above and featured on Bunny Wailer's 'Sings The Wailers' LP retitled 'Walk The Proud Land'; and a similar reflection for 'Rudie' also known as 'Jailhouse': *"Jailhouse keeps empty, rudie gets healthy; baton sticks get shorter, rudie gets taller. Can't fight against the youth now, for he is strong; yout' a good, good rudie. Can't fight against prediction, we a wise, wise rudie."*

Finally, probably my favourite Wailers tune of them all and another Bunny Wailer led excursion: 'I'm Still Waiting'. A version of the Marley penned song by Delroy Wilson for Lloyd Chambers in 1976 was the toast of that year in reggae circles.



DISCOGRAPHY

Beverleys (Leslie Kong) productions — UK labels
1963 Island WI-088 Robert "Bob" Marley: 'Judge Not'/'Do You Still Love Me'
1963 Island WI-128 (Ernest Ranglin: 'Exodus')/Robert Marley: 'One Cup Of Coffee'

Studio 1 (C S Dodd) productions — UK labels
(all titles credited to "The Wailers" except where otherwise stated)
1965 Island WI-188 'It Hurts To Be Alone'/'Mr Talkative'
1965 Ska Beat JB-186 'Simmer Down'/'I Don't Need Your Love'
1965 Island WI-206 'Play Boy'/Your Love'
1965 Island WI-211 Peter Touch and . . . 'Hoot Nanny Hoot'/Bob Marley and . . . 'Do You Remember'
1965 Island WI-212 'Hooligan'/'Maga Dog'
1965 Island WI-215 Peter Touch and . . . 'Shame And Scandal'/'The Jerk'

Bunny in rude bwoy daze circa '69

"I don't think the time is right to travel across the deep blue sea, that God has made so beautiful and clean, just to adventure in the next man's land. When I think the time is right for me to travel it would only be to my father's land; the land called Africa."
Bunny Wailer, September 1980

"Who is a star? I man is no star. I don't believe in these things regarding stardom. All these guys who call themselves pop stars and so on tend to think in a world of vanity and material wealth."
Bunny Wailer, September 1980

Pic: Harry Pappadooulos

"We operate like brother and sister. We give more respect to each other, not dominating or claiming or being possessive about each other. That's a higher level than the normal marriage."
Rita Marley, August 1980

"Anything can happen with music, we only experiment. It's never wise to limit yourself. Them people think that I should do the same this year as last! Maybe them people don't like it, but new people like it. You can't stay in one place."
Bob Marley, April 1974

"Life . . . It's life we deal with. Not death. He that sees the light and knows the light shalt live."
Bob Marley, May 1973

"Right now youth consciousness is causing disturbances all over the earth. As soon as the youth starts realising the truth he starts to tell it, and as soon as the older folks hear it, they start making trouble for them. When the older folks make trouble for the youths, they will fight back. After you've been taught a whole pack of bullrush and you come to realise a certain amount of truth, your family, your teachers, everyone gone disagree with you. Well . . . the struggle had to go on. The youths began to get consciousness of the things around him, knowing lies and knowing what's true. As soon as he finds the things you told him were false, he rebels against them. The police harass youth because they are the older generation who got brainwashed."
Bunny Wailer, May 1973

"I met Taj Mahal the other day and he said 'this music you're playing man, it's played in Ethiopia.' So you can see what kind of music this is, this is reggae, the King's music."
Bob Marley, 1974

"Well, me don't dip on nobody's side, me don't dip on the black man's side nor the white man's side, me dip on God's side, the man who create me, who cause me to come from black and white, who give me this talent."
Bob Marley, July 1975

"People out on the street them ignorant, man! None of them know how to live! Them should really know what is right and what is wrong."
Bob Marley, February 1978

"At home I meditate and play music and play games: soccer, table tennis, draughts, ludo. But the greatest thing really is to get the physical together."
Bob Marley, October 1976

"Cycles is what goes around, comes around, and I know the moon is round, the sun is round — and yes, records are round. No ends, no beginnings."
Bunny Wailer, October 1976

"People will compare me and Peter and Bob, but that house couldn't be built without the carpenter, couldn't be built without the mason, all those people. All those people have an actual part, you couldn't compare them. One couldn't start, one couldn't work without the other. It would be stupid to start comparing the work the carpenter did with the work the mason did."
Bunny Wailer, October 1976

"We have to be reincarnated souls. It's simple. When man dies, who dies? His body dies. And then it grows into seeds."
Bunny Wailer, October 1976

". . . know the use of herb and know that it has been created for the use of man and not animals. It was created for medication, high meditation and to ease complication and depression of the mind. The amount of uses herb have, it's incomparable. By knowing the good that herb does for man, I see no reason why it should be taken away, banned or called illegal, and man should not be incriminated or brutalised because of his use of it. I went through years of humiliation and police brutality for herb. I'm not a criminal and the world knows it. Making music is my occupation."
Peter Tosh, August 1976

"If man would realise that this man is that man, just like this tree is that tree, there wouldn't be problems."
Bunny Wailer, October 1976

"To tell you the truth I don't like talking about Jamaica. I can say good things about the people, but the people who run it . . . I don't wanna say anything because they might charge me with treason when I go back."
Bob Marley, July 1973

"No, I don't want success. Success is not'in'. You follow the system and the system kill ya."
Bob Marley, June 1976

"I just deal with the naturality of what I see."
Bunny Wailer, October 1976

"When you rise before the sun, there are certain energies, the highest power of the vitamin D."
Peter Tosh, October 1976

"If you didn't exercise in England when it rains then you wouldn't get much exercise at all."
Bob Marley, April 1977

Pic: Kate Simon

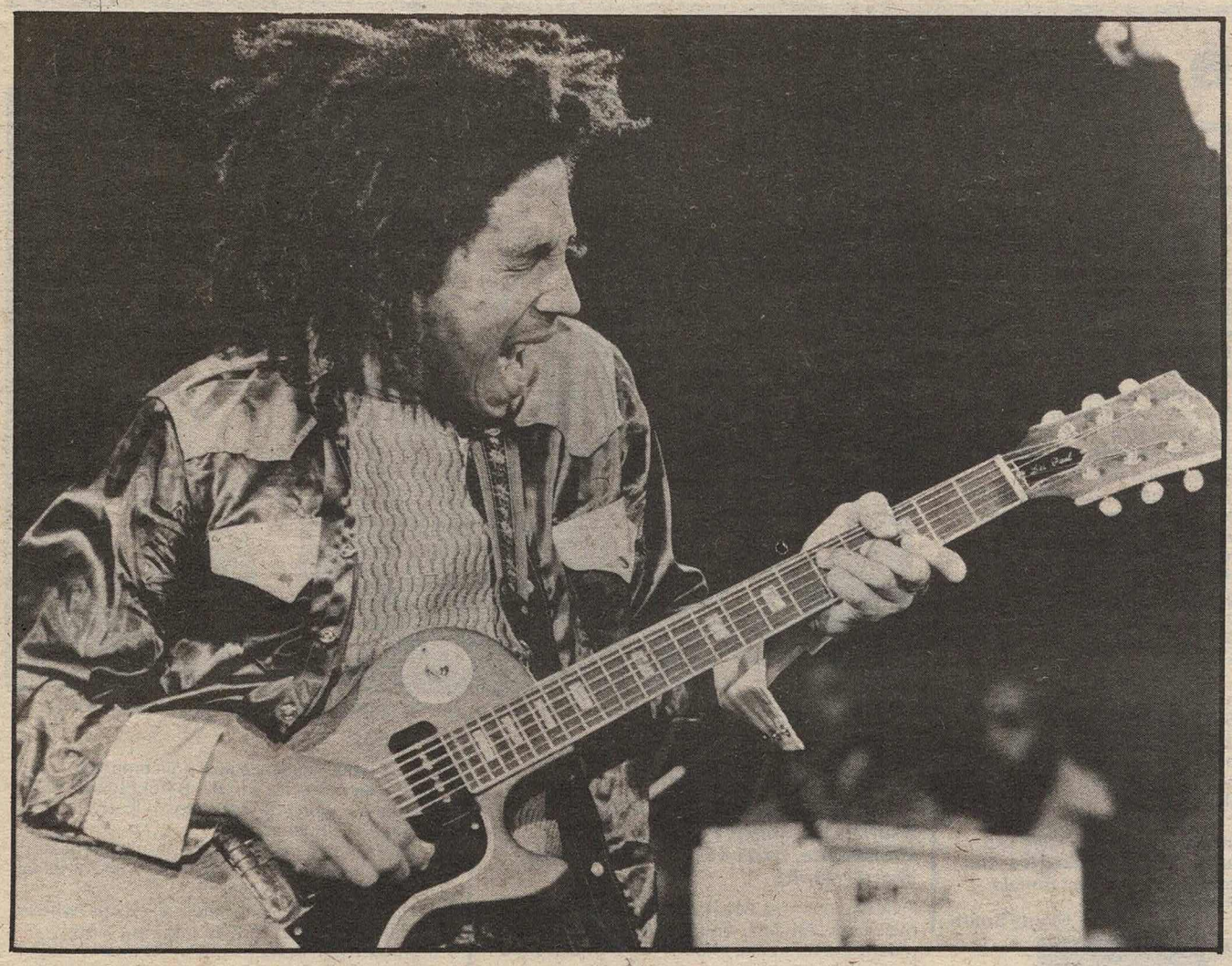
"Me is a revolutionist. Me a fight fe the freedom of Africa. Me a fight fe the freedom o' black man in a any part o' Earth me deh."
Peter Tosh, September 1979

"Marley's music is always Marley's music. I haven't changed my musical sound. A man plays his music according to the way he feels. This is another development, and it's played the way we felt."
Bob Marley, December 1979

"God is not partial man. Selassie I blew breath into a man so why the people watch the bank account? Why they no watch the heart that beat?"
Bob Marley, June 1976

"I use everyday experience: words, sound and power. Is the lifeline of existence. The sounds of life are a comfort to I, so I recreate what is in life."
Bunny Wailer, February 1978

"Marcia, Rita and myself have always been good friends, but it was when I left The Gaylettes to have my first baby and then to continue a solo career that all three of us teamed up and started to work together, just for singing's sake. We eventually began to harmonise with each other and found that our harmonies can be matched in pairs from either way. After a year or so of singing together, Rita, who was already very close to Bob Marley, told us that The Wailers needed some sweet backing harmonies on their 'Catch A Fire' album. So Bob invited us down to Dynamic's and Randy's to work with them. Since then we have been part of The Wailers."
Judy Mowatt, July 1980

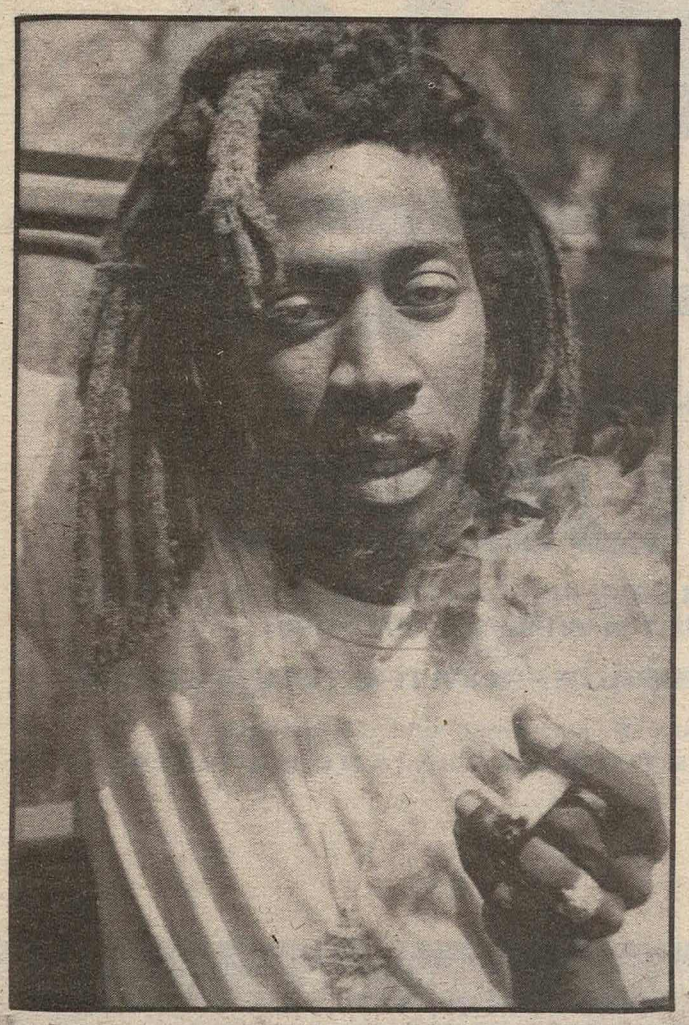


"WAILERWORDS"

"I live in the hills and the countryside where the air is fresh and clean . . . I don't have time to talk about girls, sex, murder, crime, or anything unclean like most of those DJs do."
Bunny Wailer, September 1980

"I relationship is always deh, and every man relationship suppose to be deh. But . . . I don't like the administration. It begin since we start deal with Chris Blackwell. We begin as The Wailers, as a three in one. It wasn't Bob Marley And The Wailers, it was The Wailers, three man, seen? Is so we go to Chris Blackwell as Wailers. Three o' we sign contract, a no Bob alone sign it. Hear me now man, from we start work fe Chris Blackwell is just pure segregation according to my views with his philosophy towards Bob and the group. Him want to administrate as if is a individual man him a deal with: Bob. Him no see me and Bunny."
Peter Tosh, September 1976

"I and Bob put the music together. If you hear a tune with a solo, it depend on that particular tune, that feel, but most tunes it just rhythm. Most times I fit a line to the instruments according to the inspiration I get from the tune when we rehearse; you know, when working out or jamming."
Aston "Family Man" Barrett, August 1975



"Don't look at people as something else, look on people just as people. God's creations. I don't check the paper or check the book, I just go on feelings."
Bob Marley, June 1976

"Every time I smoke herb that's the time I enter into channels where unpolluted inspiration come from."
Peter Tosh, August 1976

"Unity is the world key, and racial harmony. Until the white man stops calling himself white and the black man stops calling himself black we will not see it . . . All the people on the earth are just one family."
Bob Marley, February 1978

"Is when we get excited and communicate our fear to the youth them that we instil in them the fear that we feel. If we leave the youth them to trod on their own path, they will find it easily, quicker than we did."
Bunny Wailer, February 1978

"The music that I sing is a comfort in the heart of the poor — white, black, blue, green, whatever. The rich man listening to my songs is like a hangman noose around him neck. The man who struggles is the man my music is directed at."
Bunny Wailer, February 1978

"Music is like a painting of the mountain side. If you don't put in certain things it won't be a mountain."
Bunny Wailer, February 1978

"Sometimes I play music in my house and a bird passes by and drops a sound that fits right into the music."
Bunny Wailer, February 1978

"My favourite song with The Wailers is 'Simmer Down'. It means just that: simmer down, calm down, cool down. You mustn't exalt yourself too much."
Bunny Wailer, February 1978

"Prejudice is a chain, it can hold you. If you prejudice, you can't move, you keep prejudice for years. Never get nowhere with that."
Bob Marley, July 1974

"Reggae music, the living music . . . is being recognised by more and more people throughout the world as a liberating force, (it) will be the music to rescue the music business and keep them from going into the restaurant business to make money."
Peter Tosh, August 1979

"My greatest influence at the time was The Drifters — 'Magic Moment', 'Please Stay', those things. So I figured I should get a group together."
Bob Marley, February 1973

"People have told me that I should travel abroad to promote my records, but I know I am spreading the word and works of Jah, and as long as I'm doing that then I know there is a certain amount of people who are not blind to reality, that appreciate my works and buy my records to support I."
Bunny Wailer, September 1980

"My head is not in the material world. I'm a man who sleeps on stone. Go into the hills and rest. That's my pleasure. I own the earth you know, all things belong to I."
Bob Marley, 1974

"I said 'smile you're *in* Jamaica.' I didn't say 'smile Jamaicans, be a Jamaican.' I don't deal with that, a whole bag o' fuckery that."
Bob Marley, April 1977

"Bob Marley isn't my name. I don't even know my name yet."
Bob Marley, 1974

"I love Bob Marley, he's done so much in reggae to open other artists' eyes. There isn't one song of his I don't like. Anyone who plays this kind of music knows Marley is great. Everything — the song, the voice, his action — even just looking at the man you can see something inside of him. If I sound like Bob Marley sometimes, it's because he's the greatest and everyone wants to aspire to the greatest: walk in his footsteps even if they can't be as great. I find that if I sing a Bob Marley song I can sound like him, but there's something missing. It's the same when anyone tries to sing his songs. The man is great, great, great. I wouldn't like to hear a man say anything rash about him."
Gladiator Albert Griffiths, March 1980

"The roots of reggae. It's a different, solid beat which comes from the heart. Roots music is the highest form, the highest class . . . a sophisticated music in which you can place all kinds of ideas, as long as you keep the roots, which is the bass, drums, reggae guitar and the strumming 'pon the piano to hold the foundation of the tune."
Peter Tosh, August 1976

Pic: Adrian Boot

Wailerwords assembled from reasonings with John Armstrong, Keith Bourton, Sebastian Clarke, Karl Dallas, Carl Gayle, Vivien Goldman, Pat Griffith, David Jackson, Charles Shaar Murray, *Oui* magazine, Chris Salewicz, Pete Silverton, Neil Spencer, John Williams, Richard Williams. Compiled by Penny Reel.

1965 Island WI-216 'Don't Ever Leave Me'/'Donna'
1965 Ska Beat JB-211 'Lonesome Feelings'/'There She Goes' (A/B with The Mighty Vikings)
1965 Ska Beat JB-226 (The Soul Bros: 'Train To Ska-ville')/'I Made A Mistake'
1965 Ska Beat JB-228 'Love & Affection'/'Teenager In Love'
1965 Island WI-254 'What's New Pussycat'/'Where Will I Find'
1966 Island WI-260 (The Skatalites: 'Independent Anniversary Ska (I Should Have Known Better)'/'Jumbie Jamboree'
1966 Island WI-268 'Put It On'/'Love Won't Be Mine'
1966 Ska Beat JB-230 'And I Love Her'/'Do It Right'
1966 Ska Beat JB-249 'Lonesome Track'/'Zimmerman'
1966 Island WI-3001 'He Who Feels It Knows It'/'Sunday Morning'
1966 Island WI-3009 'Let Him Go (Rude Boy Get Bail)'/'Sinner Man'
1966 Rio R-116 'Dancing Shoes'/'Don't Look Back'
1966 Doctor Bird DB-1013 'Rude Boy'/(Rolando Al and the Soul Brothers: 'Ringo's Theme (This Boy)')
1966 Doctor Bird DB-1021 'Good Good Rudie'/(The City Slickers, 'Oceans 11')
1966 Doctor Bird DB-1039 Peter Touch and . . . 'Rasta Put It On'/Rolando Al and the Soul Brothers: 'Ska With Ringo')
1967 Island WI-3042 Peter Touch: 'I Am The Toughest'/(Marcia Griffiths: 'No Faith')
1967 Island WI-3043 'Bend Down Low'/'Freedom Time'
1970 Bamboo BAM-55 (John Holt: 'Stranger In Love'/'Jailhouse'
Studio 1 productions — additional JA labels
Coxsone Bob Marley and . . . 'Rudie'/. . . & Studio One Band: 'Rudie Part Two'
Coxsone 'I'm Still Waiting'/'Ska Jerk'
Coxsone 'One Love'
NB: 'Dancing Time'/'Treat Me Good' released on UK Coxsone (CS 7012) in 1967 and credited to "Peter Touch and the Wailers" is actually by Bop and the Beltones.

Odd productions from 1967 to early 70s — UK labels
1967 Doctor Bird DB-1091 'Nice Time'/'Hypocrite' *(prod: Clandisc — Clancy Eccles)*
(label unknown) 'Mellow Mood' *(prod: Clandisc)*
1968 Trojan TR-617 Bob Marley and . . . 'Stir It Up'/'This Train' *(prod: Wail N Soul)*
1971 Jackpot JP-730 'Mr Chatterbox'/'Walk Through The World' *(prod: Bunny Lee)*
1972 CBS-8144 'Reggae On Broadway'/'Oh Lord I Got To Get There' *(prod: Marley/Nash/Simms)*

Upsetter (Lee "Scratch" Perry) — UK labels
(all titles credited to "Bob Marley and the Wailers" except where otherwise stated)
1970 Upsetter US-340 'My Cup'/(Lee Perry and the Wailers: 'Son Of Thunder')
1970 Upsetter US-342 (Upsetters: 'Dreamland'/'Version Of Cup')
1970 Upsetter US-348 'Duppy Conqueror'/(The Upsetters: 'Justice')
1971 Upsetter US-354 'Mr Brown'/(The Upsetters: 'Dracula')
1971 Upsetter US-356 'Kaya'/(The Upsetters: 'Version')
1971 Upsetter US-357 'Small Axe'/'All In One'
1971 Punch PH-69 Bob Marley: 'Small Axe'/(Dave Barker: 'What A Confusion')
1971 Punch PH-77 The Wailers: 'Down Presser'/(Junior Byles: 'Got The Tip')
1971 Upsetter US-368 Rass Dawkins and the Wailers: 'Picture On The Wall'/(The Upsetters: 'Picture Version')
1971 Upsetter US-371 The Wailers: 'Dreamland'/(The Upsetters: 'Dream Version Two')
1971 Upsetter US-372 'More Axe'/(The Upsetters: 'The Axe Man')
1972 Upsetter US-392 'Keep On Moving'/'African Herbsman'
1976 Trojan TR-7979 'Mr Brown'/'Trench Town Rock' (b-side prod: Bob Marley)

Beverleys productions — UK labels
1970 Trojan TR-7759 'Soul Shake Down Party'/(Beverley All Stars: 'Shake Down Version')
1970 Escort ERT-842 'To The Rescue'/'Run For Cover'
1971 Bullet BU-464 'Soultown'/'Let The Sun Shine On Me'
1971 Bullet BU-493 'Lick Samba'/'Samba'
1971 Summit SUM-8526 'Stop The Train'/'Caution'
1971 Summit SUM-8530 'Freedom Train'
1972 Punch PH-101 'Screw Face'/'Face Man'
1974 Trojan TR-7911 'Soul Shakedown Party'/'Caution'

Bob Marley Productions — UK labels
1971 Green Door GD-4005 'Trench Town Rock'/'Grooving Kingdom'
1972 Green Door GD-4002 'Lively Up Yourself'/(Tommy McCook: 'Live')
1972 Green Door GD-4025 'Guava Jelly'/'Redder Then Red'
1973 Blue Mountain 'Baby We've Got A Date'/'Stop That Train'

Island productions — UK issues only
(First three titles group revert to "The Wailers". From WIP-6212 and thereafter as "Bob Marley and the Wailers")
1973 WIP-6164 'Concrete Jungle'/'Reincarnated Soul'
1973 WIP-6167 'Get Up Stand Up'/'Slave Driver'
1973 IDJ-2 (maxi single) 'I Shot The Sheriff'/'Pass It On', 'Duppy Conqueror'. 'From Burnin'. Available to radio and press only as "DJ album sampler"
1974 WIP-6212 'So Jah Seh'/'Natty Dread'
1974 WIP-6244 'No Woman, No Cry'/'Kinky Reggae' (A/B live)
1974 WIP-6265 'Jah Live'/'Concrete'
1976 WIP-6296 'Johnny Was (Woman Hang Your Head Down Low)'/'Cry To Me'
1976 WIP-6309 'Roots Rock Reggae'/'Stir It Up'
1977 WIP-6390 'Exodus'/'Instrumental'
1977 WIP-6402 'Waiting In Vain'/'Roots'
1977 WIP-6410 'Jamming'/'Punky Reggae Party'
1978 WIP-6420 'Is This Love'/'Crisis (Version)'
1978 WIP-6440 'Satisfy My Soul'/'Smile Jamaica'
1978 IPR 2026 'War', 'No More Trouble'/'Exodus' (A/B live from Babylon By Bus)
1979 WIP-6478 'Stir It Up' (live)/'Rat Race'
1979 WIP-6510 'So Much Trouble In The World'/'Instrumental'
1979 WIP-6553 'Survival'/'Wake Up And Live'
1980 WIP-6597 'Zimbabwe'/'Africa Unite', 'Wake Up And Live'
1980 WIP-6610 'Could You Be Loved'/'One Drop'
1980 WIP-6641 'Three Little Birds'/'Every Need Got An Ego Feed'
1980 WIP-6653 'Redemption Song'/'Band Version'

Dynamic production — issued posthumously
1981 Trojan TRO-9065 'Thank You Lord'/'Wisdom'

Tuff Gong productions — JA issue
1971 'Lick Samba'/'Samba'
1971 'Midnite Ravers'/'Ravers Version'
1971 'Craven Choke Puppy'/Wailers All Stars: 'Choke'
1971 'Satisfy My Soul Jah Jah'/The Wailers Group: Version'
1974 'Knotty Dread'/'Version'
1975 I Roy and Bob Marley: 'Talking Blues'/'Version'
1976 'Rat Race'/The Wailers: 'Part II'
1976 'Smile Jamaica'/'Part Two'
1976 The Wailers: 'Work'/'Guided Missile' *(prod: A Barrett)*
1976 'Roots Rock Reggae'/'War'
1977 'Exodus'/'Exodus Instrumental'
1977 Bob Marley and Rita Marley: 'A Jah Jah'/Bob Marley: 'Jah Version'
1978 'Rastaman Live Up'/The Wailers: 'Don't Give Up' (co-prod: Lee Perry)
1978 Bob Marley: 'Blackman Redemption'/'Version'
1979 'Hypocrites'/'Nice Time' *(reissue — pub '68)*
1979 'Ambush'/'Ambush In Dub'
1979 'One Drop'/One Dub'
1980 'Bad Card'/'Rub-A-Dub Style'
1980 'Comin' In From The Cold'/'Dubbin' In'

Labels unknown
'Second Hand' (GPW 46)
'Jah Is Mighty' (GPW 48)
'Straight And Narrow Way'

PART TWO NEXT WEEK

Sick and the sane again

The Fan

Directed by Edward Bianchi
Starring Lauren Bacall, James Garner and Michael Biehn (CIC)

The First Deadly Sin

Directed by Brian G. Hutton
Starring Frank Sinatra, Faye Dunaway and David Dukes (CIC)

WHAT these two new thrillers have in common is meaty roles for two attractive veteran performers who are nowadays too little seen on the big screen; a professional comic Jew who pops up as a friendly stage doorman in one and a friendlier surplus store manager in the other; and New York City.

Oh, and two loner fruitcakes who go around slicing up pieces of the Big Apple. Apart from that, they're chalk and cheese.

The best thing in *The Fan* is its first image, a striking black and white portrait of Lauren Bacall in the '40s. Now she's in her fifties, still slinky as a black cat taking a walk on the wild side but lumbered with parts as one-dimensional as this: Sally Ross, spoilt Broadway star worshipped from not so far by a loony young fan (Michael Biehn, all too convincing as the impotent nelly).

The constant cross-cutting between the Star's swanky penthouse and the Fan's sad shrine, between her rehearsals in the dancehall and his rehearsals in the mirror (believe me, he's no De Niro), is wearisome and, similarly, the expository voice-overs, delivered in a thick monotone by Biehn, are a tired, over-used device.

It has a grimly fortuitous topicality, I suppose, but *The Fan* is badly bungled. The characters — with the notable exceptions of Maureen Stapleton's overworked secretary and Hector Elizondo's patient policeman — are cardboard cut-outs (James Garner must've wondered what they wanted him for), the plot implausible and the direction . . . well, if I had a quid for every time Edward Bianchi faded the screen to black I could afford to make my own film, and I swear it wouldn't be quite so far after Hitchcock as this.

The worst thing in *The First Deadly Sin* is its opening, some unpleasant and gratuitous cross-cutting between the street and the scalpel; as the psycho with the ice hammer strikes from behind so the surgeon slices into some pretty real-looking flesh. There's a neon cross shining on the victim and a wooden crucifix staring down at the patient, so it's good to get the real significant religious stuff out of the way too.

Because once *Sin* settles down it exerts a weird, hypnotic power, a tension utterly lacking in *The Fan*. And Frank Sinatra sure looks the part of a brow-beaten cop: still a sergeant after all these years, slightly paunchy, severely shabby, wrinkled and doleful.

A few weeks off retirement, Sinatra's Sgt Delaney is facing a double crisis — a wife who's dying from kidney failure and a wacko who's hammering holes into people's heads, apparently at random.

Delaney's met by shrugs all the way round, from the hapless doctor who's tending his wife ("Sergeant, I'm not God" — it's the last time religion gets a look in, honest) to the officious precinct captain who'd rather put the hammer-man in the pile with all the others ("Sergeant, if you got Jack the Ripper going down on Lizzie Borden in Times Square, I don't want to hear about it").

Low on thrills and long on humdrum police investigation, *Sin* builds to a genuinely disturbing confrontation between the sick and the sane. Not many people will care for the outcome.

It's deeply unfashionable, straightforward in style and attitude. I rather liked it — the trouble is, I suspect Ronald Reagan did, too.

Monty Smith

Portrait of the artist as a young loony: David Dukes about to commit the First Deadly Sin.

The Monster Club: Denis Healey (left) does his party piece — an impression of Michael Foot. John Carradine and Vincent Price are not amused.

The Monster Club

Directed by Roy Ward Baker
Starring Vincent Price, Donald Pleasance, Britt Ekland and Simon Ward *(Rank)*

IF IN the '50s and '60s Hammer horror had a rival it was Amicus, whose productions were mostly portmanteau affairs. *The Monster Club* is a lighthearted return to that form.

But even though it's tongue-in-cheek and literally (Cert A) kids' stuff, veteran director Roy Baker works up some telling moments, especially in the first story about a Shadmok, the pasty-faced mongrel offspring of werewolves, ghouls and humans. The creature's only asset — apart from a mansion and a safe full of valuables — is a pair of mobile Max Wall lips. If in anger he whistles through them he tends to burn nearby offending objects to a cinder. So when his secretary double-crosses him . . .

The second tale is the funniest. It's bound to be with Britt Ekland as a surburban housewife and Donald Pleasance as a policeman in vicar's disguise. He's in the B (for blood) Squad and when he tracks down Britt's Dracula-like husband . . .

The last piece — a horror film-maker looking for locations finds a village filled with zombies — is by far the weakest.

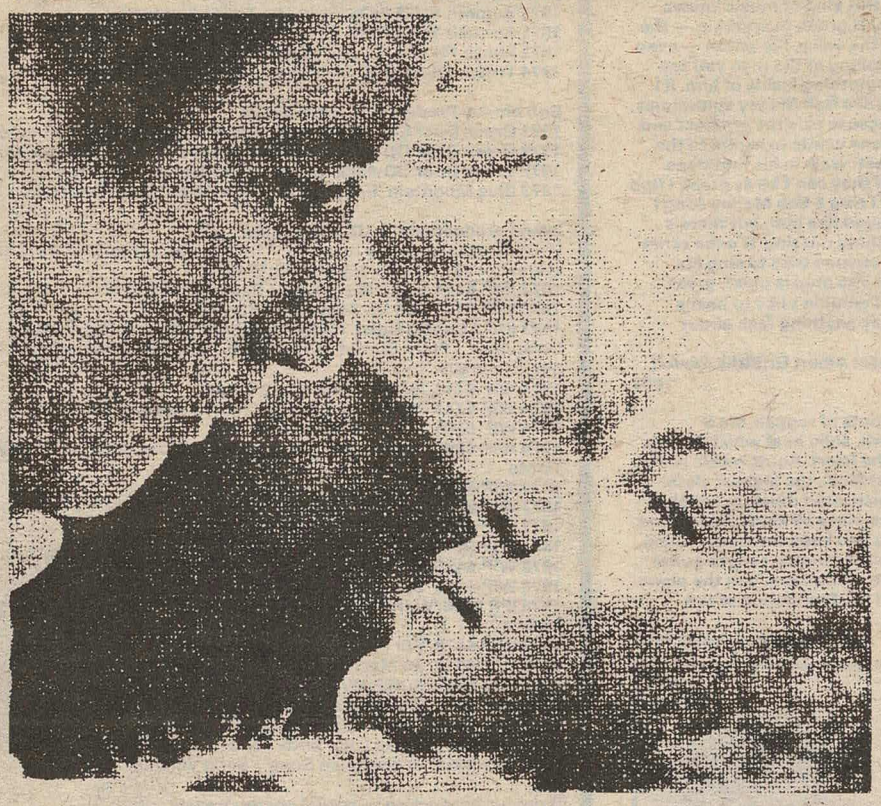
The linking device for these sketches (whose moral seems to be that humans are more inhuman than monsters) is the Monster Club of the title, a disco refuge for vampires and the like, presided over by Vincent Price. (He should try his MC routine down the Cabaret Futura.)

The music is fairly, er, ghastly with guest appearances from B. A. Robertson, smacking his purple bloodsucker lips, and The Pretty Things, raving from the grave.

Still, if you've got a wet afternoon to spare and aren't desperate for the garish camp and sado-etoticism from the heyday of the traditional British horror film, then this soft-coloured, not-so-horrific rocky show is for you.

Paul Tickell

If you're really in love...nothing's going to stand in your way.



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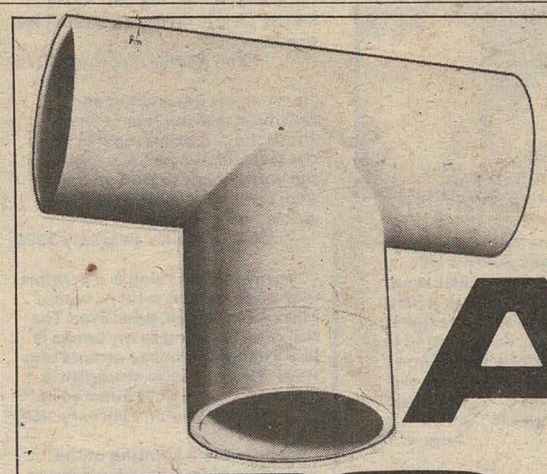

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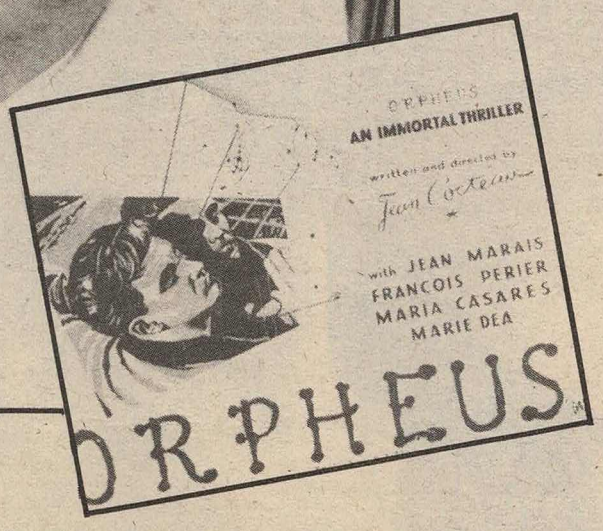

Above: Jean Marais in Orphee. Right: The original 1950 poster.

SEE all the beautiful, self-obsessed young people. Notice how they're flirting — literally — with Death. But quash, for the duration at least, quibbles about Jean Cocteau's facile artistic pursuit of a dumb "live fast, die young and leave a good looking corpse" aesthetic — one that incidentally he failed to die by — and allow yourselves to be enchanted by 1950's *Orphee*, his greatest, most complete contribution to cinema. In updating the Greek myth of Orpheus's descent into the underworld, he places it in a disarmingly real post-War urban France which he then subverts and re-arranges into a fantastic dream-like setting through some ingeniously simple devices. Jean Marais is the poet Orphee, who's jealous of his younger, better-looking rival Cegeste. He witnesses this belligerent young poet get knocked down by two motorcyclists and he's coerced by a coldly beautiful Princess into helping her carry the boy to hospital. The Princess, it transpires, is Death's messenger, the cyclists two outriders.

She and Orphee fall for each other, but he can't follow her through the dissolving mirror into the underworld — not until her chauffeur supplies him with the necessary rubber gloves! His eventual journey into the underworld — filmed among the ruins of St Cyr — is extraordinary, but to say more would give the game away.

For all his dilletantish dabbling, Cocteau's greatest asset was his child-like delight with all things magical and this allowed him to produce unselfconscious cinematic fantasies from the most ordinary of situations. Best of all, he plunged his viewers straight into them — no explanations volunteered.

Chris Bohn

...and again

Green Ice

Directed by Ernest Day
Starring Ryan O'Neal, Anne Archer and Omar Sharif
(ITC)

WHAT with the exotic locations, expensive females, hot-air balloons and Bill Wyman's luscious soundtrack (rather better than the film deserves), *Green Ice* adds up to nothing more than a rejected Martini commercial.

Someone, somewhere must have decided that heist capers are the latest thing, though after the lamentable *Rough Cut*, the stodgy *Loophole* and the forthcoming *Violent Streets* (don't hold your breath) I can only hope that the wheel has turned full circle and will go trundling off on some more rewarding project.

Evidently another of Lew Grade's attempts at all-round family entertainment, *Green Ice* combines a convoluted plot about emerald smuggling in Colombia with a measured amount of social comment on the fascist regime in South America plus, natch, a little romance on the side. The 'highlight' is the actual snatch from the top-floor vault of Omar Sharif's mirrored skyscraper though as this is over before one can gather the few wits one needs to sit through the movie it hardly qualifies as such. A couple of spectacular stunts fail to raise it above formula filmmaking at its worst.

It would be nice to see the rather attractive Anne Archer in something more demanding for a change. *Green Ice* and *Raise The Titanic* do not provide her with the most glowing of testimonials.

Have yourself a ball and steer clear of this.

Neil Norman

Award-winning comedy about the girl who kept her COOL.

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LINDSAY WAGNER PERSIS KHAMBATTA
NIGEL DAVENPORT and RUTGER HAUER AS WULFGAR
SCREENPLAY BY DAVID SHABER STORY BY DAVID SHABER AND PAUL SYLBERT MUSIC BY KEITH EMERSON
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS MIKE WISE AND FRANKLIN LEVY PRODUCED BY MARTIN POLL DIRECTED BY BRUCE MALMUTH
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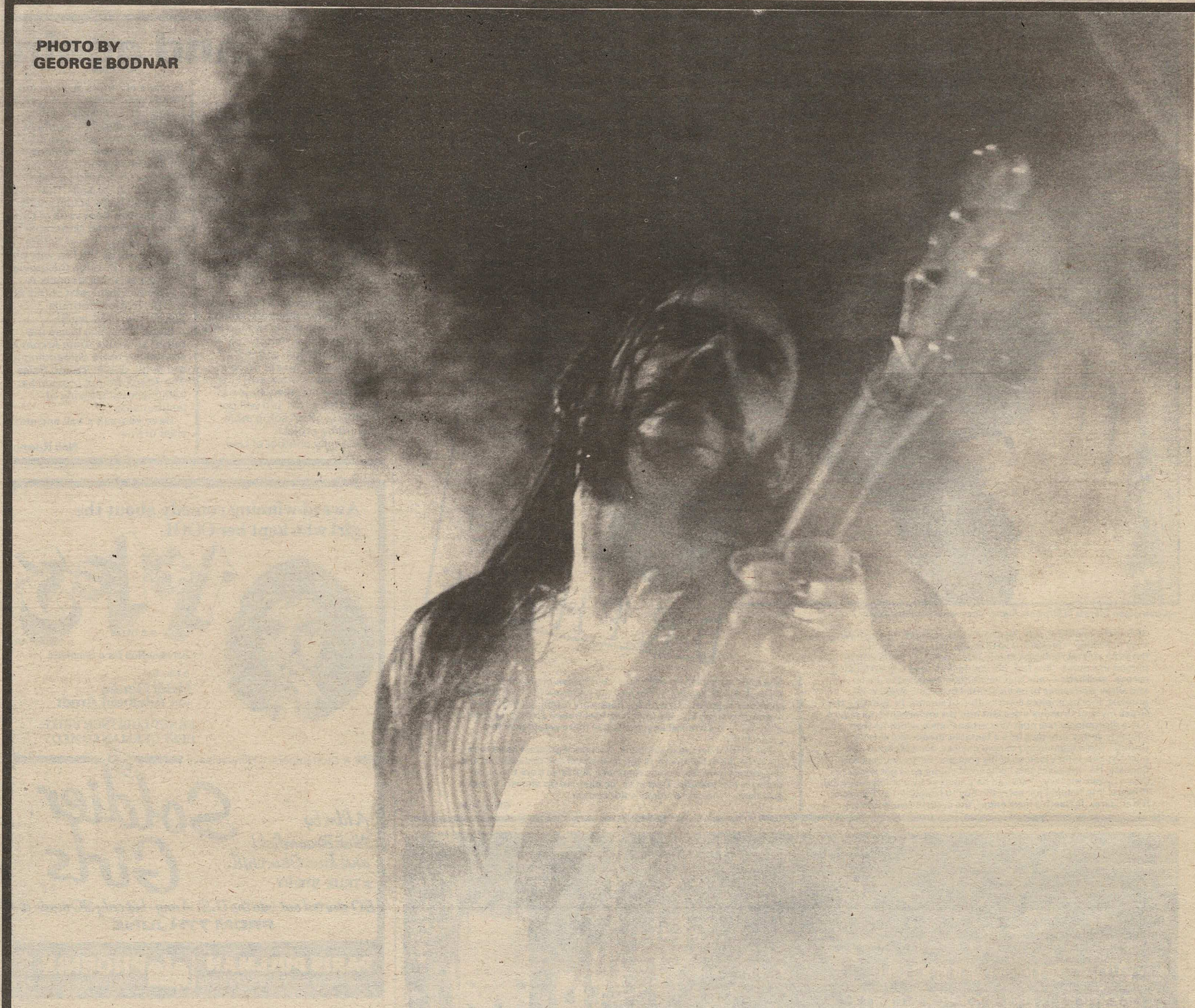


MICK FARREN AND MOTORHEAD LEMMY, LONG TIME PARTNERS IN SLIME AND FORMER LADBROKE ROGUES, MEET UP IN A BAR IN PASSIAC, NEW JERSEY TO DISCUSS HOW THEY CAN BEST DESTROY AMERICA, IN THIS INSTALMENT OF ...

SCUMBAGS

IT'S WHAT'S CALLED cracking it in America the hard way. Three months trailing up and down the country, 80 odd dates, God knows how many miles and more Holiday Inns than regular people get to see in a lifetime. Booze, drugs, exhaustion. Disorientation, arguments, fist fights, damage and strange, frequently neurotic young women.

There can be few adventures that are more brutal, not to say brutish, than an old fashioned, American rock 'n' roll tour. The kind of thing that burns out young minds and turns human beings into Joe Cocker. Bands destroy hotel rooms, managers have breakdowns and roadies discover how it feels to be Rommel.

Indicative of what old fashioned touring is like is that the only people who still do it that way are British heavy metal and Southern Boogie bands. But, then again, as Lemmy puts, it, "It's better than sitting at home with your thumb up your ass and your brain in neutral."

The first leg of the tour is made doubly brutish by Motorhead having to open for Ozzie Osborne's Blizzard of Oz. Let's dispose of Ozzie before we get down to business. I know some of you out there have the firm opinion that there is something redeemingly cute about Ozzie's brand of terminal stupidity, but I find him to be the man for whom the word prat was invented. Witness his now near legendary behaviour at the pre-tour press conference. Lips still curl at the way Ozzie sauntered in and how, after regaling the assembled media people with remarks to the effect that punk rockers were charmless, ill mannered suckheads who don't know one end of a guitar from a shovel, he whipped out a live pigeon and chewed off its head. Some David Niven, our Oz.

Blizzard of Oz are slow, ponderous and bloated. They wear tight spandex pants and layered hair. They know just enough not to be wearing gold platform boots. The show opens with taped Wagner and dry ice. (The Wagner is that bit of *Parsival* that they use in the movie *Excalibur*. It's about to replace *Also Sprach Zarathustra* as the number one pretentious pop classic.) Ozzie rushes out, arms outstretched, flashing peace-signs to the assembled hordes. It's ... I can't go on with this.

As far as Motorhead are concerned, their problem with Ozzie is that they're playing on Ozzie's turf. In fact, they are not doing a bad job with what has to be a hard core of Sabbaff lovers. On this circuit, you're ahead of the game if you can even get the crowd to stop bawling for the headliner long enough to pay you any attention at all. Motorhead go a few better than mere attention. Once they sledgehammer the yanks with their highspeed wall of noise, they make enough of an impact to cause some dark mutterings in the Ozzie camp. There is no doubt that they are on the way up.

The current position of Motorhead in the USA is an anomolous one. They are something of a myth and a minor league legend but in no way do they enjoy the success that they have become used to at home and in Europe. A lot of this is the responsibility of the overwhelming cowardice of the US record industry. Almost unanimously the moguls decided that there was no place in the USA for such a loud, scumbag band. One company declined to sign them with the remark that they'd be a "disgrace to the label". Others passed them over out of the simple but real executive fear that one day Lemmy and Phil Taylor might stop by their offices. Even a string of English hits couldn't break the seemingly impassable barrier.

Finally, last year, Mercury decided that maybe they might just chance the fall of civilization and actually sign the band. Accordingly, last fall, they released Motorhead's 'Ace Of Spades' album but, seemingly managed to conceal the fact from the majority of the record buying public. The few individuals who did happen across a copy were probably totally confused by the spaghetti western cover. Without a prior awareness of the band's background it was all too easy for the average yank headbanger to look at the cover and assume that Motorhead was some sort of Mexican, ZZ Top threepiece from darkest Arizona.

Mercury's almost total inactivity has ensured that all the US interest in the band has remained on a grass roots and word of mouth level. The corporate executives don't know but the street scufflers understand.

I'M PLAYING CHESS with Lemmy in the bar of the Holiday Inn in Passiac, New Jersey. We're waiting for someone to organise cars for a 45 minute drive to the New York nightlife. It's something of a reunion. We haven't seen each other for almost two years. Normally I loath the kind of buddy-buddy writer who likes to tell everyone what great pals he or she is with the subject of the piece. In this instance, though, there's no way out. Lemmy and I go back so unthinkably far that it has to colour anything I say about him.

Briefly, we first met up in psychedelic clubs at the end of the '60s. Since, at the time, we both had a clinical interest in how many weeks the human body could go without sleep, the twitch and the babble and appointments with a dubious (and now defunct) Shaftesbury Avenue doctor who wrote prescriptions for methedrine if you handed him a fiver, caused us to recognise each other as kindred spirits. For a while, we were even on the same larcenous record label, me in The Deviants and Lemmy in a raga-rock combo called the Sam Gopal Dream. (You collectors out there — find a copy of their album 'Escalator' if you dare).

Since those days we've written songs together, played on the same stage, outwitted the metropolitan scuffers on more than one occasion and logged many thousands of flying hours in the Ladbroke Grove Air Circus. The night before I went off to

THE 'HEADS — PIC PAUL COX/LFI

exile in New York City, he took me and my wife to one of those restaurants where they reconstruct hail-ye-wassail medieval feats for American tourists. After we'd bizarred out on the minstrels and boars' heads, we went off to the pub and got drunk. I hadn't seen Lemmy since.

Back at the chess board, I found that he was beating me every game. Admittedly I couldn't remember a Sicilian Defence if my life had depended on it, but that shouldn't have made all that difference. Lemmy had, after all, consumed at least as much as I had plus he'd also just finished a show at the Capitol Theatre. We shifted ourselves to another table that had a built-in Asteroid game.

I swear to God that Lemmy has two brains. He'd have to, it'd be the only way to avoid burn out. With one brain he's chatting about old times and how good it is that we've both managed to survive since we last saw each other, how good it is not to be poverty stricken any more, and how getting to this first foothold in the USA had, over the years, required a powerful amount of faithkeeping on the part of all concerned. The second brain is keeping up an advanced game of solo Asteroids.

You can say what you like about Lemmy, but not even the strongest of his detractors can deny that he has a truly amazing rapport with his audience. It's a benign kind of control based on a knowledge of the real power balance inside of a rock & roll concert. Everything stems from the absolutely basic premise — "there are three of us" and X thousand of you but *you've* got to pay attention to *us* 'cause *we* can make *much more noise* than *all of you put together.*" It's the same statement that is made by every band that has a predeliction for excessive volume. In Motorhead's case, though, it is simply stated, with an earthy candour that is truly refreshing after the lumpen grimacing of (say) Ted Nugent, the pervoposing of Judas Priest or the self absorption of Rush. It's this directness that is the strength and mass magic of Motorhead in general and Lemmy in particular.

Whether critics or corporations love or detest them is pretty much immaterial. They have something that is easily recognised and easily assimilated by large numbers of young people who have spent a whole week having the piss bored out of them in a factory, warehouse, supermarket or school or being shortchanged by unemployment. The popularity of the band has proved beyond doubt that there is a need and a communication that is very, very necessary. The only question on this first American phase of their careers is whether the same kind of kids in the USA have the same kind of needs. From first observations it looks as though they do, even the ones who have predominently turned out for Ozzie Osborn.

PHIL TAYLOR has been on the receiving end of a bizarre occurrence. It's the morning after the band played two shows at New York's Palladium. He's sitting in the bar of the Gramercy Park Hotel looking at a breakfast vodka and orange. The Gramercy Park is generally thought of as a rock 'n' roll hotel. It even upped its prices by ten bucks just after Bob Dylan had been a resident during a pre-conversion bout of drinking and fornicating. Part of being a rock 'n' roll hotel is a high incidence of bizarre occurrences.

"I'm lying in my bed, just trying to get to sleep and the night operator calls up and tells me she's going off duty and will I come down and settle my 'phone bill. I ask her what 'phone bill, and she says the $700 call to Tokyo."

This is something of a puzzlement to Animal Taylor, not to say a source of the kind of annoyance that might, had he been home in the UK, led to some serious hotel destruction. Not only has he not made any call to Tokyo, but he doesn't even know anyone in Japan. On further examination, he also discovers that there is blood and junkie garbage in the bathroom. As far as he can piece it together, it would seem that someone has conned a spare key out of the nightclerk, gone into Phil's room, shot up in the can and then ripped off the Tokyo call, leaving Phil to pay the bill. It doesn't improve Filthy Animal's disposition that people keep telling him how that's New York for you.

Eddie Clarke is hanging out on the sidewalk outside the hotel looking for a yellow cab and drinking from a fifth of Jack Daniels. Someone (I think it was probably me) points out that what he's doing is technically illegal in New York. You have to keep your booze in a brown paper bag. He ducks inside the hotel and comes out with a yellow plastic carrier bag.

"Will this do?"

We assure him it will. For Eddie and Phil both, it is the first time in the USA and, so far, they are treating it with a measure of respect. There is little of the arrogance and capacity for property damage, tales of which filter across the Atlantic. Eddie and Phil are on unfamiliar ground and they are taking it one step at a time. It's only the beginning of a three month tour. There is plenty of time to build to mayhem. At one point, Eddie grins at me.

"You must really enjoy living in New York, Micky."

He'd just been drinking vodka and pina colada mix with Tish and Snooky, fashion arbiters of the Lower East Side and at one time, two pieces, along with Deborah Harry, of the three-piece Stilettoes.

THE LAST TIME that I saw Motorhead was at the 1979 Reading Festival. This was their first shot at Reading, and the point where they proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that they had the total fealty of the vibrating Conanheads who really do the mass thumbs up and thumbs down at that most metallic of open air engagements. On stage in the USA they seem to have returned to just before that point. They are forced to struggle again. The flying bomber and all the other special effects have been stripped away by the economics of being an opening act. They still have to prove their point. Some of the tunes are unfamiliar but the point was exactly the same as it was those two years ago. In fact, it's the same as it's always been.

In Toronto, Canada, Motorhead are headlining. Ozzie's itinerary does not permit him to cross the border. Motorhead none-the-less tear up the town. The Canadians love them. A friend from up there calls me and tells me how it went.

"The best sound was out on the parking lot. It was more manageable. Jesus, are they loud. Everyone loved them."

Backstage at the New York Palladium, The Plasmatics come to pay a courtesy visit. They walk into the dressing room with all the visuals of the baddest punkers on the planet, all black leather, shaved heads and bright blue Mohican scalplocks. That, however, is only the first impression. A second glance reveals something quite incredible. With the exception of Wendy O. Williams herself, they are actually diffident, tongue-tied. I think the word might even be nervous. If they wore flat hats they'd be twisting them in their hands and scuffling from one foot to the other in the presence of Lemmy. It's almost forelock touching time.

CONTINUES PAGE 57

OVER USA

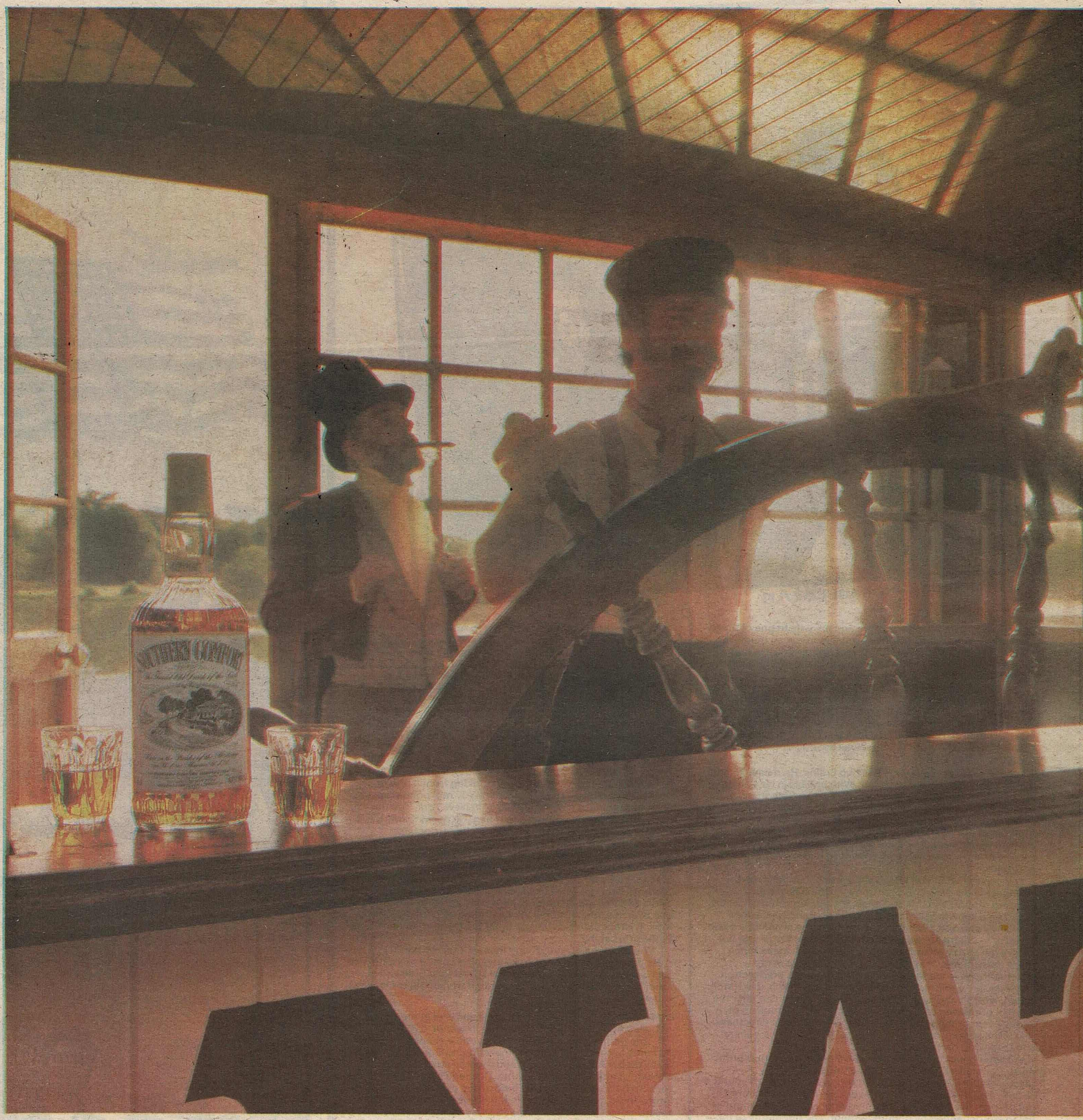
JOIN THE PROFESSIONALS

(JOIN THE) PROFESSIONALS

THE NEW SINGLE

Virgin

PRODUCED BY MICK GLOSSOP



When steamboats raced, they stopped o
Coal, wood and Southern Comfort.

If there was one event that could capture the imagination of the whole of the Mississippi it was a race between two great riverboats.

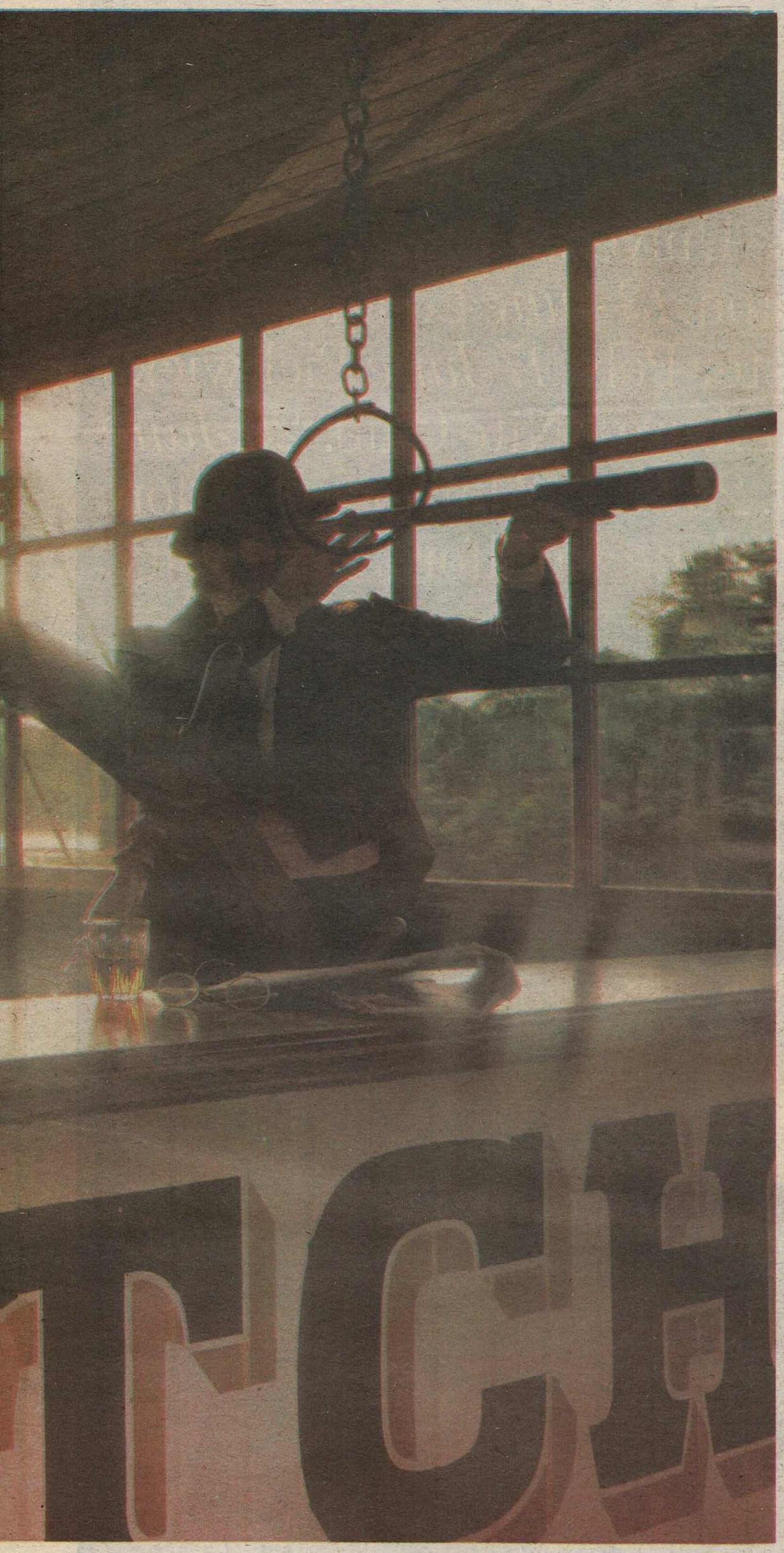
In 1870 such a race was organised between the Robert E. Lee and the Natchez.

It was to start at New Orleans and finish over 1,200 miles upstream at St. Louis.

As the day of the race approached, each steamer would be stripped of all excessive and unnecessary weight.

It's even rumoured that on one trip a captain shaved his head and made his crew part their hair down the middle to reduce wind resistance.

Both steamboats would then be carefully loaded with just the right amount of fuel and



nly to take on vital fuel.

refreshment. Just enough to ensure as few stops as possible during the race.

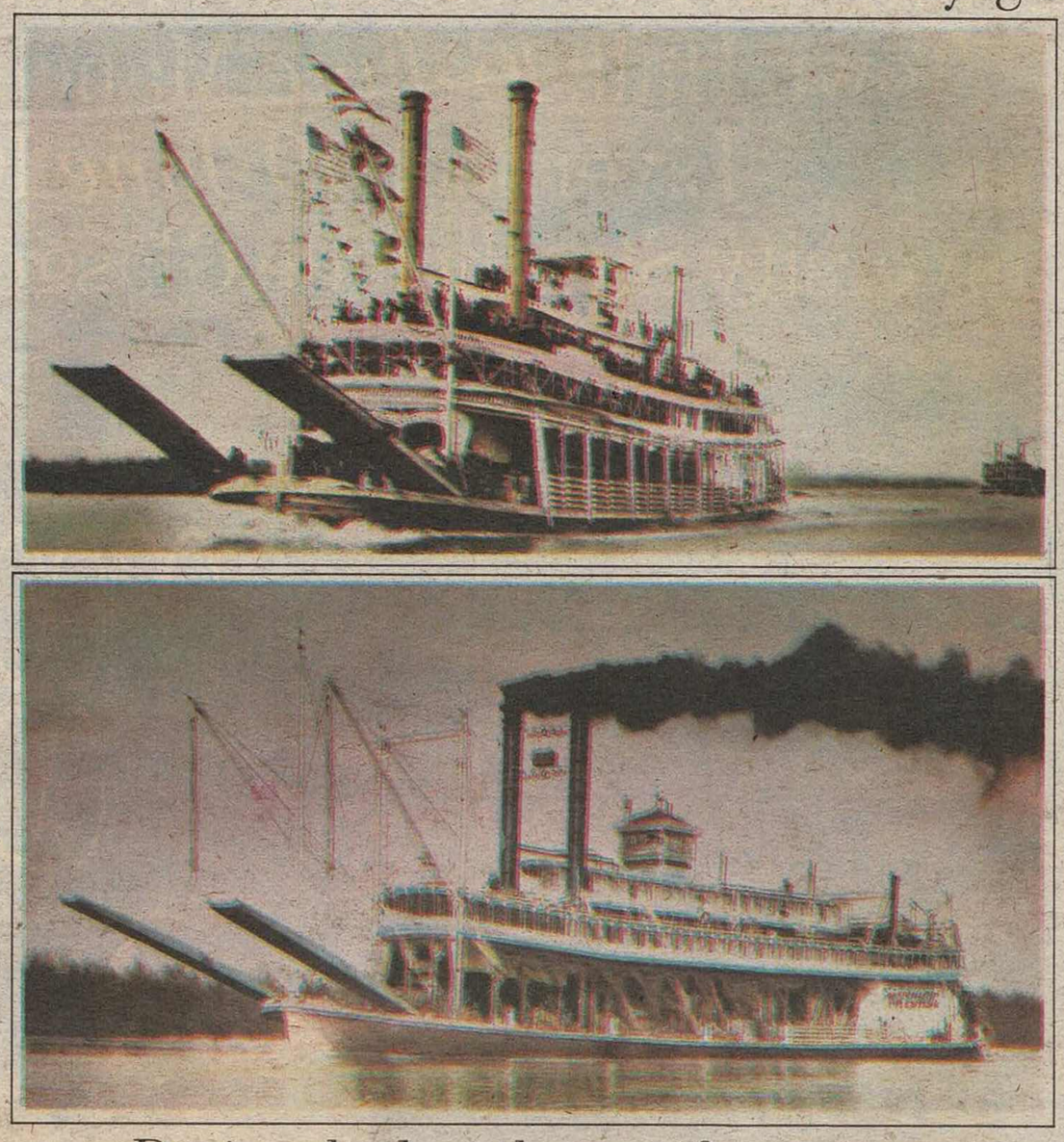
The refreshment could well have been a bottle of Southern Comfort.

Because it was for just such an occasion as this that a citizen of New Orleans had invented Southern Comfort.

He created a recipe which ran to more than 100 pages. Southern Comfort was the essence of smoothness.

It had a rich amber glow and a flavour of quite indescribable subtlety.

Having made all necessary preparations, the two steamboats embarked on their voyage.



During the long hours of concentration, a careful pilot could gain a valuable lead over his competitor.

And even if it was only a matter of a few dozen yards it was reason enough to be refreshed by a glass of Southern Comfort blended with ice and soda.

On the 4th July, the Robert E. Lee arrived at St. Louis in a record-breaking 3 days 18 hours and 14 minutes. The Natchez arrived 6 hours and 36 minutes later.

Could the Natchez have run out of bottles of that invaluable golden liquid?

Or could they possibly have taken on board one too many?

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Liverpool. *19 June* Edinburgh Nite Club. *20 June*
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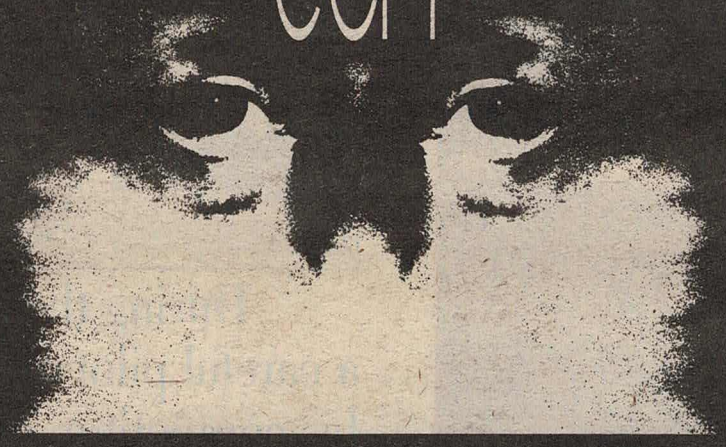
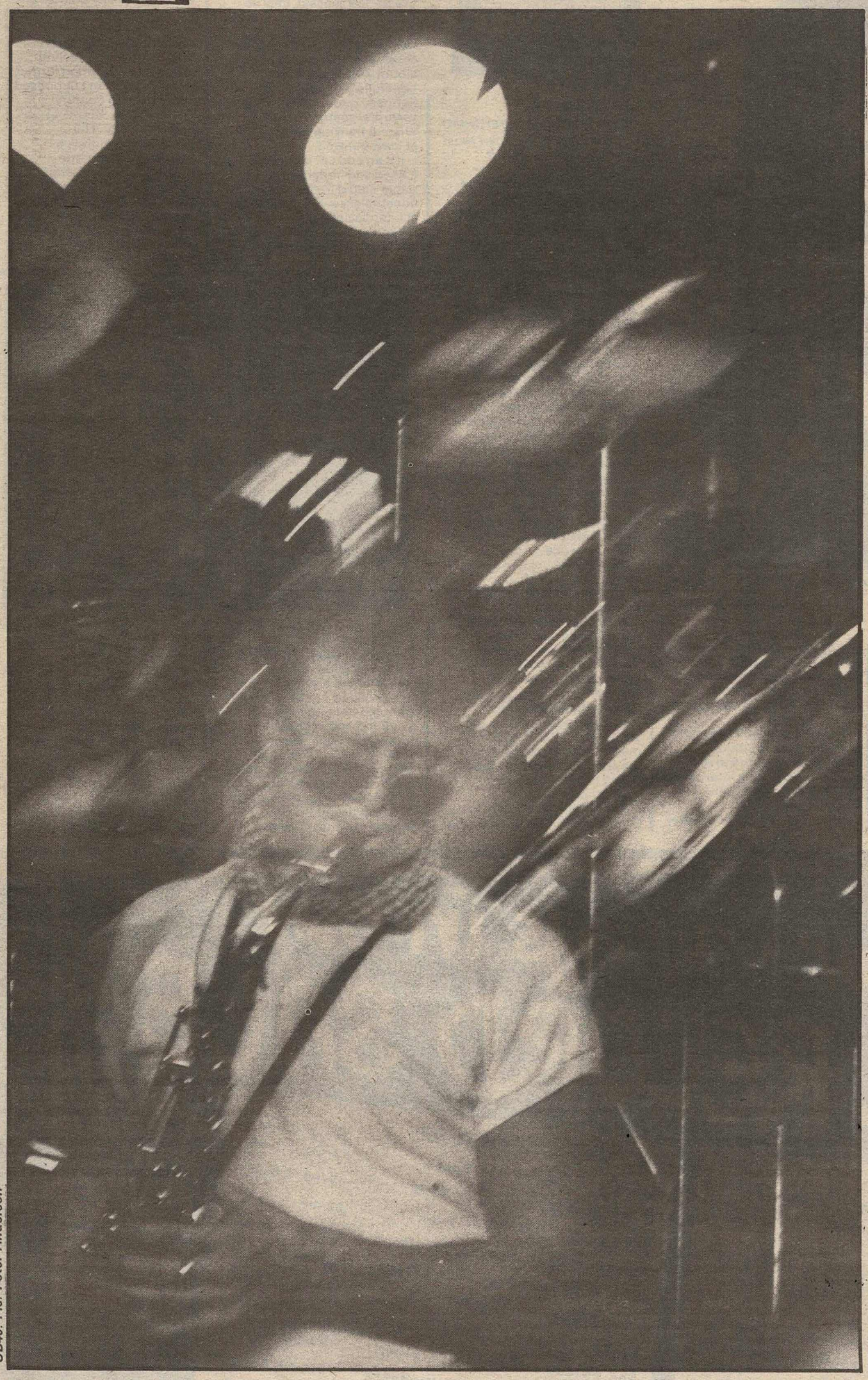


Second still.
The grass still grows.
Playwrite. Watching
the dancers. Real
hymn. Waiting for the
cavalry. High noon.
Child's play. Choreo-
graphy. Euthenics.
In a strange way.
Mechanic

Dindisc

LPs



UB40. Pic: Peter Anderson

UB's 40 winks

UB40
Present Arms (Dep International)

THIS TIME last year UB40 were one of the most promising bands around with a propensity for producing attractive singles, uplifting in-person performances and a flawed but encouraging debut LP under their belts. In theory this group is irresistable — racial unity, political and moral vigour bound together by a common desire to popularise dub music and techniques. It's a formidable combination and a laudable aim; before they start UB40 are on a footing which gives them a headstart over most other groups.

But . . . the bad news, 'Present Arms', their second album, fails to match the potential of their 'Signing Off' debut or the rousing warmth of their live appearances. Unwilling rather than unable to take enough chances and steps forward they've clung to formulae and shrouded their instinctive humanity with an anonymous blandness. It's not a totally disastrous LP but it is one helluva disappointment.

The DHSS card from which the group took their name made up the cover of their debut and like the sleeve of 'PA', plain white with group name and title in black over a red patch in the top right hand corner, it seems to present a defiant unified entity. This time around their commendable corporate drive is at the expense of flair and diversity which get lost in its often ponderous wake.

The UBs have previously dealt with sad, serious truths in a recognizably humid and melancholy fashion. I've seldom had cause to find them boring because they dug deeper than blinkered attitude dancers like The Clash and wedded their mellow determination to a tasty melodic dub-form.

But in spite of its honourable intentions 'PA' often plods along with dull and weary political philosophy, mouthfuls of cotton wool type vocals and sluggish non-melodies. Wading through the album is a disheartening affair, many of the tracks being pale reflections of companion tracks on 'Signing Off'. 'Madame Medusa' and 'Sardonicus' both use characters from mythology to represent all-too-real present-day political figures but the former is lively and funny doing big loopy somersaults and generally kicking heels in the air while the latter is a dreary narrative, hopelessly lost as it tries to find a hook on which to hang its grievance.

'Food For Thought' is one of the best things they've ever recorded — acrid irony aligned to a smart tune and resourceful rhythm. It finds a partner on 'One In Ten' moving the listener emotionally and in the direction of the dancefloor. It's the best track on the album.

But 'Present Arms' itself can hardly match 'Burden Of Shame' — a reasoned view on past recriminations and mounting oppression — as it's little more than a glib perusal over old ground with hackneyed riffs put together in a fragmented and forgetable arrangement.

It's unfortunate that UB40 did not see fit to invest their songs with the haywire exuberance displayed on the LP's accompanying 12 inch single. 'Don't Walk On The Grass' and 'Dr X' are two crazy adventures in sound with bass going harder, boomier and bassier depending which angle you approach it from, the brass blazing brighter and tighter and the guitar spun out weirder and longer, drawing shadows over its former self.

This is where UB40 come into their own and show the sort of vivaciousness and versatility they sorely lack elsewhere. Too often they dig themselves a wayside ditch where they groan and moan instead of skirting the landscape which lies before them — in their heads, in world events and in their record collections. Non-violent musical terrorists is what they should be.

They have the ability to popularise and play with Jamaican sound innovations both to their advantage and the public's. But a certain straight-laced sombreness, evident in their lyrics, suggests they're too precious about the music, underestimating its full commercial potential. They'll get left behind if they don't watch out! Linton Kwesi Johnson, The Beat and Sly and Robbie have all shown how to jolt and warp listening perspectives and still enjoy the fruits of commercial and aesthetic success.

UB40 are in danger of becoming the coffee table Ralph McTells of reggae, for paranoid hippies with more dungarees and self-righteousness than is good for them. This is not their real home. Perhaps the strain placed on them in being the first independent group with a number one LP and by heaps of acclaim and much contractual wrangling over the past six months has precipitated this disturbingly lame and predictable offering. I hope so because I expected my love affair with UB40 to be long and lasting, not short and sweet.

Gavin Martin

Revelations chapter II

THE RAINCOATS
Odyshape (Rough Trade)

THE RAINCOATS, like The Slits, have to make it up as they go along. There aren't any cliches they could perpetuate even if they wanted to, not defending what they defend. So it's no surprise that I can't evoke 'Odyshape' to you by comparison, it's not like any other record I've heard, even the last Raincoats album. They're a serious ensemble, saved from being cerebral by the emphasis they put on emotion and feeling, in the songs and the playing.

The Raincoats now are walking through a different musical terrain, where rhythms are something to be followed through like an Awayday adventure on the buses; set off feeling freeform about your destination, make bold decisions about switching routes, knowing you'll end up in the right spot. These odd but right changes of time and feel open a window, and in rushes oxygen — like hearing Ornette for the first time.

All the familiar functions of musical elements seem re-assessed; Gina Birch's bass lays a deliciously sprawling, rambling foundation, confident, free-flowing low melodies. The three drummers or percussion people here are Ingrid Weiss, Robert Wyatt and This Heat's Charles Hayward, and they're all unorthodox. None of them feel the need to dominate. They set the rhythms in an open weave that lets the music breathe.

Lyrically, The Raincoats touch areas that the rock hierarchy — male — are, with a few exceptions, too blind to see, let alone consider. From 'Odyshape's' anguish at not fitting in to society's expectations of externals, dictated on every billboard *("I'm no ornament, it could be my bodyshape, I wonder if I'll ever look right. Blot on the landscape . . .")* to 'Baby Song's' maelstroms spiralling off the so obvious changes in a woman's body *("wholeness with nature can I reject it, can I accept it as my own, Animal function, motherhood in culture . . .")*.

The Raincoats reject R&B and reggae as the bedrock. Their nearest neighbour is perhaps an imaginary fusion of Richard and Linda Thompson's eerie folk tragedies if they'd been produced by Lee Perry. The arrangements are sometimes spectacularly imaginative. Echoing voices in vari-textured call and response are re-claimed from their Velvet Underground associations. Beyond that, it's a series of brand new soundscapes.

Listen specially to 'Only Loved At Night', whose rhythm rides on ticking alarm clocks and what sounds like cutlery clanking on tins and bottles, while Ana de Silva's soft, scalding words exit to the sound of (clear) running water; an extraordinary atmosphere for this story of lust and loneliness in a dark high-rise. This extravagant, passionate movie of a song wallops straight into another intensity — Gina's shockingly naked voice, mourning and then brightening through the upfull union of head and heart on 'Dancing In My Head.' Vicky Aspinall's violin, swopping functions of melody and rhythm all the way through the record, flies off into some Eastern areas, alternating choppings, drones, and sob-singings.

I love the way The Raincoats are taking liberties.

Viven Goldman

A score with no film

BEN E KING
Street Tough (Atlantic)

IF *'SHAFT'* (the movie) gets a remake, we can leave Ike to sleep because Ol' Freckel Face has got the soundtrack made to measure. Dig this . . . Big black dude dons leather coat and elbows his way up town through the opening credits, human flotsam and the macho bass-line of 'Street Tough'. He hurls a coupla badcats out of a 67th floor window after a severe pistol-whipping and orgasmically caresses his 45 Magnum to the silky sound of the Michael Jacksonish 'Made For Each Other'.

Ten minutes gone and still no sex, so our hero hauls ass down to The Bar With No Name and pulls a statuesque, pressed-haired social worker. Back at the crib, manhood and tenderness are on the agenda so 'Staying Power' pounds and 'Stay Awhile With Me' whimpers until the sun peeps over the East River.

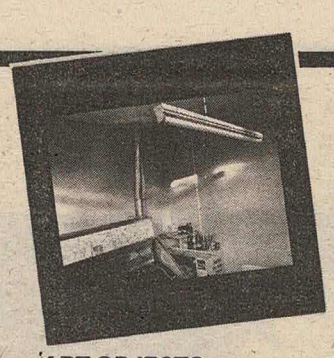
One fresh pair of slacks and a bit of banter with a deaf and dumb newsvendor later, Big John is back on the bricks doin' what a man's gotta do. The siren-like keyboards and the stepped up beat of 'Why Is The Question' show he's in no mood to mess. He reaches the docks, and comes face to face with the piece of human garbage that sold his childhoood sweetheart that hookey smack. Chases him around the packing cases for a while as bewildered longshoremen bop to the hide-and-seek beat of 'You Made A Difference To My Life'.

Guns him down, and then guns the souped up Camero back 'cross Hun'tenth St' for round two with the social worker. She's gone, and as 'Souvenirs Of Love' filters softly out of the garbage disposal our man reflects that at least she did the washing up. So it's back to the streets (a real man's only true friend) and as he mooches off trying hard to look like 'Something To Be Loved', he's swallowed up by the night.

If the film doesn't get made though, buy the album. Because if you want to dance, with smoochy little interludes, it's one of the best around at the moment.

Lloyd Bradley

Who is the man who'd risk his neck for another man . . . Ben E. King — nah, it doesn't scan.



ART OBJECTS
Bagpipe Music (Heartbeat)

"Poetry as a Thing Apart must be a thing of the past. It should arrive in the marketplace from the same angle as everything else. It should be banned in schools NOW!" (liner note)

BRISTOL'S Art Objects do, at least, have the right idea. The self-proclaimed "world's first poetry dance band" (the indiarubber gyrations of dancer Wojtek Dmochowski are an integral part of their live performances), they've already produced two fine 45s in 'Hard Objects' and 'Showing Off To Impress The Girls', and now present an album whose spirit is hopefully embodied in the Kennedy quote "When power corrupts, poetry cleanses". Wishful thinking, maybe, but at least thinking.

It's an odd LP, naturally flawed and imperfect and rather stilted in places, but nonetheless a worthy attempt at interdisciplinary entertainment — an overdue updating of the "jazz and poetry" and mixed-media events of the '60s.

The words, which are the province of vocalist Gerard Langley, are often interesting but occasionally obtuse. Best are those which lean towards immediacy rather than obscurity, zeroing in on a point rather than circling around it and getting further away: 'What Am I Supposed To Do?', '20th Century Composites', 'Showing Off' and especially 'The Paperweight Flood', as opposed to the more impenetrable 'Passengers Of Fortune', 'Landscape Workers' and 'Magog', which tend towards the overly precious.

Langley's delivery is often questionable, and too earnest by far in places; he's made a

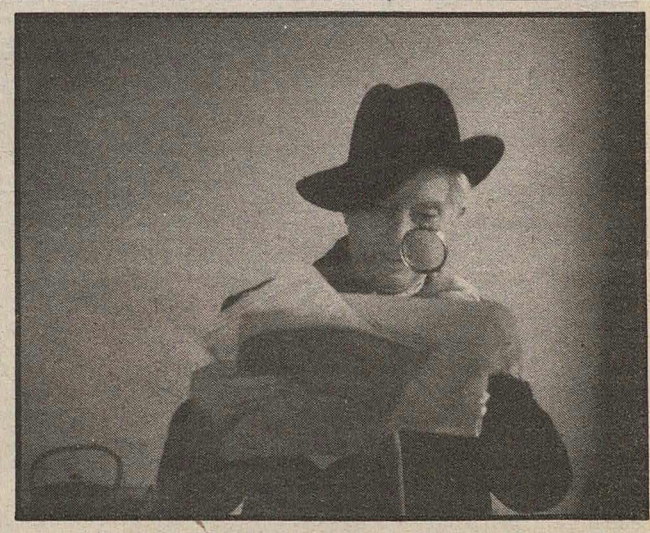
QUENTIN CRISP
An Evening With Quentin Crisp (Cherry Red)

EVER SINCE the transmission six years ago of the TV film based on his autobiography *The Naked Civil Servant,* Quentin Crisp (formerly art college model, illustrator and dole queue claimant) has discovered that he could be queen for more than one day. A media personality, he could now reign indefinitely: famous for being famous, courted by the right people, gracing chat shows, going to live in America . . . he continued his belated success story (he's well into his seventies) by writing about . . . success!

However, 'How To Become A Virgin' is a cosy affair compared to his earlier book. England's most famous homosexual since Oscar Wilde is so grateful for being famous that he regards anyone else who shares this attribute as jolly nice: the media is the massage, with the stars of the global village taking turns to rub and oil each other.

The double album 'An Evening With Quentin Crisp' is very much a reflection of this later less bitchy Crisp. Recorded live at a New York theatre, it gives a fair indication of his stage show. The first half is taken up with the sage holding forth on anything and everything (don't keep pets, they're just more dumb friends); the second half reveals the chatty agony columnist (going bald? Then swim faster than the tide and shave your head) answering questions which the audience have committed to paper during the interval.

The reform and permissiveness of the '60s left him rather bewildered. He wasn't that noticeable any more: a whole new pop generation was equally flamboyant. Perhaps this was when Crisp first realised that he too could grab his share of showbiz . . . naturally by going against the grain. Just as his lonesome revolt into style stood out against the drab



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THE CENTRE OF SOUNDS
WHSMITH

conscious decision to speak rather than sing, which (a) cuts off a wide scale of inflexional possibilities, and (b) makes you too aware you're listening to "art" rather than "entertainment", which would seem to go against the intentions outlined above: it places us back in the gallery rather than the gig.

Musically, Art Objects are capable of good moments, especially when setting up a hypnotic flow behind a long narrative like 'Passengers Of Fortune', but crassly dumb in other places; the heavy handed plainness of 'What Am I Supposed To Do?', for instance, spoils the humorous truth and urgency of the lyrics: *"There are people who think that girls enjoy rape, or that lesbianism's a sin/I wanted to go to a lecture on the subject but they only let women in . . . Well, Babylon is burning, (which may or may not be true)/and as soon as you're earning, the redistribution of wealth begins with you . . ."*

It's lightly serious observations like this, together with oafish moments like their re-write of Adrian Henri's old 'Batpoem' and the rhyming of "beri-beri" with "very, very" in 'Miraculous Birth' that add a simple spice to the occasionally overwrought verbal play of tracks like 'Passengers Of Fortune', which plies endless puns and metaphors on sex, death and money over a fast disco shuffle which later degenerates into something less subtle.

If Langley sang, or even just adopted a rapper-style approach, this could be incisively effective; as it is, it just sounds like a guy reading a poem over a piece of music, with no real link and interaction save for the occasional dynamic conjunction.

Better by far is the closing track 'The Paperweight Flood', a speculative narrative concerning rebellion, age and impotence, a theme dealt with by Langley with a lucidity rare in pop music (and youth culture in general), and given an appropriately allegorical, oceanic treatment by the rest of the group. It's one of the more successful fusions on the album, one in which music, words and delivery seem an organic whole rather than disparate functions, and as such, a promising pointer for the future.

Credit where it's due: Art Objects are at least attempting something of value which could easily leave them open to cheap sneers, and pursuing it with a light-hearted missionary zeal which I find quite winning. Any rearguard action against the forces of philistinism is worthy of time, energy and support. Go to it!

Andy Gill

Joe Walsh bagpipe music

inter-war years, so in Swinging Britain he adopted a conservative individualism, making illiberal noises about, say, the unions. By the '70s he was none too keen on disco or punk either.

I'm not sure where Crisp's perversity leaves him in the '80s and its fantastic recession. Probably thriving on contradiction: one minute he says that being a dandy — Steve Strange, please take notes — is a long ascetic process of laying bare one's soul, an ever more difficult existentialist road as one gets older; the next minute he's saying that old age is a doddle where anything goes because the stylist, like an actor, has come to the end of his run.

The thin line which Crisp treads between paradox and confusion makes him endearing and humane. He's a long way from that other, notorious self-publicist Andy Warhol, who is a businessman in an amoral vacuum, a master of enigma and silence. This kind of cool is foreign to Crisp; he prefers the comforts of his old age — and of an audience who'll love him because, yes, they are still that little bit shocked . . .

Paul Tickell

LOCAL HEROES
SW9/KEVIN ARMSTRONG
New Opium/How The West Was Won (Oval)

KEVIN ARMSTRONG (now a solo artist and part-time member of Spizzles) used to be guitarist, vocalist and chief songwriter with Local Heroes SW9 who last year released 'Drip Dry Zone', a rather neglected debut album. Its fusions of rock, reggae, funk and psychedelia were always intriguing and at times — topped by nasal twangy vocals and supported by densely textured dynamics — downright inspired.

The first side is taken up with material recorded before the band split. it reveals, with the help of Tom Dolby on keyboards, a more experimental Heroes interested in sound for its own sake. There are some rich arrangements (like 'Love Is Essential' — if you can bear the unfashionable sentiment!) but it also leads to a certain aimlessness.

The band aren't sure where to direct their inventiveness, a situation not improved by the abstract lyrics of 'Competition' and the title track 'New Opium'. These songs aren't so much political as mystical: struggle is seen in terms of incantation rather than strategy.

This bias is continued on the other side of the album, a showcase for Armstrong's recent work on which he plays all the instruments. Like many a one-person effort it's over-indulgent.

Thankfully, the title track on this side 'How The West Was Won' is more disciplined and condensed: points are scored about the Third World over a chopping Beefheart riff, as a melody struggles to get out.

Armstrong has a good ear for hooks, but it's as if a lot of the time he's trying to suppress them. In adopting a guilt-ridden combination of folkie and muso sensibility, he seems intent on sacrificing his pop roots.

However, the album (at a very reasonable £2.50) is a very interim affair, and I prefer to give Armstrong the benefit of the doubt and take it as a series of sketches working off various obsessions, rather than as a firm pointer to a future top-heavy with musical and spiritual progress. You can't go forward without a bit of snap, crackle and . . .

Paul Tickell

ELTON JOHN
The Fox (Rocket)

"You'll never see me slow down for a while?/Cause I am the fox, like it or not/ I'm always gonna be there running over the rock.'

Once more it's Elton proclaiming himself Captain Fantastic, though how much is sheer bravado is anyone's guess.

Certainly he's striven hard in order to piece together what he obviously hopes will prove an album of some substance, logging studio time at eight locations in three countries, employing the triumvirate of Bernie Taupin, Gary Osborne and Tom Robinson as lyricists, calling on back-up support that ranges from the basic squad of Ritchie Zito (guitar), James Newton-Howard (synths), Dee Murray (bass) and Nigel Olsson (drums) through to a gospel choir headed by the Rev. James Cleveland, plus the London Symphony Orchestra.

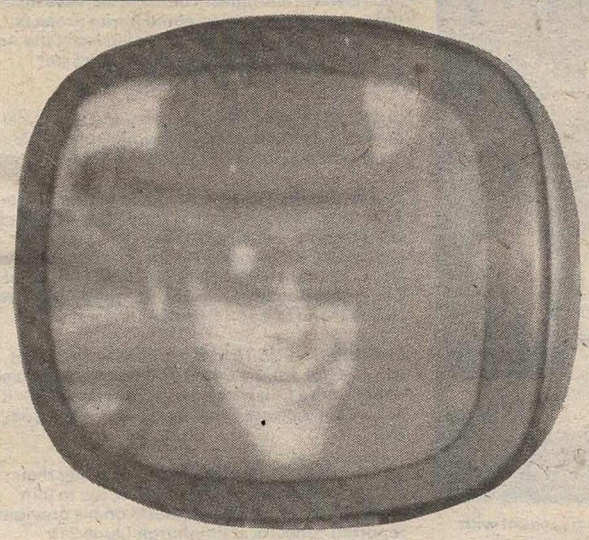
Vocally too, Elton is impressive enough, rushing with all the aplomb of an on-heat Scott Walker through the Brel-building 'Nobody Wins' (credited to Jean-Paul Dreau and Gary Osborne), stomping in something like best 'Benny And The Jets styled manner on 'Fascist Faces', and even infusing vitality and emotion into songs which sometimes — as is the case with Robinson's mawkish 'Elton's Song' *("Sitting in my room, I've got it bad/Crying for the moon, they think I'm mad")* — seem well beyond the kiss of life.

Yet beneath all the chest-thumping (or should I say brush-wagging?) a certain lack of confidence is evident, especially on 'Heart in The Right Place', where sniping journalists are once more loaded onto the blame-train in perfunctory fashion.

Could Elton be rueing his own lack of success in a homeland where 'A Song For Guy' has proven his only *real* hit in the past five years?

Frankly I don't know. And, somehow I don't really care. For, melody-wise at least, Pinner's own Reynard lost his plot years ago. Now, not even Quorn and Pytchley pink-coats will find him of interest.

Fred Dellar



JOE WALSH
There Goes The Neighbourhood (Asylum)

WELL, certainly Joey the ex-Eagle is a big enough bird in both output and pedigree to warrant the confidence of the record-buyer. 'There Goes The Neighbourhood' starts with just such a statement of confidence — *"I like to take things one step at a time/One foot in front of the other/I like to think that things will all work out fine."* ('Things').

The track from which this quote is taken is typical of most of the album in that it features a more basic, stripped-down production sound for the '80s with the solid drumming of Joe Vitale a major factor in the overall mix and Walsh's guitar playing restricted mainly to background colouring.

'Down On The Farm' is a light-hearted country-rock routine about the night the animals got bored and decided to party it up a little in the barn and the hay-loft and serves to illustrate Walsh's new-found easiness with his music. This relaxed attitude pervades the whole of the album, perhaps to a greater degree than is really desirable. 'There Goes The Neighbourhood' lacks a real rocker of a track to help stimulate appreciation of the easy flow of the majority of music on offer here.

A rolling, flanged guitar introduces the enigmatically-titled 'Rivers (Of The Hidden Funk)' and adds just that touch of extra interest needed to elevate this simply structured song into one of the best moments on the album, no small thanks to Don Felder's subtle use of talk-box guitar, a much abused and over-blown effect in the hands and the throats of some gimmick-obsessed musicians. Here it's used simply and effectively to highlight and colour the bass patterns.

'A Life Of Illusion', which opens the second side, is the most commercial and instant track on the album and features a strong melody, Tijuana-style brass and a snatch of guitar sound that used to be associated with The Beatles of the 'For Sale' period. This lightness and freshness contrasts strongly with the song that follows, 'Bones', which elbows its way in, a slow gritty, strutting number with, paradoxically, a floating, sugary middle section. The most emotional piece from Walsh's pen is 'Rockets', a straightforward and tender song of apology to a hurt lover but it's the closing track 'You Never Know' that provides the brightest hope for the future music. It's fine, flowing funk and is easily the most painstaking piece of work on display.

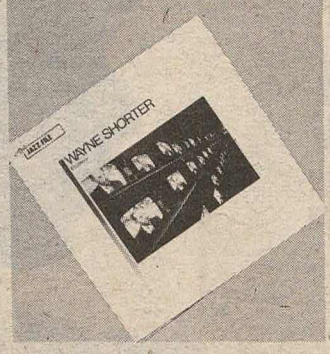
A restful, pleasant album, honest and totally professional. It's hardly the most stimulating thing that you'll hear this or any other year though. Joey's a grown-up bird, but he still knows enough not to fly too far from his own perch.

Julian Wilde

THE TORRENT of vinyl from America's black new wave seems unstemmable. Tenorman **David Murray** is still only 26 but already has a rackful of albums behind him; now comes a new all-star Octet date. 'Ming' (Black Saint import) is named after Murray's wife (a pretty lady, judging from the cover) and houses an enthralling run of shots at streamlining traditional frameworks — the jostling hothouse of small band swing, open-ended options of hard bop jamming — with a fresh-faced contemporary language.

'Jasvan' is a bucolic waltz-time mould for a string of billiant solos; 'Dewey's Circle' sees the group bucketing along a guffawing line and elicits one of Murray's exhilarating nods to Albert Ayler; 'The Fast Life' is a thrilling stop-go tear-up. Flyers like trumpeter Olu Dara and alto saxist Henry Threadgill are on hand and it plays like a bunch of mates enjoying themselves.

The St Louis alto player **Oliver Lake** is also in ripe form for 'Prophet' (Black Saint import) which features his current quintet on three originals and three Eric Dolphy tunes. The set seems designed to pay tribute to Dolphy-Lake's slithery playing has always held echoes of the master — and if so it's a worthy homage. 'Hat And Beard', Dolphy's own portrait of Thelonious Monk, struts down a course of clipped jauntiness and dissolves into a fiercely abstract middle section. 'Something Sweet, Something Tender' is refurbished as a wild-eyed lament and Lake's own 'Cotton IV' has a twirly modal melody of real character.



JAZZ
BY RICHARD COOK

Baikida Carrol, an old partner of Lake's from their days in St Louis' Black Artists Group, is an exciting, squirrelly foil for the leader, while in the rhythm section drummer Pheeroan Ak Laff (yes, these are their names) is impressive. 'Prophet' might be fairly classed as the alternative new mainstream, the attractive twist.

More so, at any rate, than **Peter Kuhn's** 'Ghost Of A Trance' (Hat Hut import). Kuhn's new slant on the clarinet was showcased on a fine Big City album, 'Livin' Right'; here he also plays bass clarinet and tenor sax. On one side, in a bizarre quintet of clarinet, alto/baritone sax, guitar, vibes and electro-acoustic piano, Kuhn's tunes are made to act as vehicles of desolation. 'Trill Me' resounds with brutal sarcasm, 'Tripalet' has low register growls over a doomsday bell chiming and 'Ghost' itself seems gently persuasive until David Sewelson's alto barges in and courses down the music like some livid scar.

The long trio track 'Where The Magic Is' is more approachable. Kuhn's bass clarinet and William Parker's tuba plum unnameable depths, rise up into fresh air and eventually break into a carnival dance; all the while Phillip Wilson provides a base of bubbly African percussion. A jarring, rough-edged, sinister programme.

Also on Hat Hut is another double from **Steve Lacy**, 'Capers'. Sticking as always to soprano sax, Lacy's view of improvisation is entirely his own. His themes often seem no more than scraps of doggerel stringily extended over four and a half octaves. He'll play a phrase, repeat it with the tone mischievously disfigured then

decide it's done aside from one squawky note which goes on to start a new idea. 'We Don't' and 'Bud's Brother' even appear twice over in the search for further possibilites in these slender structures. He finds them

Support this time is from Ronnie Boykins on bass (not very clear) and Denis Charles on drums, who clearly shares Lacy's taste for baroque humour. Last year's 'The Way' was Lacy at his most laced-up; this is Lacy having laughs. Hat Hut have more on the way — Cecil Taylor, Sun Ra — start saving now.

Wayne Shorter's 'Etcetera' (Liberty) is one of the programme of newly-issued '60s Blue Note sessions and must be worthy of a fanfare in view of the tenorman's relative reticence in Weather Report. This sits well in the sequence of sets that Shorter cut for the great label. He leads a quartet with Herbie Hancock (in exceptional form as an accompanist), Cecil McBee and Joe Chambers through five insistently nonconformist tunes. Themes like 'Toy Tune' and the title track conjure the time-in-suspension feel that Shorter was lending to the Miles Davis Group at the time (1965), the tenor running over tense, insinuating lines and on occasion pitched with a grainy ferocity like a sudden flare of temper. 'Penelope' is the other face, a haunting wanderlust ballad. This was Shorter's greatest period and 'Etcetera' is a welcome and timely reminder.

DATA CONTROL

Elvis, Pretenders headline festivals

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions and The Pretenders are the headliners of the fifth Macroom Festival in County Cork, which the organisers claim to be the biggest-ever line-up for an Irish festival. The whole event runs for ten days, but the two open-air rock concerts are on Saturday and Sunday, June 27 and 28. The full billing is Costello & The Attractions, The Blues Band, The Undertones, The Moondogs and The Rhythm Kings (Saturday); The Pretenders, Q-Tips, Paul Brady Band, Sniff 'n' The Tears and Scullion (Sunday). Ticket prices are £8 (Saturday), £7 (Sunday) and £12 (weekend).

Three of these acts — Costello, The Pretenders and The Undertones — also appear the following weekend in Belgium's top event, The Rock & Blues Festival. It plays at two different sites on successive days, Torhout (July 4) and Werchter (5). And completing the impressive line-up are Dire Straits, Toots & The Maytals and Robert Palmer.

TIPS: WHERE TO Q

Q-TIPS Are off on their travels again, this time promoting their current Chrysalis single 'Stay The Way You Are'. They play Durham Nevilles Cross College (tomorrow, Friday), Huddersfield Polytechnic (Saturday), St. Albans City Hall (June 8), Ashington Leisure Centre (12), Glasgow Strathclyde University (13), Kirklevington Country Club (14), Cambridge Jesus College (16), Nottingham University Derby Hall (18), Cheltenham Town Hall (19), Oxford Trinity College (20), Cardiff Top Rank (23) and Leeds Devonshire Hall (23).

Joe jumps around

JOE JACKSON has now set the first batch of dates for his new Jumpin' Jive band which, as reported last week, harks back to the jump, jive and swing era of the 1940's. They are at Aberystwyth University (June 19), Poole Arts Centre (24), Nottingham Rock City (25), Liverpool Royal Court (26), Leeds University (27) and London Victoria The Venue (29 and 30). Venue tickets are on sale now, all at £3.50; prices vary elsewhere.

Tattoo make a mark

ROSE TATTOO, the Australian heavy rock band, have been invited to join Rainbow as special guests on their upcoming UK dates — which, as previously reported, run from July 10 to 22. But prior to this, they'll be playing a number of headlining dates in their own right, promoting their recently released Carrere single 'Bad Boy For Love' and self-named album — and these are at Retford Porterhouse (June 26), Ipswich Corn Exchange (27), Portsmouth Locarno (28), Hanley Gaumont (29), Edinburgh Nite Club (July 2), Newcastle Mayfair (3) and Nottingham Rock City (4).

TOUR NEWS

DAVID COVERDALE of Whitesnake

IAN GILLAN of Gillan

Whitesnake, Gillan join the August heavy mob

WITH FOUR major open-air rock events already set for August, the metal war between the rival promoters intensified this week — with the news that Whitesnake have been added to the Castle Donington "Monsters Of Rock" Festival on August 22 as second on the bill, and Gillan are now confirmed as headliners of the Saturday line-up at this year's Reading Festival (28-30).

Whitesnake, whose new Liberty single 'Would I Lie To You' is out this week, are now nearing the end of their sell-out UK tour — then they begin a three-month American tour, which they'll be interrupting specially to appear at Donington, and this is expected to be their last British performance for at least a year. So the Donington bill now stands at AC/DC, Whitesnake, Blue Oyster Cult, Slade and Blackfoot — with one or two more bands still to come.

Gillan are the first act to be announced officially for Reading, topping the bill on Saturday, August 29. Although many other names are being bandied around, from Girlschool to The Kinks, the promoters are still finalising the rest of the acts. Full Reading details, together with booking arrangements, are expected in two weeks. Meanwhile, Gillan have a four-track 12-minute single issued by Virgin on June 12 — the main title is 'No Laughing In Heaven' from the 'Future Shock' album, while the other three tracks include a revival of the Little Richard classic 'Lucille'.

Here's a run-down of the August outdoor shows, as they stand at present:

- **August 1: HEAVY METAL HOLOCAUST at Port Vale Football Ground, Stoke-on-Trent. Black Sabbath and Motorhead co-headline, three big-name acts still to be announced. Tickets £7.50 (postal orders only with s.a.e.) from Camouflage Ltd, 1 Munro Terrace, London SW10 0DL. Also numerous over-the-counter outlets. Admission on the day £8.50.**
- **August 8: MK2 at Milton Keynes Concert Bowl, Bucks. Thin Lizzy headline, rest of the bill to follow shortly. Tickets £7 (cheques or POs with s.a.e.) from NJF/MK2, P.O. Box 4SQ, London W1A 4SQ. Admission on the day £8.**
- **August 22: MONSTERS OF ROCK at Castle Donington racing circuit, Leics. Line-up as above. Tickets £8.50 (cheques or POs with s.a.e.) from Wooltare Ltd., P.O. Box 123, Walsall W55 4QQ. Admission on the day £10.**
- **August 28-30: READING FESTIVAL. Gillan the only act confirmed so far. No tickets available yet.**

☐ **CRASS** and **POISON GIRLS** are playing a series of Home Counties gigs during the next ten days, with Annie Anxiety supporting. They visit Colchester St Mary's Arts Centre (tonight, Thursday), Norwich Gala Ballroom (Friday), Worthing Field Place Pavilion (Saturday), London Oxford St 100 Club (June 9), Ryde I.o.W. La Babalu (11), Reading Old Town Hall (12) and Hastings Pier Ballroom (13). Admission £1 at all venues.

☐ **CHELSEA** are currently engaged in a low-key gig series around Britain, and they can be seen in action this weekend at London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (Friday and Saturday) and Liverpool Warehouse (Sunday).

☐ **THE BLUES BAND's** 30-minute cinema documentary is going on general release as support to the movie *Green Ice*, which has a musical score by Bill Wyman. It's already on pre-release in 14 provincial cinemas, with London release on the Odeon circuit following on June 14.

☐ **CAPITAL RADIO** will be broadcasting twenty 90-minute programmes of material recorded at their Jazz Festival on South London's Clapham Common (July 18-19 and 25-26). They'll be aired Monday to Friday (7-8.30pm) from August 3 to 28. And highlights from last year's Knebworth Festival — starring The Beach Boys, Santana, Lindisfarne, Elkie Brooks and The Blues Band — will be broadcast every night for a week from June 14 to 20 in the station's *Midnight Special* show.

☐ **JIMMY LINDSAY** continues his 'Dole Queue UK Tour 1981' with dates at Gillingham Central Hotel (tomorrow, Friday), Bradford Palm Cove (Saturday), Sheffield City Hall (June 9), Midhurst Community Centre (12), Bognor Ocean Bars (13), Rugby Benn Hall (19), and London Southbank Polytechnic (26). More gigs are being set for the tour, which promotes his new single 'Dole Queue'.

☐ **THE SCARS,** who play London Lyceum with The Gang Of Four this Sunday (7), have a string of gigs in their own right to support their current single 'All About You' — at Brighton Jenkinsons (June 14), London Victoria The Venue (16), Leeds Warehouse (18), Sheffield University (20), Edinburgh Valentino's (21) and Tynemouth National Lifeboat Institute (July 29), with more to be confirmed.

☐ **NEW ORDER** and **MATUMBI** have been added to the line-up for the Glastonbury CND Festival over the Summer Solstice (June 19-21).

☐ **ROBERT CALVERT** is giving five London performances of his own solo show 'Quark, Strangeness And Charm', named after one of his last Hawkwind singles. The show surveys his past work and previews some future projects, and it runs from June 9 to 13 inclusive at the Arts Theatre, Gt Newport Street (near Leicester Square tube). All seats are £3.

☐ **CLASSIX NOUVEAUX** have added one final date to their current 'Night People' tour — it's at Cromer West Runton Pavilion on Friday, June 19.

☐ **THE CRUISERS** are touring Scandinavia from June 19 to July 9, but have lined up some more UK gigs on either side of that trip — London Leytonstone Green Man (June 11), Ossett Town Hall (13), Manchester Midland Hotel (14), London Southgate Royalty (July 16), Bournemouth Town Hall (17) and London Camden Dingwalls (18).

☐ **SNIFF 'N' THE TEARS** are playing their first live date for almost a year, following the release of their third Chiswick album 'Love Action' — it's at London Victoria The Venue next Wednesday (10).

☐ **WEAPON OF PEACE,** who've just had their single 'If' released by Phonogram, are to join Robert Palmer as special guests on his previously reported concerts at Edinburgh (June 21), Manchester (22), Leicester (23) and Birmingham (24). They also play Dudley J.B.'s in their own right this Saturday (6).

☐ **LIONHEART** take over the support spot on the last five dates of the Whitesnake tour, after current support Billy Squier returns to the States — at Southampton Gaumont (tomorrow, Friday), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (Saturday and Sunday) and London Hammersmith Odeon (June 9 and 10). They also support Trust at London Lyceum on June 11, and headline at Doncaster Outlook (18) and Portsmouth Rock Garden (25).

MARVIN GAYE'S TOUR BACK ON

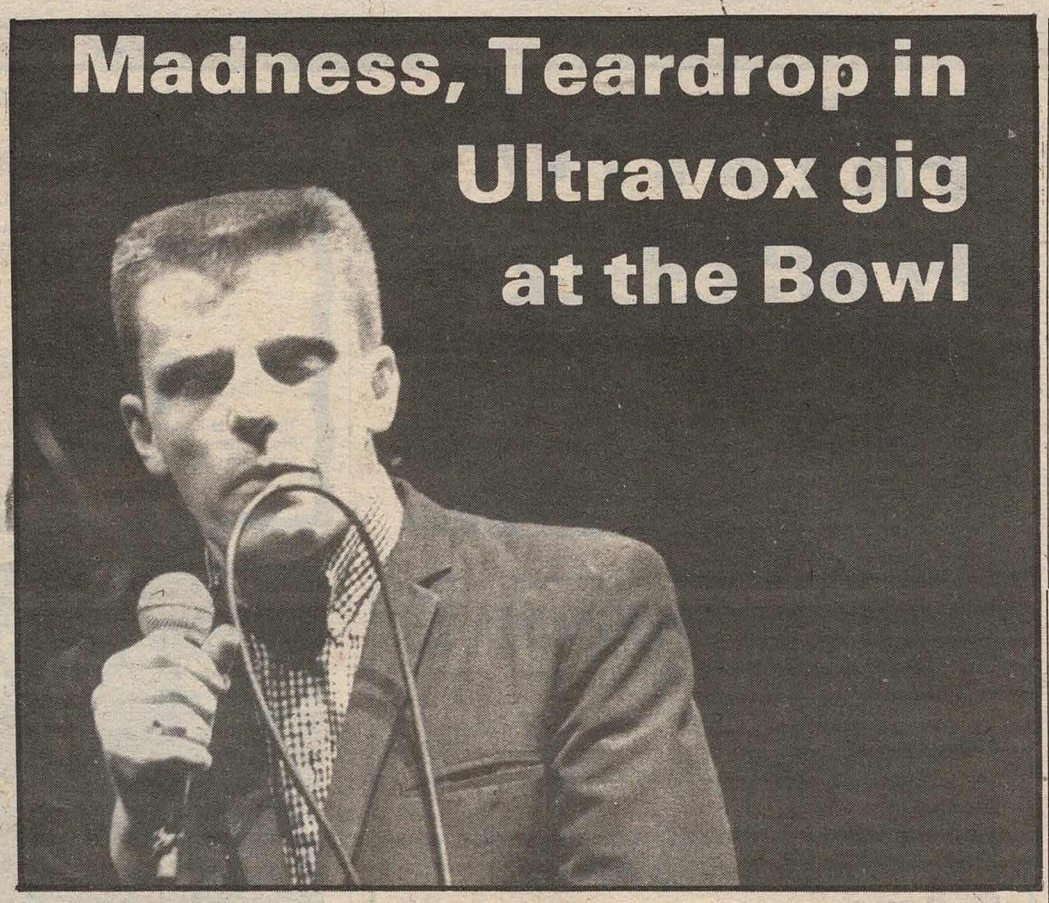
MARVIN GAYE's British tour is back on again — and the only mystery is why it was cancelled in the first place. When dates were originally announced, they were scrapped 48 hours later on the grounds that Gaye would have insufficient time to rehearse with his band, who would be coming over for the tour from the States (Gaye lives in Belgium).

But now he's signed for a tour — and will be meeting up with his band only the day before it begins! It's now believed that the first schedule was called off, largely because of a change in promoters.

Dates are Bristol Hippodrome (June 13), London Victoria Apollo (16,17 and 18), Ipswich Gaumont (21), Manchester Apollo (25), Bradford St George's Hall (26), two shows at Birmingham Odeon (27) and Southport Theatre (28).

Ticket prices for London are £9, £7.50, £6 and £4.50; they vary elsewhere, and readers are advised to check with individual box-offices or local agents.

Madness, Teardrop in Ultravox gig at the Bowl



MADNESS are to be the special guests of Ultravox in the "Summer In The City" show on Saturday, June 13, at the Crystal Palace Concert Bowl in South London. And the impressive line-up is completed by three other chart acts — The Teardrop Explodes, Tenpole Tudor and The Polecats — plus new band Our Daughter's Wedding and dance troupe Sponooch.

The Greater London Council is expecting the biggest-ever crowd for a Crystal Palace show, and has asked promoter Paul Loasby to take on extra security, including precautions for local residents.

Advance tickets for the show are £7.50. They are available by mail order (postal orders only, enclose s.a.e. and add 30p booking fee per ticket) from "Kiltorch", P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW. But in view of the limited time factor, it might be advisable to apply personally at the Rainbow Theatre, London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box Office, Keith Prowse, Albemarle or Centre Tickets. If there are any tickets still remaining, admission on the day will be £8.50.

● Ultravox have decided against appearing at this year's Reading Festival. They were approached, but declined the offer. They recently finished work on their new Chrysalis album for September release, so — after Crystal Palace — we're more likely to see them in action later in the year.

● The Teardrop Explodes have cancelled one of the dates in their UK tour, starting this week (see Gig Guide) — at Preston Guildhall on June 29 — and they've switched St. Albans City Hall from June 15 to 28. The tour, which goes under the banner of "Out Of The Culture Bunker", is their first UK outing to feature their new line-up which has yet to record — but they'll be working on a new album during the summer, for September release.

Toots switch to Venue

TOOTS & THE MAYTALS, announced last week as one of the acts on the Crystal Palace bill, won't now be playing there. It had been intended for them to play the Bowl on the afternoon of June 13, then be flown by helicopter to Walsall Football Ground to guest in UB40's show there in the evening — but the logistics of this plan proved too much, so they'll now only be doing the UB40 show that day. Instead, they will now play two nights at London Victoria The Venue on June 17 (supported by The Cool Notes) and June 18 (with The Brent Black Music Co-operative) — admission on both nights is £4, tickets on sale now.

Hazel tours again

HAZEL O'CONNOR is being lined up for a major UK tour in late summer and early autumn. She'll be appearing at about 15 major venues in September, and it's understood that her schedule is now almost finalised and will be announced in a week or two. The shows will feature a support band, possibly The Reluctant Stereotypes, as well as films — and Hazel will have a new album released by A&M to coincide with her outing.

BOXCAR EN ROUTE

BOXCAR WILLIE, Roy Drusky and Jean Shepard are the first artists named for this year's Scottish International Country Music Festival — which, for the first time, will be going on the road. It will play four major dates over August Bank Holiday weekend — in Manchester (28), Edinburgh (29), Birmingham (30) and London (31).

The five-hour show will feature ten top country acts, and the full line-up will be announced shortly together with precise venues and booking arrangements.

Boxcar will also be headlining his own tour later in the year, starting on October 25 and playing 23 dates, with Skeeter Davis as special guest.

Eon man is fit for action

MODERN EON are on the road this month, promoting their current Dindisc album 'Fiction Tales' and single 'Child's Play'. And they're touring with regular drummer Cliff Hewitt, who was expected to be unavailable because of lingering ligament problems in his wrist — and, in fact, they auditioned for a replacement — but the injury has healed more quickly than expected, so Hewitt is able to return to the line-up.

They play London Herne Hill Half Moon (June 7), London Fulham Greyhound (8), Norwich East Anglia University (10), Wolverhampton Lafayette (11), Loughborough Town Hall (13), Manchester Polytechnic (16), Liverpool Pickwicks (17), Edinburgh Nite Club (19), Glasgow Strathcylde University (20), London Marquee (23), Bradford University (26) and Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (27).

Diamond Head-liners and More gigs

MORE, the five-piece heavy rock band whose WEA debut album 'Warhead' was issued earlier this year, begin a major tour in the middle of this month. They visit Uxbridge Brunel University (June 17), Leeds Fforde Green (18), Newcastle Mayfair (19), Glasgow Technical College (20), Ayr Pavilion (21), Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (22), Manchester Stoneground (23), Birmingham Opposite Lock (24), Coventry General Wolfe (25), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (26), Inverness Ice Rink (27), Aberdeen Victoria Hotel (28), York Jaspers (29), Preston Guildhall (30), Burton Top Rank (July 1), Workington Slypt Disc (2), Liverpool Warehouse (3), Retford Porterhouse (4), Bath Tiffany's (7), Chippenham Gold Diggers (8), Bristol Granary (9), Swindon Brunel Rooms (10) and Cromer West Runton Pavilion (11).

DIAMOND HEAD, the Midlands heavy rock band whose new four-track EP 'Diamond Lights' is released in 12-inch form on June 19, are going out on their most important tour to date — confined almost entirely to major concert venues. They play Walsall Town Hall (June 19), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (20), Bradford St. George's Hall (22), Blackburn King George's Hall (23), Stourbridge Town Hall (24), Hanley Victoria Hall (25), Taunton Odeon (26), Swindon Oasis Centre (27), Manchester Free Trade Hall (28), Warrington Parr Hall (29), Lincoln Drill Hall (30), Edinburgh Odeon (July 1), Liverpool Royal Court (3), Sheffield City Hall (4), Workington Ritz (5), Bristol Colston Hall (7), Portsmouth Guildhall (8), Banbury Winter Gardens (9) and London Woolwich Odeon (10). Several more are likely to be added.

RECORD NEWS

Motorhead live elpee

MOTORHEAD have their long-awaited live album 'No Sleep 'Til Hammersmith' released by Bronze on June 12. Recorded over three nights at Leeds and Newcastle during March, it features **Ace Of Spades, Stay Clean, Metropolis, The Hammer, Iron Horse, No Class, Overkill, (We Are) The Road Crew, Capricorn, Bomber** and **Motorhead.** A limited edition picture-disc single coupling 'Motorhead' and 'Over The Top' (not on the LP) will be available in July. The band, whose appearance in the Port Vale heavy metal show on August 1 will be their only UK date for the rest of this year, will also have a 30-minute video cassette on sale shortly.

● GIRLSCHOOL have a new single issued by Bronze on June 19 — titled 'C'mon Lets Go', it's taken from their chart album 'Hit And Run'. The B-side features two previously unreleased live tracks recorded at Chelmsford Odeon, 'Tonight' and 'Demolition Boys'.

● **The Professionals** — the band formed by Paul Cook and Steve Jones, with new boys Ray McVeigh and Paul Myers — finally get to releasing their much-delayed single 'Join The Professionals' this weekend on Virgin. Their debut album is still awaited, but we're assured that it shouldn't be too long now!

● This weekend, Mercury are releasing a limited edition two-single package by **Bill Nelson,** following the chart success of his album 'Quit Dreaming And Get On The Beam'. The main single features 'Youth On Fire' and 'Be My Dynamo', while on the second free single there's 'Rooms With Brittle Views' and 'All My Wives Were Iron'.

● Funk star **Prince,** who headlined a London concert earlier this week, has his single 'Gotta Stop (Messin' Around)' / I Wanne Be Your Lover' rushed out by WEA. There's an extra track called 'Head' on the 12-inch.

● **Diana Ross** has now signed for Capitol Records worldwide — excluding the US and Canada, but including Britian. As reported last week, the former Motown star will now be on RCA in North America. A new album is due in the autumn.

● 'Ear And Foot Refreshment' is a compilation album issued this week by MCA. It includes three tracks by **The Crusaders,** as well as contributions by **Spyro Gyra, War** and **Al Hudson,** among others.

GEM LABEL CLOSEDOWN

GEM RECORDS are the latest victims of the recession. They've decided to close down "due to market conditions", though the Gem Organisation will continue to operate its other companies which include film distribution, film production and publishing. All artists on the Gem label, including The UK Subs, have now been released from their contracts — and presumably will be seeking new deals. The one exception is Samson who've just had a new album issued, and this has been licensed to RCA, the company which — until now — has distributed Gem's output.

● **The Meteors,** who've been supporting The Cramps around the UK, have their single 'Radioactive Kid'/'Graveyard Stomp' issued by Chiswick this weekend. It's described as a double X-side single!

● East London seven-piece band **Park Avenue,** already well established on the Southern gig circuit, have their first single issued by Off Street Records this weekend. Title is 'Looking For No.1'.

● **The Wall,** who've just completed a 32-date tour supporting Stiff Little Fingers, have a single titled 'Hobby For A Day' released by Fresh Records this week.

● 'Big Shot' by **Congo Ashantie Roy** and 'Put It Out' by **Prince Far I** are coupled together on a Pre Records single (through Charisma), issued this weekend. Both tracks are from upcoming albums by the two artists, due on June 12.

● New five-piece London band **The Outpatients** have their debut single 'New Japanese Hairstyles' released tomorrow (Friday) by Albion Records. It was produced by John Brand (who's previously worked with Magazine, XTC and Ruts DC, among others) and Nicky Tesco of The Members.

● **Department S** have scheduled the follow-up to their recent chart single 'Is Vic There?' Titled 'Going Left Right', coupled with 'She's Expecting You', it's issued by Demon on June 19.

● **Kirsty MacColl,** who signed to Polydor earlier this year, has a single out this week titled 'There's A Guy Works Down The Fish Shop Swears He's Elvis' — co-written with Phil Rambow, and featuring Rambow and Billy Bremmer on guitars plus The Rumour horn section. Kirsty will shortly be going on the road with a new band, currently being lined up.

● CBS have sigend **Aswad** to a new worldwide deal, and the band are at present in the studio recording new material for their new outlet.

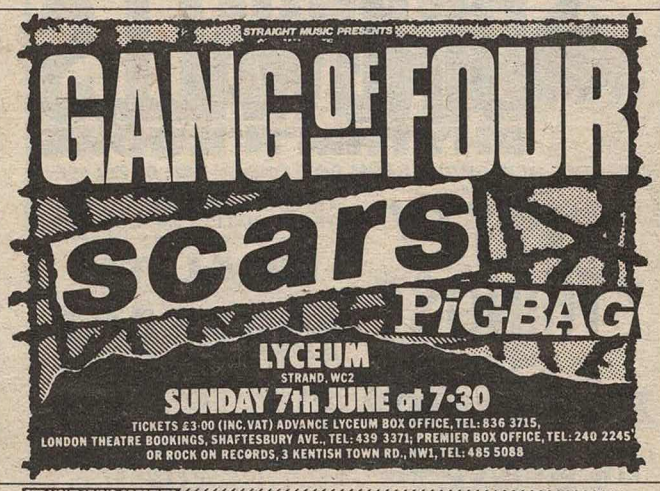
● West Country band **The Mechanics,** who supported Leo Sayer on his recent UK tour, have been signed by Bronze who release their single 'The Power Of Love' on June 12. Bronze have also signed **The Enid,** they're currently recording a new album, with an extensive UK tour planned for the autumn.

● Teardrop Explodes guitarist **Troy Tate** has his first solo single out on Why-Fi Records this weekend, 'Thomas'/'London's Swinging'.

● **Bette Bright**'s new single 'If You Were Mine', from her upcoming album 'Rhythm Breaks The Ice', is now being issued by WEA in limited edition picture disc form on June 19.

● **Billy Karloff & The Extremes** revive 'Summer Holiday' for their new WEA single issued on June 12. Appropriately, the B-side is titled 'Its Too Hot'.

● **Prince Buster** has his first single for ten years released this weekend, titled 'Finger'. It's on Arista, who plan further Buster releases later in the year.


STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
GANG OF FOUR
scars
PiGBAG
LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 7th JUNE at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX
wasted youth
RONNY
OUR DAUGHTER'S WEDDING
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
242 SHEPHERDS BUSH RD., W6
MONDAY 15th JUNE at 8·00
TICKETS £3·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 2812
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245;
ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3·50 ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
The Potato Land Tour
SPIRIT
FEATURING
Randy California AND Ed Cassidy
WITH GUESTS
INNER CITY UNIT
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST, W6
WEDNESDAY 17th JUNE at 8·00
TICKETS £4·00, £3·00, £2·00 (inc VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 4081.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371,
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
A Nite of Horror Rock
THE CRAMPS
THE MITHORS
SCREAMING LORD SUTCH
and the savages
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
RED BEAT
242 SHEPHERDS BUSH RD., W6
MONDAY 22nd JUNE at 8·00
TICKETS £3·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 2812
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245;
ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3·50 ON NIGHT

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 4th June — Adm £1.25
1990
Plsu Support & Jerry Floyd

Friday 5th June — Adm £2.00
LIVEWIRE
The Classics & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 6th June — Adm £1.25
BILLY KARLOFF
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 7th June — Adm £2.00
MIDNIGHT OIL
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Monday 8th June — Adm £1.50
GEDDES AXE
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Tuesday 9th June — Adm £2.25
THE WANDERERS
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 11th June
CLOSED PRIVATE PARTY

Thursday 11th June — Adm £2.00
THE SAINTS
Plus Friends & Jerry Floyd

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

THIN LIZZY Milton Keynes SAT. 8 AUGUST

READING FESTIVAL
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD, LONDON NW1 01 267 4967

THURSDAY 4 JUNE
THE PRETTY THINGS

MONDAY 8
THESE STRANGE & BEAUTIFUL THINGS, DALI'S CAR, BIG TABLE

TUESDAY 9
REALITY

WEDNESDAY 10/REGGAE NIGHT
FAR IMAGE

FRIDAY 5
THE EXPRESSOS

THURSDAY 11/ROCKABILLYMANIA RETURNS
SHAKIN PYRAMIDS

SATURDAY 6
THE DANCE BAND
THE EXCITERS

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 CAROLGATE, RETFORD, NOTTS
Tel: 0777 704981 — Open 8pm–2am

Friday 5th June — Adm £2
DISCHARGE

Friday 12th June — Adm £2
THE EXPLOITED

Friday 19th June — Adm £2
ANGELIC UPSTARTS
Plus Anti Pasti

Saturday 6th June — Adm £2
French Heavy Metal
TRUST
+ Support

Saturday 13th June — Adm £2
SHAKIN PYRAMIDS

Saturday 20th June — Adm £2
THE PRETTY THINGS

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB

19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1 (Phone 468287)

TUESDAY 9th JUNE
THOMPSON TWINS

WEDNESDAY 17th JUNE
WAY OF THE WEST

Late Bar — 9 till 2 am

HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 3rd June — £1
MOTOR BOYS MOTOR

Thursday 4th June — £1
DOLLY MIXTURE

Friday 5th June — £1.25
THE FLYING PADOVANIS

Saturday 6th June — £1.25
RACE RECORDS PRESENT
THE PEOPLE

Sunday 7th June — £1
THE REMIPEDS

Monday 8th June — £1
MOOD ELEVATORS

Tuesday 9th June — £1
LONESOME NO MORE

Wednesday 10th June — £1
RESTRICTED CODE

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

theatre of hate

LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 14th JUNE at 6·30

TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245 OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1. TEL: 485 5088

THE GREYHOUND

FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thu 4th June — £1.50
SORE THROAT + Phillip Jap

Fri 5th June — £1.50
NO DICE + The Machines

Sat 6th Jun — £1.50
TATTY OLLITY featuring Roger Ruskin Spear, Sam Spoons, Dave Glasson & Dave Knight

Sun 7th June — £1.00
PHIL NICHOLL + The Harfoot Brothers

Mon 8th Jun — £1.50
MODERN EON + El Trains

Tue 9th Jun — £1.25
THE MONSTERS + Stolen Pets

Wed 10th Jun — £1.25
THE PAUL KENNERLEY BAND +
The Outpatients

THE DECORATORS

JUNE 5 · MOONLIGHT CLUB
WEST END LANE WEST HAMPSTEAD
'pendulum & swinge'
NEW SINGLE on RED RECORDS RED 009

ROCK CITY

TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel 0602 412544 — Open 8pm — 2am

Wednesday 3rd June — £1.50 on door
Nightclubbing Dancelight
SOFT CELL
RONNY + RUSTY EGAN + STEVO

Thursday 4th June — Adv £2.00
TRUST + VARDIS

Friday 5th June — Pay on door £2
Futurist Night — Live on stage
SHOCK
+ Special Guests

Saturday 6th June — Adv £3.00
JUDIE TZUKE
+ MAESTOSO
featuring Wooly Wolstenholme from Barclay James Harvest

Thursday 11th June — Adv £2.50
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX
+ OUR DAUGHTERS WEDDING

Friday 12th June — Adv £3.00
TEARDROP EXPLODES

Postponed Until July
SUGAR MINOTT

Tuesday 16th June — Adv £3.00
TOOTS & THE MAYTALS
+ Inner Roots

Friday 19th June — Adv £2.50
BAUHAUS
+ SUBWAY SECT
+ BIRTHDAY PARTY

Wednesday 24th June — Adv £3.50
KRAFTWERK

Thursday 25th June — Adv £3.00
JOE JACKSONS JUMPIN' JIVE

Friday 26th June — Adv £2.50
SPLIT ENZ
+ DEPARTMENT S

Saturday 27th June — Adv £3.00
Due to demand — 2nd show
JUDIE TZUKE

Wednesday 1st July — Adv £2.50
DURAN DURAN

Saturday 4th July — Adv £2.00
ROSE TATOO

Thursday 9th July — Adv £3.00
IGGY POP

Tickets from:- Rock City Box Office, Virgin, Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — RE Cords, Derby — Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks & Sanctuary, Lincoln or by Post from Rock City. Enclose SAE.

FRIARS

AT THE MAXWELL HALL
AYLESBURY

Saturday June 6th 7.30 pm
THE FRIARS AYLESBURY 12th BIRTHDAY PARTY

U 2
+
ALTERED IMAGES

Tickets £3.25 from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion Records High Wycombe, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, F. L. Moore Dunstable and Luton, D. J. Holland Leighton Buzzard and Bletchley, Hi-Vu Buckingham. Music Market Oxford or £3.25 at door on night (i.a.) Life Membership 25p
World Cup TV in Aston Hall. Shadows & Tall Trees

THE Venue

160-162 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON SW1E 5LB
TEL. 828 9441
Opp. Victoria Tube Station

Main Band on at 9.00 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 4th June — £2.50
BETTE BRIGHT
+ MOTOR BOYS MOTOR
+ FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

Late night — £2.50
DISKOW WITH MANDY H

Friday 5th & Saturday 6th Jun — £3
FREEEZ
+ TORSO

Monday 8th June — £2
DOLL BY DOLL

Tuesday 9th June — £2
101 RECORDS CLUB SANDWICH WITH
THE FIX
VICTIMS OF PLEASURE
+ THE EDUKATORS

Wednesday 10th June — £3
SNIFF 'N' THE TEARS

Thursday 11th June — £3
ERROL DUNKLEY

COMING SOON

Saturday 13th June — £3
DEFUNKT

Monday 15th June — £2.50
THE REVILLOS

Tuesday 16th June — £2.
THE SCARS + JOSEF K

Wednesday 17th Thursday 18th June — £4
TOOTS & THE MAYTALS

Sunday 21st June — £3
THE POLECATS

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD. CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 4th June — 70p
NEW SONGS NEW LINE UP
DOGWATCH
+ Capitol Dandies

Friday 5th June — £1
*** IAN MITCHELL BAND ***
+ Terry Vison

Saturday 6th June — £1
JACKIE LYNTON
+ Blitz

Sunday 7th June — £1
LITTLE ROOSTERS
+ Teddy Salad

Monday 8th June — £1
THE MONSTERS
+ The Mets

Tuesday 9th June — £1
MODERN ROMANCE
With Geoff Deane & Dave Jaymes
+ Alduton band

Wednesday 10th June — £1
PARK AVENUE
+ Bullet

Thursday 11th June — 70p
STEP
+ Stolen Bets

OUTLAW PRESENTS

JUDIE TZUKE

WOOLLY WOLSTENHOLME

EXTRA SHOW
APOLLO VICTORIA
FRIDAY 12th JUNE 7·30pm

DOMINION THEATRE
TUESDAY 23rd JUNE 7·30pm

TICKETS £4·00 £3·50 £3·00
FROM BOX OFFICE, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, & USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES — not so long ago, just another daft name to snigger at, when their occasional dates on the Northern club circuit were chronicled in the Gig Guide — are now a very potent force indeed, by virtue of their chart successes and the esteem in which they are held by certain sages and oracles (it says here) on the *NME* staff. The band set out this week in another tour of major venues, the first of which are at Bradford (Friday), Edinburgh (Saturday), Glasgow (Sunday), Leeds (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday).

Julian Cope by Anton Corbijn

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY

Aberdeen Victoria Hotel: **The Shakin' Pyramids**
Aylesbury The Britannia: **Eddie Stanton**
Banbury Winter Gardens: **The Mo-dettes**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Theatre Of Hate**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Young Revelations**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Overdrive**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton The Concorde: **Daddy Yum Yum/Crush The Clocks**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Toyah/D.J. Kane & The Millionaires**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Tich Turner's Escalator/Listen**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Colchester St Mary's Art Centre: **Crass/Poison Girls/Annie Anxiety**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Future Toys**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Rita Coolidge**
Croydon Leslie Arms: **Shotgun**
Croydon The Star: **Future Daze/The Silence**
Edinburgh Astoria: **Neon Barbs**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Moody Blues**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Wishbone Ash**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **The Exciters**
Lancaster Greaves Hotel: **The Zorkie Twins**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Rockabilly Rebs**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Confessor**
Leeds Warehouse: **Altered Images**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Original Mirrors**
London Baker St. Barracuda Club: **Animal Magnet**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Pretty Things**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **The Breakfast Band**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Joy Spring**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Meteors**
London Euston The Pits: **The Mothmen/London Underground**
London Finchley Torrington: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Katch**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Sunfighter**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sore Throat/Philip Jap**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Hackney Deuragon: **The Dark**
London Hackney Sebright Arms: **The Crystal Set.**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Carpettes.**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Mark Ryder & The Heroes.**
London Harrow Road, Windsor Castle: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Holborn The Blitz: **Modern Romance**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Dolly Mixture**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Roger Dean's Lysis**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Marquee Club: **1990**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Malc Murphy's Storeyville Stompers**
London Old Kent Road. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Kraze**
London Plaistow Green Gate College: **Theatre Of The Absurd/Dead Jazz/Degree Of Disease**
London Putney Star and Garter: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Putney White Lion: **Kate Heath Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Graeme Bell**
London Southall The Cavern: **Stella Rebella/The Odeons**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Riot Rockers**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Figures Of Fun**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Stratford Green Man: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Ornette Coleman's Prime Time/John Stevens' Away**
London Victoria The Venue: **Bette Bright/Motor Boys Motor/A Flock of Seagulls**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Wembley Arena: **Bruce Springsteen & The E-Street Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Flying Club/Strangers In The Night**
London WC1 October Gallery: **Robin Williamson**
Maltby Yorkshire Dragoon: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Manchester Mayflower: **The 4 Skins/Xpozez**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Modern Eon**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Shakin' Stevens**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Bonny Parker/When Otters March/Jah Lizard**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **The Rhythm Methodists**
Norwich Jaquard Club: **The 45's**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **The Enemy**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Nottingham Rock City: **Trust/Vardis**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Twelfth Night**
Peterborough Bull & Dolphin: **The World Service**
Peterborough Bushfield Community Centre: **The Watersons**
Poole Arts Centre: **UB40**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Thompson Twins**
Preston Tiffany's: **Classix Nouveaux**
Rhyl C.J.'s Club: **Shakatak**
Salford University: **U2**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **The Press**
Stockport Smugglers Club: **Banned 4**
Willenhall The Cavalcade: **Sub Zero**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Department S**

FRIDAY

Aberdare Boot Hotel: **Xena Zerox**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Altered Images**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Ashanti/Black Symbol**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Star Club: **La Propaganda/Judy's Jungle**
Bradford University: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Braintree The Institute: **Figures Of Fun/The Agents/Salisbury**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **The Little Roosters/Naughty Thoughts**
Brighton Dome: **Wishbone Ash**
Brighton Hare & Hounds: **Lights Out**
Brighton Sussex University: **The Thompson Twins**
Bristol Trinity Rooms: **Pigbag**
Burton 76 Club: **Bandanna**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Judie Tzuke**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Dark Star/Crucifixion**
Chester Albion Hotel: **Fear Of Flying**
Cleethorpes Peppers: **Shakatak**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Eric Bell Band**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Dundee University: **The Original Mirrors**
Durham Nevilles Cross College: **Q-Tips**
Dymchurch Neptune Inn: **Desperate Measures**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Shakin' Pyramids**
Falkirk Town Hall: **Neon Barbs**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Gillingham Central Hotel: **Jimmy Lindsay**
Gosport John Peel: **Dream Sequence**
Gravesend White Swan: **Spider**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Shakedown/Rough Mix**
Hereford Shire Hall: **The Mo-dettes**
Hillingdon Bricklayers Arms: **Jeep**
Hull Endyke Hotel: **Confessor**
Kenilworth Chesford Grange: **Syd Lawrence Orchestra**
Kidderminster Market Tavern: **Sub Zero**
Liverpool Brady's: **Bette Bright & The Illuminations**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Trust/Vardis**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Expressos/Nightmare**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Ian Mitchell Band**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Prime Suspect**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Philip Jap**
London Chelsea The Roebuck: **The 45's**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Remipeds**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Siam/Fast Eddie**
London Euston The Pits: **Mickey Jupp/Italian Parcels**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **No Dice/The Machines**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Chelsea**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Toyah/D.J. Kane & The Millionaires**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Random Band/China Blue/The Blinders**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Mark Ryder & The Heroes**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Venigmas/The Refreshers**
London Hornsey The Railway: **Brett Marvin & The Thuderbolts**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Flying Padovanis**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Jody St.**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Graeme Bell**
London Marquee Club: **Live Wire**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Paz**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Avenue**
London Putney Spencer Arms: **The Flood**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Jazz Sluts**
London Putney White Lion: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Chaos Factory with Captain Sensible/Nik Turner**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Blowers & His Giants Of Jazz**
London Southall White Swan: **The Attendants/Mr. E & The Imaginations**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **True Life Confessions**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Pagan Altar**
London Tooting The Fountain: **Shotgun**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Colah Brothers Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Freeez/Torso**
London Wembley Arena: **Bruce Springsteen & The E-Street Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Decorators/The Denizens**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Reflectors**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Brian Knight Band**
Loughborough Town Hall: **Theatre Of Hate**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Robin Williamson**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Moody Blues**
Manchester De Ville's: **Department S**
Manchester Miracle Club: **Sans Culottes/The Office**
Manchester Pips: **Foxy Lady**
Middlesbrough Gakins: **Light Of The World**
Narbeth Queen's Hall: **The Beat Roots**
Neath Talk Of The Abbey: **The Lightning Raiders**
Newcastle Spectro Arts Centre: **Red Performance**
Northampton Nene College: **Attrition/3-Way Dance**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Crass/Poison Girls/Annie Anxiety**
Nottingham Rock City: **Shock**
Oxford New Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Modern Jazz**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **Ghost**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Budgie**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers/Humphrey Lyttelton & Friends/Midnite Follies Orchestra**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Martin Carthy**
Retford Porterhouse: **Discharge**
Ryde I.o.W La Babalu: **The Exploding Seagulls/Asphyxia**
Salisbury Grange Hotel: **The Britz**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Flying Objects**
Somercotes Black Horse: **Rockabilly Rebs**
Southampton Kingsland Hall: **High Risk/Licks 'n' Vixen**
Stranraer The Cow Shed: **Reggie & The News**
Watford Red Lion: **The Chevrons**
Welwyn Garden City Lemsford Village Hall: **The Syndicate**
Winchester King Alfred's College: **The Piranhas**
Winslow Nags Head: **Eddie Stanton**
York University: **Disease**

SATURDAY

Ayelesbury Friars: **U2/Altered Images**
Balloch Roundabout Inn: **Innocent Bystanders/Varicose Veins**
Batley Trades Club: **Rabstallion**
Bedford Civic Theatre: **Trimmer & Jenkins/C-Saim**
Bicester Red Lion: **Spider**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Creator**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **The Thompson Twins**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Carnaston**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**

■*Continues over*

GIG GUIDE

GEORGE BENSON joined the elite ranks of the superstars with the long-running success of his smash hit album 'Give Me The Night'. And if proof were needed — well, there can't be many solo performers capable of selling out London's massive Wembley Arena for five nights on the trot. That's precisely what Benson has done, and the first of his shows is on Wednesday.

There are three other tours setting out this week, to join the many already on the road . . . THE SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS, newly returned from wreaking even greater havoc in Poland, resume gigging closer to home with a tour opening in Aberdeen on Thursday . . . U2 take a break from their semi-residence in the States to play a short series of UK dates, kicking off in Salford on Thursday, and including London Hammersmith Palais (Tuesday) . . . And for those who dig "classical rock" (for want of a better expression), SKY begin a new concert series in Bournemouth on Sunday.

■ *From previous page*

Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **The Moody Blues**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Birmingham Rialto Club: **Hot Cuisine**
Bradford Palm Cove: **Jimmy Lindsay**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Shakin' Stevens**
Bristol Stonehouse: **The Groove/The Blind**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Cheltenham Art College: **Pigbag**
Chester Albion Hotel: **Fear Of Flying**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **The Kindergarten**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Budgie**
Darlington Arts Centre: **Xpozez**
Douglas I.o.M. Summerlands: **Hot Gossip**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Original Mirrors**
Edinburgh Odeon: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Gainsborough United Services Club: **Rockabilly Rebs.**
Glasgow Technical College: **Praying Mantis**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Classix Nouveaux**
Glasgow University: **Trust/Vardis**
Harlow Square 1: **The Newtown Neurotics**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Q-Tips**
Kenilworth Chesford Grange: **Syd Lawrence Orchestra**
Leicester Phoenix Theatre: **Future Toys**
Liverpool Brady's: **Department S**
Liverpool The Masonic: **A Formal Sigh**
Llanelli Glen Ballroom: **The Mo-dettes**
London Balham Studio 200: **Talk Over/Red Cloud**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Dance Band/The Exciters**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Filthy McNasty**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Joy Spring**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Micky Jupp**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tatty Ollity**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Chelsea**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Toyah/D. J. Kane & The Millionaires**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Red Beans & Rice/Fast Eddie**
London Hayes Brook House: **Grand Union**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **BIM/The Modernaires**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The People**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Ram Band**
London Lee Green The Lee Centre: **Zero Hour**
London Leytonstone Green Man: **Gonzalez**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Power Line**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Salt**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Ernestine Anderson/Tete Montoliu (until June 20)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Blowers and His Giants Of Jazz**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Colah Brothers Band**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Rita Coolidge**
London Victoria The Venue: **Freeez/Torso**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Ckub: **The Golinski Brothers**
London W14 Sunset Jazz: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Manchester Mayflower: **Vice Squad/End Result**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Samson**
Manchester (Withington) Rippingham Road Park: **The Freshies/The Charlie Parkas/Pure Product/Capt. Swoop & The Fabulous Wonderful (free, starts 5pm)**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Shakin' Pyramids**
Nantwich The Studio: **Shakatak**
Newcastle Guildhall: **The Extras**
Northampton Roadmenders Club: **Theatre of Hate**
Nottingham Rock City: **Judie Tzuke**
Oxford New Theatre: **Wishbone Ash**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Spring Offensive**
Pembroke Dolwilyn House: **The Beat Roots**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **Desperate Measures**
Reading Bulmershe College: **Twelfth Night**
Scarborough Floral Hall: **UB40**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Bright Eyes**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Prime Suspect**
Southampton Solent Suite: **Games To Avoid/Dub Allup**
Southampton The Victory: **High Risk/Licks 'n' Vixen**
Telford Harper Adams College: **Eat At Joe's**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Stun The Guards**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Martin Carthy**
Windsor Ex-Services Club: **Lights Out**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Worthing Field Place Pavilion: **Crass/Poison Girls/Annie Anxiety**
York Barge Club: **Thin Red Line**

Canterbury Kent University: **The Members / Naughty Thoughts / TV Personalities**
Cardiff New Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Spider**
Colchester Embassy: **U.K. Players**
Colchester Guisnes Court: **Fast Eddie**
Croydon Leslie Arms: **Shotgun**
Croydon The Star: **Luna Park**
Douglas I.o.M. Palace Lido: **Matchbox**
Douglas I.o.M. Summerlands: **Hot Gossip**
Durham Big Jug Club: **Winter Armoury**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Trust / Vardis**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **Aztec Camera**
Exeter University: **The Review/The Mob/Bikini Mutants/Null And Void**
Farnborough Old Ford: **English Country Blues Band**
Glasgow Black Bull Hotel: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Largo Royal Hotel: **H20**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Eric Bell Band**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Rita Coolidge**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Chelsea**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Little Roosters**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Rank Amateurs**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Europeans / The Signals / The Group**

Maidenhead The Bell: **The Kindergarten**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton Morris Man: **The Cassettes**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Judie Tzuke**
Peterborough Key Theatre: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Pontefract Blackamore Head: **Budgie**
Poole The Chequers: **Out To Lunch**
Porthcawl Stoneleigh Club: **The Mo-dettes**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **English Rogues**
South Shields Marsden Inn: **Martin Carthy**

MONDAY

Bath The Roxspot: **Streets Ahead**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Brighton The Richmond: **The Birthday Party**
Bristol Granary: **The Exploited**
Cambridge Raffles: **False Concern**
Cardiff Great Western; **The Beat Roots**
Carlshalton The Cricketers: **Avenue**
Cheltenham Eve's Club: **The Mo-dettes**
Cleethorpes Peppers: **Praying Mantis**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Rita Coolidge**
Doncaster Rotters: **Classix Nouveaux**
Douglas I.o.M. Summerlands: **The Pirates/The Polecats**
Exeter Tanya's Night Club: **U.K. Players**
Glasgow Maestro Club: **The Electric Circus**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Toyah/D.J. Kane & The Millionaires (re-scheduled gig)**
Harrogate Bali Hai: **Shake Appeal**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Doll/Manufactured Romance
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Sore Throat/Emotional Spies**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Famous Names**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 Gossips: **The Whizz Kids**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Oxford Scamps: **Altered Images**
Sheffield Byron Arms: **Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Sky**
Southend Zero Six: **720**
St. Albans City Hall: **Q-Tips**
Stockport Smugglers Nite Spot: **Zanti Misfitz**
Thetford Carnegie Rooms: **Screen 3/Falling Men**
York Jaspers: **Theatre Of Hate**

TUESDAY

Andover Oscar's Wine Bar: **The Press**
Bath Nero's: **The Mo-dettes**
Billingham Black Horse: **June Strawhead**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Locarno: **Classix Nouveaux**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Grace**
Bolton Railway Arms: **Confessor**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Bronx**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Dummies Don't Talk / The Modernaires**
Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar: **Trust / Vardis**
Coventry Tiffany's: **The Undertones**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Combo Passe**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Crass / Poison Girls / Annie Anxiety**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Stubborn Streak**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The 45's**
London Royal Albert Hall: **The Moody Blues**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Southall The Cavern: **The Orange Cardigan / Mephisto Waltz**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Hall: **The Mets**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Tich Turner's Escalator**
London Stratford Green Man: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators / The Wrecktangles**
London Victorian Apollo Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Fix / Victims Of Pleasure / The Edukators**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Red Beat / Creature Beat**
London Wood Green Nightingale: **The Machines / Spot The Joker**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **The Flying Padovanis**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Brian Knight Band**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre: **Robert Calvert solo show (until Saturday)**
Luton Kingsway Tavern: **English Dream / Late Road Lunatics / Sky Juice**
Manchester Albion Inn: **Sans Culottes**
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: **The Zorkie Twins**
Newcastle City Hall: **UB40**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
Norwich Jaquard Club: **Vital Disorders**
Nottingham Whispers: **Theatre Of Hate**
Oxford Scamps: **Ras Angels**
Sheffield City Hall: **Jimmy Lindsay**
Southampton Floaters: **Xena Zerox**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Sky**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Adam & The Ants**
Swansea Langland Bay: **The Beat Roots**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Marmalade**

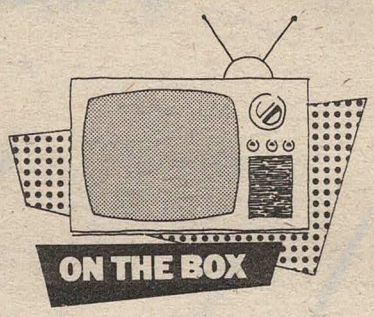
WEDNESDAY

Bath Pavilion: **The Undertones**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Trust/Vardis**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Mets**
Brighton Conference Centre: **Sky**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **The Thompson Twins**
Cambridge Harvey Court: **The Rank Amateurs**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Orange Cardigan/Toyko**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Douglas IoM Summerlands: **Dr Feelgood / The Pirates**
Edinburgh Buster Brown's: **Saigon**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **UB40**
Huddersfield Eros Club: **Praying Mantis**
Hull Zoological: **Fault**
Kettering Rising Sun: **The Work**
Leamington Mops Night Club: **Bandanna**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Zero**
Lincoln Drill Hall: **Classix Nouveaux**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Liverpool Rotters: **Judie Tzuke**
Liverpool (Woolton) Coahc & Horses: **The Chase**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Far Image**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Park Avenue/ Bullet**
London Clapham The Clockhouse: **Shotgun**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Flying Padovanis / Nice Men**
London Euston The Pits: **Decline Or Fall**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Paul Kennerley Band / The Outpatients**
London Hammersmith Odean: **Whitesnake**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Deaf Aids**
LondonIslington Hope & Anchor: **Restricted Code**
London Islington Pied Bull: **John Bennett Band**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **The Antilles Band**
London Peckham Walmer Castle:: **The Firm / The Elite**
London Pizza Express : **Hal Singer Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **J J & The Flyers**
London Stratford Green Man: **Nicky Barclay Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Sniff'n'The Tears**
London Wembley Arena: **George Benson**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Vincent Units/ The Tesco Bombers**
London W1 Embassy Club: **Sarah Nagourney**
London W1 Gossips: **Schleimer K**
Luton Sands: **The Stop Band**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades : **The Politicians**
Manchester Pips: **Dalek I**
Margate Ship Inn: **Desperate Measures**
New Romney Seahorse: **The Pulsaters**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **The 45's**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Oxford Scamps: **The Mighty Strypes**
Portsmouth The Elms: **Xena Zerox**
Southampton Kingsland Hall: **Arteks / Young Solicitors / Dream Sequence**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Adam & The Ants**
Swansea Circles Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**

SUNDAY

Aberdeen The Copper Beech: **The Thin Red Line / A.P.B.**
Barnham Murrell Arms: **Hot Vultures**
Bedford Bunyan Centre: **Theatre Of Hate / Fictitious**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Star Club: **Great Outdoors**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Sky**
Bracknell Wednesday Club: **Shakatak**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Confessor**
Braintree Barn Club: **Figures Of Fun**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Moody Blues**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
London Finchley Torrington: **Tour De Force**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Nuthin Fancy**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Phil Nicholl / The Harfoot Brothers**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Light Of The World / Beggar & Co / The Inversions**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Modern Eou / Airstrip 1**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Remipeds**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Cayenne**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London Marquee Club: **Midnight Oil**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **East Side Stompers**
London Putney White Lion: **Sphere**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt Trio**
London St Martins Lane Duke of York Theatre: **Julian Lloyd Webber**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Gang Of Four / Scars / Pigbag**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Green Man: **Wide Open**
London Tottenham The Railway: **The Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Pat Boone**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **London Underground / Guy Jackson**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Graeme Bell All Stars**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Hank Wangford Band**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Undertones**
London Camden Dingwalls: **These Strange & Beautiful Things/Dalis Car/Big Table**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Redbeat**
London Chelsea The Roebuck: **The 45's**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Kid Freedom**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Introze/Human Beans**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Modern Romance/The Uprights/Liaison**
London Euston The Pits: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos/The Sensible Shoes**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whooppee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Modern Eon/ El Trains**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Mood Elevators**
London Islington Pied Bull: **M.S.Q.**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Unloaders**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Kilburn Tricycle Theatre: **Ivor Cutler (for a week)**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Prize**
London Putney Half Moon: **Michael Chapman**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Back To Back**
London Royal Albert Hall: **The Moody Blues**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Black Market**
London Tooting The Fountain: **Shotgun**
London Victoria The Venue: **Doll By**
Douglas I.o.M. Summerlands: **Dr. Feelgood / The Polecats**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Figures Of Fun**
Hitchin Reflections: **TV Personalities**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Tiffany's: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Honeydrippers**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
London Balham The Bedford: **Shotgun**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Reality**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Modern Romance**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Taiwan Pins / Belgravia**
London Covent Garden The Blitz: **Schleimer K**
London Euston The Pits: **Restricted Code / Martin Besserman**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Siam**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Monsters**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Whitesnake**
London Hammersmith Palais: **U2 / Altered Images / This Heat**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Andy Allen's Future**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Lonesome No More**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Grand Union**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Marquee Club: **The Wanderers**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**

ON THE BOX



Under the influence? Gena Rowlands (BBC 2, Sunday)

Thursday June 4
MATT HELM (Directed by Buzz Kulik 1975). Dean Martin was a dab hand as the debonair secret agent in the trashy cinema series, but Tony Franciosa reduces Matt Helm to an icy-eyed, gleaming-teethed private dick in this lame TV pilot. Familiar faces include Patrick MacNee, Hari Rhodes and John Vernon. **(ITV London)**

DUNKIRK (Leslie Norman 1958). Stiff upper lips all the way round from John Mills, Bernard Lee and Richard Attenborough as Barry Norman's dad relies overmuch on contemporary newsreels to tell the sorry tale of the 1940 retreat and evacuation. Episode 3 of *Private Schulz* did it better. **(BBC 2)**

Friday June 5
WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS (John Guillermin 1962). Peter Sellers in good form as randy old officer in an unlikely, unconvincing Wolf Mankowitz adaptation on Jean Anouilh's frothy farce. **(BBC 1)**

Saturday June 6
I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS (Joseph M. Newman 1951). Bit of a mystery, this. According to the Beeb it's a James Hadley Chase thriller starring George Raft as a pro gambler who finds himself on a bum murder rap in Italy; Leonard Maltin's *TV Movies* says it's a 1953 Seymour Friedman flick with ol' George as one of J. Edgar Hoover's boys, cracking a kidnapping syndicate. Either way, it's probably rubbish. **(BBC 2)**

THE WILD AND THE FREE (James Hill 1980). Director Hill *(Born Free, Running Wild)* running out of title ideas as he gets down to animal liberation stuff with a bunch of monkeys and Linda Gray. **(BBC 1).**

DELIVER US FROM EVIL (Boris Sagal 1973). *Treasure Of Sierra Madre* revisited with so-so cast of greedy no-hopers: George Kennedy, Jack Weston, Jan-Michael Vincent, Bradford Dillman. **(ITV Midlands)**

BOLWIESER (Rainer Werner Fassbinder 1976). A character study set among the lower middle-class in the Weimer Republic, from which fascism was to originate. Kurt *Tenderness Of The Wolves* Raab is the station-master who goes to court to save his adulterous young wife's reputation. Fassbinder, who makes only a couple of dozen films each year, did this one originally for television. **(BBC 2)**

THE FILE ON THELMA JORDAN (Robert Siodmak 1949). Never mind Thelma, who's going to take time out to compile a file on Fassbinder? Wendell Corey stars as the District Attorney with the hots for murder suspect Barbara Stanwyck in atmospheric little thriller. **(BBC 2)**

Sunday June 7
LAURA (Otto Preminger 1944). All style and no substance in classic melodrama made before Preminger forgot how to tell a story. Dana Andrews is the cop who falls in love with Gene Tierney's portrait, Clifton Webb the cynical hack with the waspish tongue. **((ITV Midlands)**

FANNY (Joshua Logan 1960). Leslie Caron the wide-eyed waif with child, Maurice Chevalier the perennial dirty old man in a soppy weepie based on Marcel Pagnol's morality plays, all set in a 1930s Marseilles that only ever existed in the mind of Hollywood art directors. A right load of old fan, and no mistake. **(BBC 2)**

A WOMAN UNDER THE INFLUENCE (John Cassavetes 1975). Gena Rowlands suffers her 19th nervous breakdown under the unflinching eye of her director spouse. Ill-disciplined, overlong, but with a certain fraught power. Peter *Columbo* Falk excellent as the uncomprehending hard-hat husband. **(BBC 2)**

Monday June 8
POWDERKEG (Douglas Heyes 1970). Rod Taylor and Dennis Cole the 1914 troubleshooters out to retrieve from Mexico a hijacked train. Poor pilot for crappy *Bearcats* TV series. **(ITV Midlands)**

BEFORE WINTER COMES (J. Lee Thompson 1969). Dodgy soap opera set in an immediately post-War refugee camp with a motley cast: David Niven and John Hurt the Brits, Topol the interpreter, Anna Karina typecast as the girl. **(ITV London)**

Tuesday June 9
THE BRAIN (Gerard Oury 1969). Infantile continental comedy with David Niven masterminding a 12-million dollar heist, helped by Jean-Paul Belmondo, Eli Wallach and Bourvil. But there's a great scene in Carnaby Street! (Keep an eye out for a five-year-old Ian Penman picking his nose on the right of your screen). **(BBC 1)**

Monty Smith

DATA CONTROL

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100 West End Lane, West Hampstead NW6

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Tues 9th
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TRIMMER & JENKINS

REMIPEDS
TOUR OF TRUMPTON 1981

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DINGWALLS
Friday 5th
101 CLUB
Sunday 7th
HOPE 'N' ANCHOR
Thursday 11th
THE STARLIGHT
Saturday 13th
THE HALF MOON HERNE HILL
Monday 22nd
THE MOONLIGHT
Wednesday 24th
GOSSIPS
Thursday 25th
CANTERBURY COLL OF ART
Friday 26th
BEDFORD COLL (NUS ONLY)

JULY
Sunday 5th
HALF MOON HERNE HILL
More dates to be added
REMIPEDS INFORMATION
723 6301
AGENCY Simon Low ITB 439 8041

RED BEAT
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9th June MOONLIGHT
20th June BASEMENT BAR BRIGHTON
22nd June HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
23rd June READING UNIVERSITY

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+ MAESTOSO
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6 Rita Coolidge
7 Pat Boone
7 Gang Of Four
7 Light Of The World
9 U2
9 Whitesnake
10 George Benson
11 Trust
11 Sky
11 Judie Tzuke
13, 21 UB40
13 Ultravox
14 Theatre Of Hate
15 Classix Nouveaux
17 Spirit
18 UK Subs
19 Teardrop Explodes
20-22 The Tubes
21 Shock
22 Cramps
23-28 Sammy Davis Jnr
25 Bauhaus
26 The Kinks
28, 29 Kraftwerk
29, 30 Peter Tosh

JULY
1 Split Enz
2, 3 Kraftwerk
9 Duran Duran
11 Iggy Pop
18, 19, 25, 26 Capital Jazz
30 Mike Oldfield

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Progs: 2.15, 4.20, 6.25, 8.30. Late show Sat 11pm.

2 THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES SUPERMAN II A
DC COMICS Inc. 1980. From Warner Bros. A Warner Communications Company. Released by COLUMBIA-EMI-WARNER Distributors © 1981 Warner Bros. Inc. All Rights Reserved
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3 CINEMA CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS

4 CINEMA CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS

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THAT SINKING FEELING A
A HILARIOUS FAIRYTALE OF THE YOUNG UNEMPLOYED
A STUNNINGLY ACCOMPLISHED COMEDY — New Statesmen
A BRIGHT, TIMELY AND OFTEN RAUCOUSLY FUNNY — The Scotsman
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Frank Sinatra Faye Dunaway
THE FIRST DEADLY SIN AA

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SYLVESTER STALLONE
A MARTIN POLL/ PRODUCTION COMPANY PRODUCTION
NIGHT HAWKS X

PLAZA 2 OFF PICCADILLY
THE FAN X
The final act is murder.

PLAZA 3 OFF PICCADILLY CIRCUS
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THE LONG GOOD FRIDAY X
HAND MADE FILMS (Distributors) Ltd.

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Ordinary People
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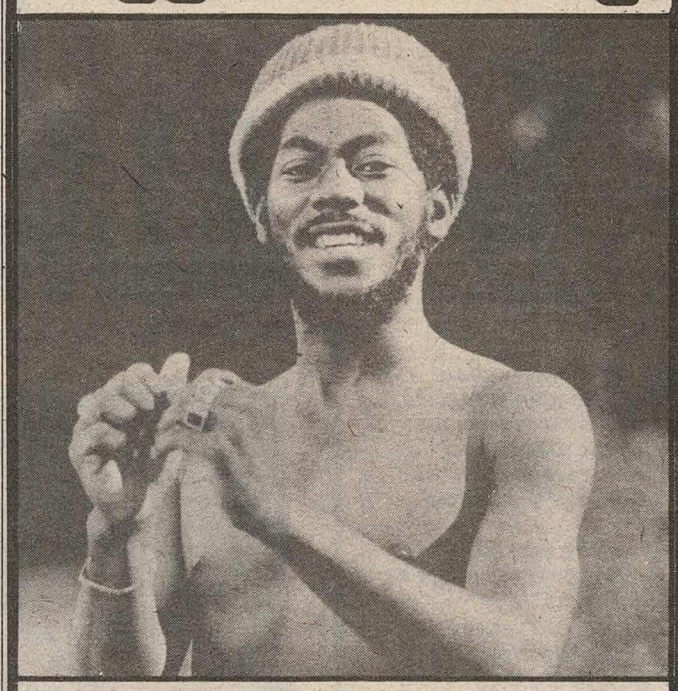
Reggae Runnings



Johnny Clarke again on Paradise

THE nascent careers of both **Gregory Isaacs** and **Dennis Brown** are chartered on two compilation LPs issued by Trojan this week.

Entitled 'The Early Years' (TRLS 196), the set from Mr Isaacs dispenses 12 tracks recorded during that artist's association with Alvin Ranglin or GG, Winston "Niney" Holness and Sidney Crooks in the early 70s and includes some of the titles that were assistant in fomenting Gregory's reputation, such as: 'Lonely Lover', 'Love Is Overdue', 'Ba Da', 'All I Have Is Love' and 'Financial Endorsement'.

The Dennis Brown album is called 'Money In My Pocket' (TRLS 197) and includes the original 1972 recording for Joe Gibbs of that famous title among an LP of mostly Niney productions, notably 'No More Will I Roam' and 'Cassandra'. It also features Big Youth's toast of the title track, Ah So We Stay'.

Released on Third World's subsidiary Paradise label is the latest collusion between Bunny Lee and **Johnny Clarke**, 'Show Case' (PDLP 008). The opening 'Again' track has been garnering some notice on dub in London during recent months, and the set also feature's Clarkey's version of the Blues Busters' 'Wide Awake In A Dream', reportedly recorded prior to Barry Biggs. The album was laid at Channel One and mixed at Joe Gibbs.

Selena, personal assistant to tour promoter Peter Richards (Gregory Isaacs, Burning Spear), has initiated her own discomix label. Also called Selena, the label brings forth titles with **Linval Thompson,** 'Lump Sum c/w **Roots Radic Band,** 'Rock It' (SD 001) — a Flabba Holt production; and **Michael Prophet,** 'Lady Friend' c/w **Lee Van Cleef,** 'Teacher For The Class' (SD 002) — produced jointly by Al Campbell and Selena. The former title comes on cherryade vinyl.

Other discomixes are: **Norman Star Collins,** 'Let Me Go' c/w 'Action Replay' (Venture); **Corol Gonzales & Dean Fraser,** 'Spoiled By Your Love' (Germain Revolutionary Sounds); **Steve Loblack,** 'Rock Steady Two String Bass & Key Grip' (MDS).

Belated but not too late Whitsun Jamboree this Saturday, June 6 at the People's Club (formerly Q Club), 5a Praed Street, London, W2. Dancing to the people's choice sounds **Mr Funkadelic** and **Micah** (Studio Master). Prize raffle. Dancing from 10pm 'til late.

Alternatively, on the same night Lloyd and Douza invites you to their Midnight Cruise on the Thames aboard the MV Abercorn. Leaving Westminster Pier at 12 midnight. Returns 6am. Sounds by **Frontline International**. Refreshments. Bar. Ticket: £7.50.

Penny Reel

CITY By Fred Dellar

CAN you recommend a record shop that specialises in soundtracks? I need some hard-to-get items — beach movie albums and things — but I've come up against a dead end everywhere I've tried.

B. WILLS, London W6.

● As you're London based, I suggest you pay a visit to 'That's Entertainment', 43 The Market, Covent Garden WC2 (01-240-2227) — easily the most impressive soundtrack shop that I have ever seen. But be warned — beach movie soundtracks are collector's items, usually bearing retail price of something well in excess of £10, though this is chicken feed compared to the value of DJ copies of the soundtrack to the 1957 rock movie *Jamboree,* one of which 'That's Entertainment' currently has on offer for a cool 100 smackers — a price which, I'm assured by an independent expert, is quite reasonable!

COULD you discover the titles of the pieces of music used in David Lynch's *The Elephant Man*? I think one of the pieces is called 'Adagio For Strings'. But there is another one — isn't there?

JOHN THORNTON, Dundee.

● I've checked the credits for the movie, which list 'Adagio For Strings', by Samuel Barber, performed by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Andre Previn — but no other specific piece of music is mentioned. As I haven't seen the movie (all right, shame on me!) I can only suggest that any other musical theme forms part of the score penned by John Morris and played by the National Philharmonic.

I'VE got all of Klaatu's four albums but still don't know a thing about the band. In fact the only thing I really know is that, at the time of their first album, they were thought to be The Beatles.

BRIAN POWELL, Barking, Essex

● Frankly, I don't know too much about Klaatu myself. I thought that their first album was a pretty fair stab at cashing in on the ever-continuing legend of the Fab Four — and so did The Carpenters who nicked 'Calling Occupants of Interplanetary Craft' from it — but the follow-up was really out-of-order so I gave up on them. The one bit of info in my file states that Klaatu were / are / maybe always will be Chip Dale, Dee Long and Terry Draper, three Canadian based Beatle freaks and though I'd like to tell you more, I'm busy right now trying to sell a rolled-up Abbey Road zebra crossing to a passing Yank.

THE GOOD GUYS ALWAYS WEAR WHITE

Presidential candidate Ronald Reagan was once asked if he was nervous about the prospect of sharing a stage with the President of the United States.

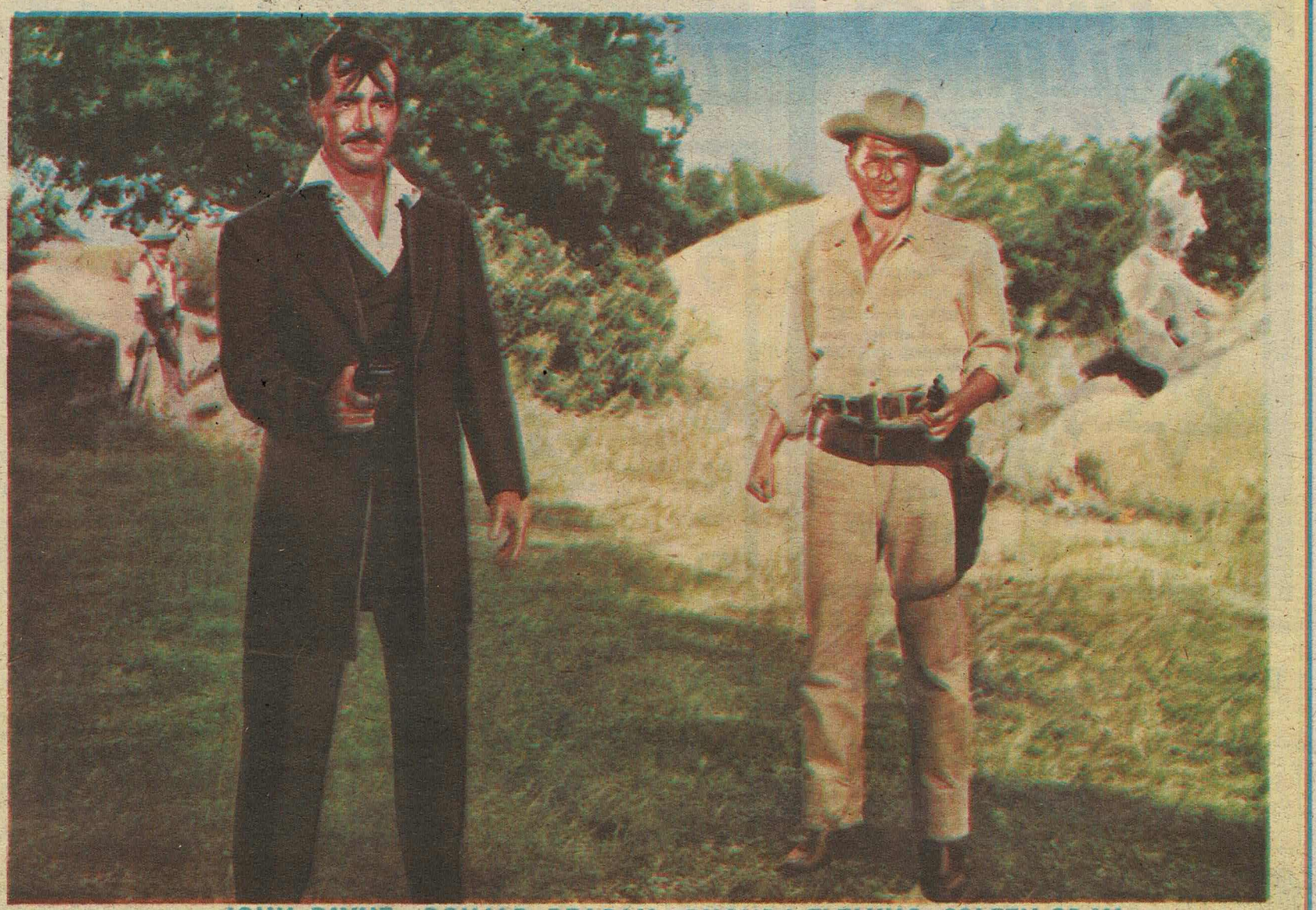
"No," he replied. "I've been on the same stage as John Wayne."

MY DAD always liked Westerns. I hated them. I felt, then, that a ray-gun was far superior to a crude six-gun. But my dad was an addict. If there was a Western on the TV — be it *High Noon* or just an episode of *Gunsmoke* — he would be there in front of it. He would loosen his collar, remove his shoes, and slowly, securely, as surely as the good guy will finally shoot the bad, he would fall fast asleep.

Only now do I understand why. I understand it because I have myself become a Western addict. Six months ago, I wasn't a Western addict. Now, I'm hooked. I watch them all, the good, the bad, and the indifferent. I've discovered that what my dad was responding to in his own peculiar way was the poetry of form. In the same way that old atheists often come around to religion, knowing it to be false, but grateful for the illusion, I have come to love the poetry of form in Westerns.

Having seen my fair share of dour, lifelike modern drama, the characters as many shades of grey as their surroundings, how I must have *longed* for a good Western . . . A drama of clear-cut roles, simple motives, strong destinies and reassuring conclusions, located on a rugged frontier a hundred years ago.

Weary of moral complexities, knotted with liberal dilemmas, I could begin to sympathise with the American electorate. There was nothing at all surprising about America voting a cowboy into the White House. The real tragedy of it was that they didn't cast their votes for Henry Fonda.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JOHN PAYNE • RONALD REAGAN • RHONDA FLEMING • COLEEN GRAY
in Bret Harte's Tennessee's Partner
SUPERSCOPE
and TONY CARUSO
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Yul Brynner in The Magnificent Seven

How I Learned To Stop Worrying And Love Westerns

BY PAUL RAMBALI

Gary Cooper in High Noon

THROUGHOUT the Golden Years of Hollywood, cowboys shaped a sanctified ideal. They were virtuous, tough individuals, cunning but never devious, and always finally on the side of right. Which in those days meant simply defending the community from outlaws and injuns, instead of criminals and communists. The Guardian Angels, self-styled vigilantes who patrol certain areas of New York and Los Angeles, are cowboys of a kind. They are the result of a new age of lawlessness, and since it's dangerous to allow individuals to usurp the law, the law will probably soon have to pin tin stars on them and swear them in as deputies.

The Guardian Angels, supposedly, don't carry guns. The cowboy hero, the lone, emblematic gunslinger, always wore a six-gun, but used it only in good conscience, always waiting for the bad guy to draw first. Our hero didn't like to use a gun, but he knew how to, and guns, it is said, were needed to bring peace to the wild West. Even now, despite their rueful legacy, Ronald Reagan refuses to support the gun control lobby.

There is a telling moment in *Destry Rides Again*, an affectionate, rip-roaring caricature of a Western starring James Stewart and Marlene Dietrich. It was shown recently on BBC2, part of a short series of classic Westerns that served as my baptism. In it, Stewart plays the son of a famous lawman, who is unwittingly drafted as sheriff of a thoroughly lawless town. Trouble is, he refuses to wear a gun . . .

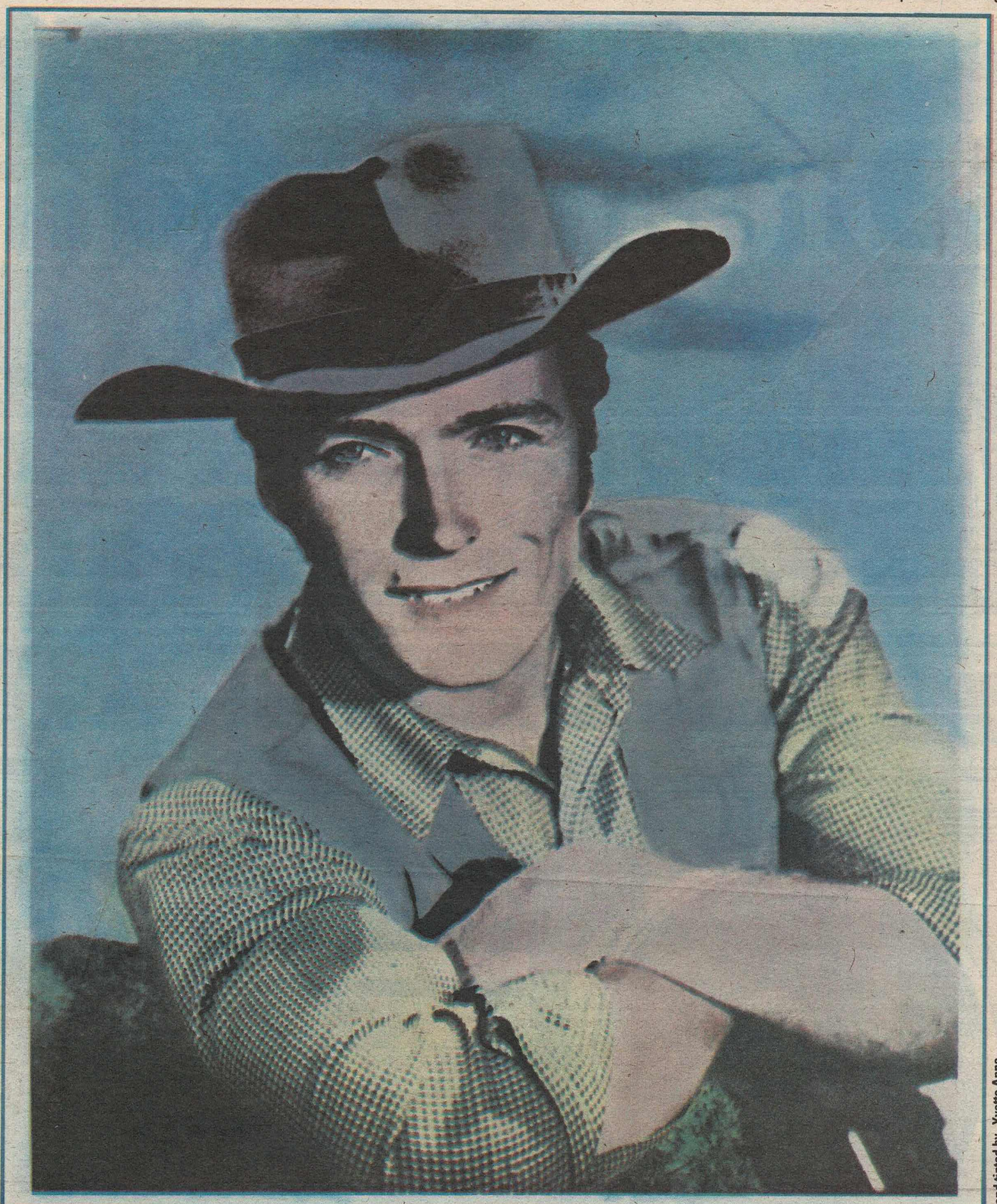
"My father had these on when he was sheriff of Tombstone," he tells Dietrich, the floozy with the heart of gold, as he hangs the holster on the wall. "He was shot in the back!"

This wasn't an unusual occurrence in the real West. And cowboys weren't always the typical W.A.S.P. portrayed by Hollywood — up to a quarter of them were black. But since many of the real legends of the West actually participated in the creation of their own legend — often collaborating on dime novel and newspaper accounts of their exploits, and in the cases of Bat Masterson and William S. Hart, even playing themselves on screen — the truth was sometimes blurred. Billy the Kid, for instance, was an adenoidal moron, a certified simpleton. But you can bet that isn't how sheriff Pat Garrett told it.

John Ford was one of the master Western directors. His use of Monument Valley as the powerful setting for such films as *Stagecoach* and *My Darling Clementine* became a virtual trademark, and very nearly defined the Western landscape for good. *My Darling Clementine*, which was part of the BBC2 series, featured Henry Fonda as Wyatt Earp and Victor Mature as Doc Holliday. It's a torrid, atmospheric account of the events leading up to the shoot-out with the Clanton gang at the OK Corral, as allegedly told to Ford by Earp himself before his death (of natural causes) in 1929. Even Victor Mature can't detract from this marvellous film. Wyatt Earp is played by Fonda with the halo almost visible.

The one slight problem is that it's all so much horse-shit. The Earp clan were known, at the time, as 'the fighting pimps'. They were at least as criminal as the Clantons. But Earp lived to erase the stains in his copy-book.

If the Western myth is just that — a myth in every sense of the word — it doesn't make it any less poignant. Westerns are all the more fascinating for being a fantasy, an idealised version of the true, squalid birth of a nation. Westerns are revised American history. The poetry of form, the perfect alignment of character and plot, like the words and metre of a piece of verse, always provides for a satisfying rhyme, a moral resolution. Inevitably in a Western, two things happen. Someone is wronged, and justice is exacted. The deeper the sense



Hand tinted by Yvette Anna

of injustice, the keener the moment of revenge; that final satisfying moment delayed by the elaborate ritual protocol of the showdown.

In a sombre, haunting movie made in 1953 called *Shane,* which was the climax of the BBC2 series, Alan Ladd plays the dandy gunfighter of the title who arrives (in white) to protect a ragged, fragile community of settlers from claim-jumping ranchers. The lonely Shane, the poor settlers, and even the jealous ranchers are all treated sympathetically. But then a hired gun (played by the superbly callous Jack Palance) shoots one of the settlers. He is shot on a grey, muddy street and buried in the rain in a pitiful grave — a slow, moving, painful sequence.

Eventually, Shane will shoot the hired gun, and the hurt will be erased, but his use of violence against violence separates Shane from the community which had, from the start, forsworn such methods. This time, there is no-one around to pin a badge on Shane, and he rides off, not into the sunset, but into the night, because his day has gone for good.

Shane, based on a best-selling novel by Jack Schaefer, is a sad parable; a story of mythological proportions filmed in a harshly realistic setting. It was one of the first so-called Twilight Westerns. The suffocating shabbiness of the general store cum saloon and the grim desolation of the mud-filled streets would later influence the Spaghetti Westerns of Sergio Leone, as would John Ford's *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance,* which dared to hang a question mark over the myth, and *The Magnificent Seven,* which proved its commercial durability.

At the time, film critics damned the mood and style of Leone's famous *Dollars* trilogy on grounds of inauthenticity. In fact, Leone knew more about the West and the Western than most American directors. The word they were looking for was *heresy*. It wasn't the West they knew, it was too brutal, too uncivilised. In a recent book by Christopher Frayling called *Spaghetti Westerns* — a highly detailed, highly academic and highly boring re-appraisal — Leone is quoted on the subject of the West, his and Hollywood's . . .

"The man of the West bore no resemblance to the man described by Hollywood directors and screenwriters. The whiter than white redresser of wrongs did not exist, any more than the unscrupulous outlaw or the always war-like Indian. One could say that all characters they present to us come from the same moulds: the incorruptible sheriff, the romantic judge, the brothel-keeper, the naive girl and the women, those inevitable women! All these moulds are mixed together, before the happy ending, in a kind of cruel, puritan fairy-story. It is the Far West re-interpreted by Frankenstein and Disneyland!

"The real West was a world of violence, fear and instinct. Whenever people accuse me of pessimism in my films, I cite the case of one of the most famous heroes of the West . . . Wyatt Earp. This individual was responsible for the deaths of over 150 people, most of them shot in the back! In the vast majority of cases, that was the way people were killed in the West. If you were honourable, like the heroes of traditional Westerns, you would find yourself in the cemetery in no time at all. Life in the West was not pleasant or poetic, not in any direct sense . . . The law belonged to the most hard, the most cruel, and the most cynical."

And the most cynical *Western* hero of all was undoubtedly the Man With No Name (cue whistling as boot and spur drop into frame . . .); the pop culture anti-hero created by Leone and a young actor from the *Rawhide* TV series called Clint Eastwood. If the Man With No Name helped a fragile community overturn a cruel despotic bandit, it was only ever to get at the gold the bandit was sitting on.

The *Dollars* films, shown recently on Monday nights on BBC1, need no re-appraisal from me. *A Fistful Of Dollars* (based on Akira Kurosawa's *Yojimbo,* just as *The Magnificent Seven* was based on Kurosawa's *Seven Samurai*) was my generation's introduction to the Western.

In the early '70s, the Clint Eastwood Westerns, alongside the Bruce Lee martial arts movies, were celebrated with cheering and shouting in the cinemas and a cool, hard, laconic stance in the streets. Youth clubs reverberated to the sound of The Upsetters' 'Return Of Django' — the title of one of the movies in an especially violent Spaghetti sub-series. The Cimarrons took their monicker from a famous Hollywood Western, the reggae toasters Trinity and Clint Eastwood likewise took theirs from the Spaghettis.

If the Man With No Name was the antithesis of the traditional Western hero, Leone's later movie, *Once Upon A Time In The West* was to be the antidote to the traditional Western. Unfortunately, I discovered the antidote before I discovered the poison.

Mixing meticulous historical detail with numerous references to Hollywood's fantasy, Leone made what cineastes love to call an implicit critique . . . and one hell of a great Western. A film that pays tribute to the myth at the same time as it rips it apart, with Henry Fonda cast, at his own request, in the role of a cold-blooded child-killer!

OF COURSE, they don't make them like they used to. And with three and half years left to run on the biggest Western of all, is it any wonder? Nowadays the horse opera has been replaced by the space opera in juvenile affections. But since there are only seven good plots anyway, many of the current space operas are really just transposed Westerns. Savage anonymous aliens die as readily as savage anonymous Red Indians once did.

Clint Eastwood — above in Rawhide and right in A Fistful of Dollars

The recent Roger Corman production, *Battle Beyond The Stars,* was actually a re-make of *The Magnificent Seven,* with Robert Vaughn re-enacting his original role almost line for line. *Battlestar Galactica* is an up-dated version of *Wagon Train* and Buck Rogers has even acquired in recent episodes his very own Tonto.

This isn't a tribute to the universal appeal of Westerns so much as an indictment of space opera scriptwriters. Nevertheless, the Western endures; no longer so pure, but still potent. And the reasons why it endures have been the subject of more theses than I can bring myself to read.

Marxists have dwelt on its sociological implications, Freudians have focused on its obsession with gunplay, Structuralists have stripped it to the abstract, Italians have turned it on its head, and now it turns up in outer space.

Ain't it the most stubborn, ornery, mule-headed movie genre you ever did see?

Dream machine

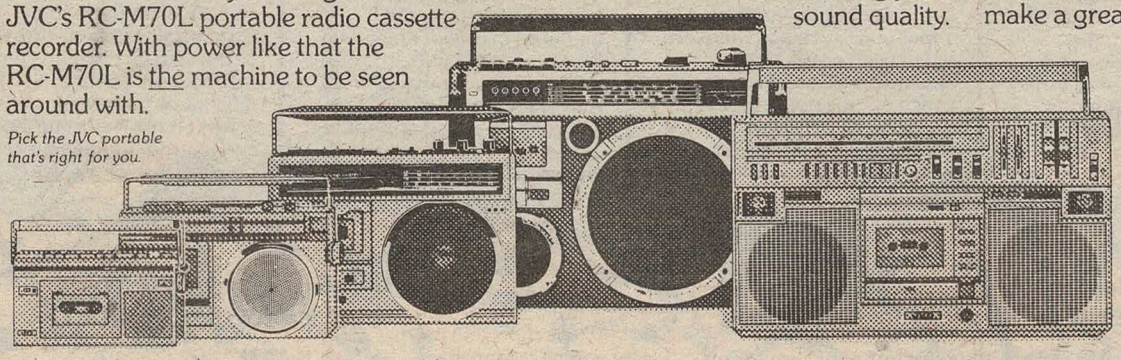
The JVC guide to the portable that's packed with power.

30 watts peak music power from a portable . . . it doesn't sound possible.

But that's what you can get from JVC's RC-M70L portable radio cassette recorder. With power like that the RC-M70L is the machine to be seen around with.

Pick the JVC portable that's right for you.

It has a metal tape compatible cassette deck that gives you more high notes, low notes and an astonishingly 'live' sound quality.



The tape transport system on the RC-M70L assures an extremely low wow and flutter of 0.065% (WRMS), 0-16% (DIN 45500). You don't have to understand the numbers to hear the difference.

To make life even easier the RC-M70L has a 16-programme Multi Music Scanner that lets you select any track from 16 at the push of a button. 30 watts of power make a great radio too.

The RC-M70L has 6 wavebands and special circuits to help lock onto the station, and fine tuning control for clear short wave reception.

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Don't touch that dial!

They must be kidding

In the first of his regular *NME* hi-fi columns, PAUL BENSON — former editor of Hi-Fi Answers — opens his eyes and closes his ears to the technological cons tried on by the stereo big knobs.

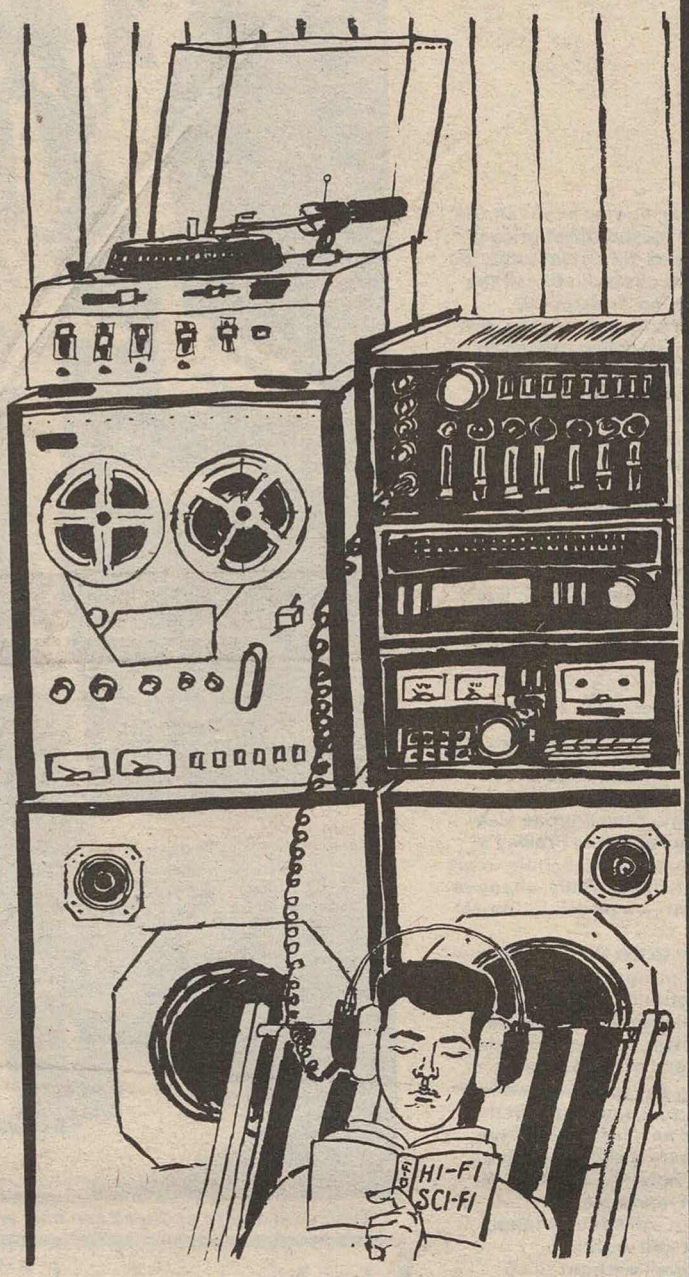


Illustration by EDWARD BRIANT

BELIEVE IT or not hi-fi is more full of hype, more conscious of fashion, more plagued by conspicuous innovation for its own sake with no regard for any intrinsic merit than even the music industry.

You may find this hard to believe — but that's the way they want it to be like. They want you to think you're missing out on something by not understanding why, say, a quartz lock direct drive servo controlled turntable is better than an 'ordinary' one. What you don't understand has more power than what you do — nothing is more alluring than a mystery.

But it's all a con. The truth of the matter is that a quartz lock turntable is worse than one not featuring this miracle spin off of digital watch technology (and everyone knows how much harder it is to tell the time with a digital watch). A servo controlled turntable is inherently incapable of rotating at the correct speed and a direct drive turntable can't help but be noisier than a belt drive model and the additional quartz locking doesn't help either of these problems.

To understand the truth of these simple observations involves a knowledge of physics of 'O' level standard (explanations will follow when I have more space), but should you try to buy a turntable that doesn't feature at least one of these technological innovations you'll have a hard time. Though the number of turntables on the market is in the hundreds, if not thousands, the number of straightforward belt drive models can be counted on your fingers.

"Why is this?" I hear all quarter of a million of you asking in one voice. The answer lies in that epidemic of our age, marketing. I mean who cares if a quartz locked turntable actually doesn't play records very well, it has far more knobs than a non-quartz locked model, features more coloured lights and has the magic words 'quartz locked' inscribed on it and this is bound to impress your friends — after all it impressed you when you bought it didn't it?

Technological one-upmanship is the name of the game and this year's model has to have an extra gimmick over last year's model to justify its introduction, ensure its imminent obsolescence and keep you lusting after a new model, and thus keep companies competing in an already saturated market in business.

Technology is what sells products. It's used to advertise them and it has become the sole reason for their existence, and the entire marketing operation is orientated to make it the sole reason for you spending money on it.

But let's go back a step. Why are you buying a record player anyway? All those who answered "to play records on" go to the top of the class. If that is your aim (and if it isn't, then you may as well stop reading here and turn to the ads) then what makes one product better than another is its ability to play records better.

So simple it seems hardly worth saying but the catch is that the vast majority of the technology incorporated into hi-fi products actually makes them worse at playing records. This is true not only of turntables (which as we'll see in episode 34 are the most important part of any record player) but also of amplifiers, tuners, speakers and the whole shooting match.

But the adverts tell us that technology is what we need, the hi-fi magazines tell us (should we have the patience to penetrate their tedious rantings) that technology is what we need, so it's hardly surprising that we end up believing it as well.

The only thing that can lead us away from this view is common sense. But it is hard to apply common sense to a subject where everyone who seems to know anything about it appears to have abandoned this basic rational approach.

The sad truth is that we are far more ready to accept that truth of something we don't understand than something we do.

Perhaps it's because we think this is the way we learn — I don't know — but the marketing people in conjunction with the hi-fi reviewers have developed a very subtle approach that capitalises on this tendency in a really big way.

To help us believe that quartz locking is a good idea they'll give us graphs and specifications. These mean even less to us than the sales chatter of course but our predisposition towards believing anything that has the faint odour of a scientific approach about it makes us trust a man who can produce graphs more than someone who can't — or doesn't.

But this too is a con. Let't take a simple example — the servo system that gives us not only the ability to alter the speed of the turntable but also that great sales gimmick the strobe. As I said a servo system ensures that the platter can't rotate at the right speed — what it does is to make it vary about the right speed very quickly. They then produce a measuring system that conveniently filters out these variations and hey presto with one wave of a slide rule they all measure perfectly. Another con. Who needs a strobe anyway unless making love in the dark turns you on and who needs to vary the speed?

Those who've never tried it (the latter, not the former) will tell you that it allows you to alter the pitch of the notes. Those who have tried it will tell you that the most that can ever be achieved is that the pitch of the guitar notes may be changed but now the piano is hopelessly out of tune. And anyway, who wants to buy records where everyone's playing out of tune?

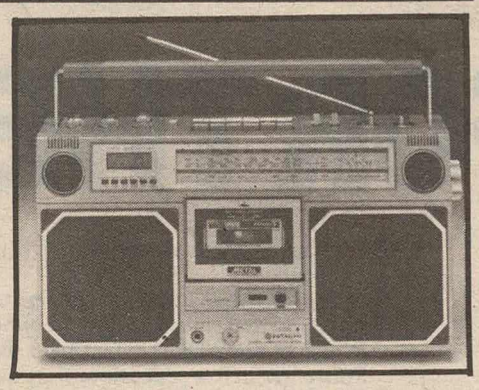
If we refer back to our basic idea that we want our record player to play records then there is no specification — not one — that can give us any indications of how good a model is going to be in this respect. Not even good old watts are any good — if they were then how is it that a twenty watt per channel NAD 3020 amplifier will actually play music louder than the majority of amplifiers rated at one hundred watts per channel? Watts are a measure of how well an amplifier reproduces sine waves (the pure tones heard on TV and radio stations after they have shut down) and have absolutely no relevance to how loud an amp will play music — the completely different kettle of semi-tones radio and TV stations play before they shut down!

Now we're beginning to get somewhere — we've mentioned the word music. There is no measurement in hi-fi that is at all related to music; they all deal with sine waves. All we need is one more basic observation and we're home and dry. Measurements are all to do with oscilloscopes, meters, and other gadgets of the test bench. But it's very difficult to get off on music by watching it on a screen or on a meter. We want to listen to it, right? Again there is not one measurement that has anything to do with listening — they are all to do with looking. Engineers may get off on this, but surely readers of the *NME* are above this kind of masturbation. We want the real thing.

So the best product is the one that plays records best and the one that plays records best is the one that sounds like it plays records best. And the only way to tell is to listen to the bloody thing. Forget the meters, forget the graphs, forget the self indulgent reviews, forget everything you've been connned into believing AND JUST HAVE A LISTEN. So simple, so obvious — it's a wonder no-one thought of it as a marketing idea!

Listening is easy — we all do it all the time. But it's so easy and simple that we don't like to trust it and in weak moments we go back to the security of the graphs and buy the wrong product. Next time, if they allow me a next time, I'll tell you some easy ways to tell by listening which product is the best — at any price; it's all a matter of asking the right questions. See you next month.

Hitachi TRK-8130E



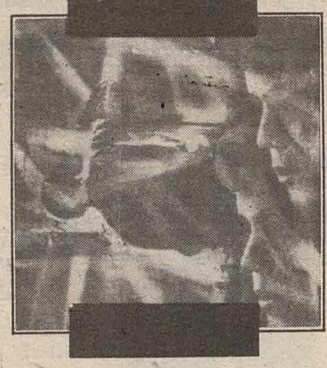
FOR such a physically small race, the Japanese idea of portability has always amused me and some of the cassette radios they produce should carry a government health warning. However the Hitachi TRK-8130E, being a lower middle range model, is light enough to be carried around in comfort by all but the terminally infirm.

Listed at £139.90, you should be able to pick it up for around £115.00 and for this you get a four band radio with stereo on FM and a metal tape compatible cassette deck. All standard stuff, but the inclusion of what is known as a "functional" digital clock is a novelty. Functional means that as well as telling the time, the clock can be programmed as a timer to switch the radio or cassette on and off and even to record a radio programme.

Other features include a two way speaker system (a woofer and tweeter per channel) and a sequence of LED's that flash in time with the music serving as recording level indicators for the cassette deck and signal strength meters for radio operation. Separate bass and treble controls are fitted and the unit will operate from mains or internal or external (eg car) batteries.

In practice it performs well, the only difficulty I experienced being obtaining hiss free stereo reception on FM radio — switching to mono removes the hiss, as would (presumably) the use of an external aerial. This lack of sensitivity on FM is only to be expected at the price but, this apart, the sound is very good. It gives a full rich sound as opposed to the tinkly bright sound the Japanese have favoured in the past. Obviously the sound will vary according to the acoustic properties of the surface on which it is stood, but for the price it is very good and this, coupled with the facilities, makes me unable to resist recommending it as good value at £115. **P.B.**

CLOCKDVA
4 HOURS



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Born to run and run and run and run and run and run and run and run and run

Bruce Springsteen

Wembley

THE SECOND COMING? Well not exactly. I never even felt the earth move. But sky-high build-up (and touted ticket prices) aside, let it be said that Bruce Springsteen did not let anybody down. Springsteen, the man it's become common to call the last great rock and roll star, earned his long-anticipated London triumph with a solid three-hour show of passion, grit and dedication enough to put any other so-called heroes to shame. Just for once, the devotion a rock audience gives — and how enormous that is — is matched by what they're given in return.

You might have your own reservations about the man's music, about his self-perpetuated image and mythology. I've got one or two myself. But what is now beyond all dispute and doubt is how hard he's willing to work for every cent, shout and sentence of acclaim he's picked up along the way. In a career with more than its share of false starts, delays and interruptions, he's still amassed a repertoire rich with classics. And now he's proved to us his mastery of their live performance also. There's no other rock figure left alive that's done so much, or who deserves this level of pre-eminence so clearly.

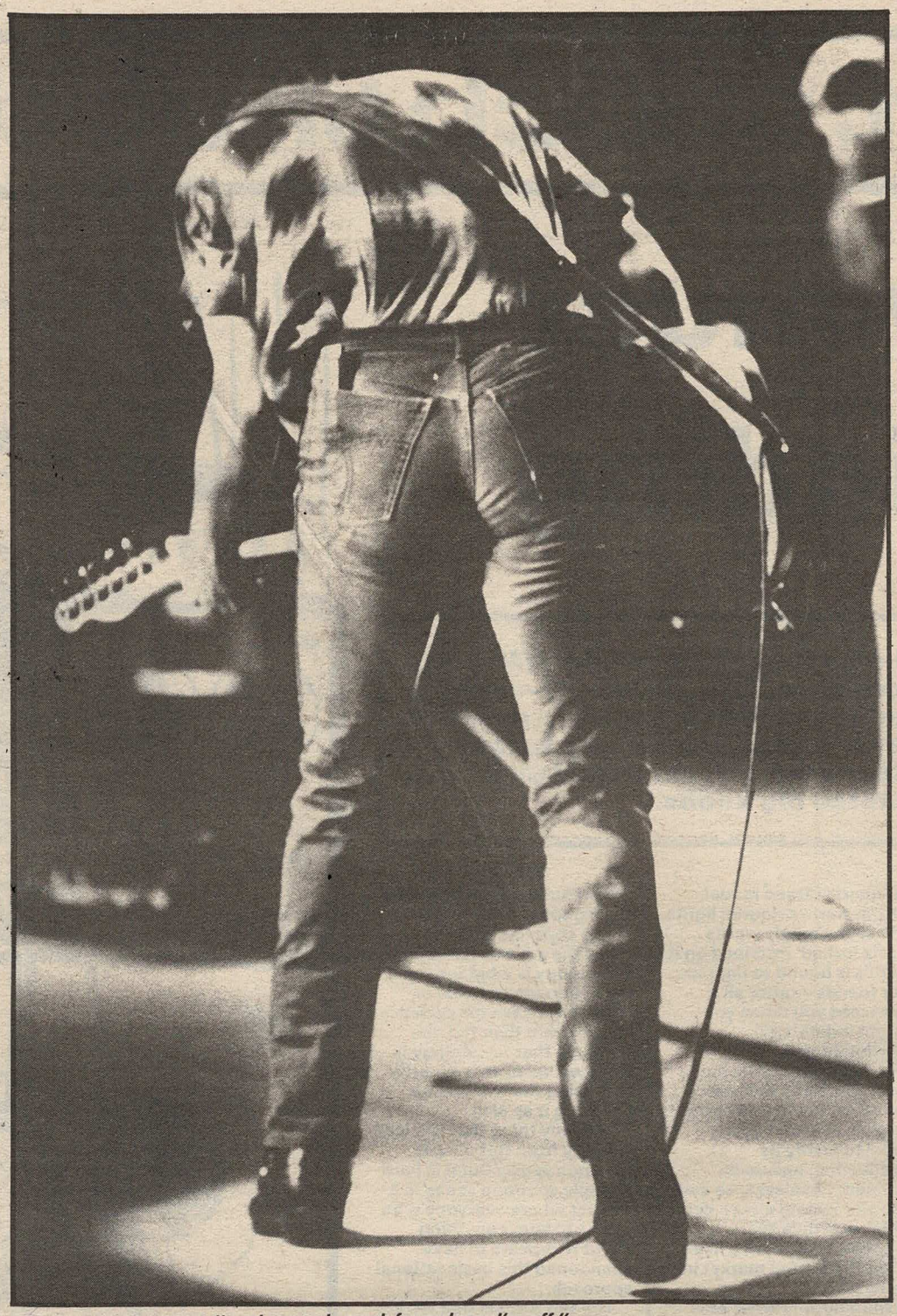
"*I'll prove it all night for you!*" — the opening number's impetuous brag takes on new meaning, becomes a rousing statement of intent. 'The Ties That Bind' and 'Out In The Street' rush and tumble after, the supporting evidence. A brief pause, and a slowly majestic 'Darkness On The Edge Of Town', then 'Independence Day' (with a long, poignant spoken prologue, closer to sentimentality than anyone else could afford to risk), followed by a song reflecting Presley's futile end — these offer a balance, the grand melancholy to pit against that naive exuberance. (The set, incidentally, changes every night, both in order and in content — a practice almost unique in shows of this scale.)

Each successive number — too many to list them all here — takes another twist and turn through Springsteen's emotional territory: the picturesque fictions of a violent, yearning, eloquently-remembered adolescence, the elegies composed in mournful maturity, the bitter, bruised optimism and the brash, straightahead celebrations of simply being alive and alert despite it all. As much as any great novelist, he's fashioned a world in his own image; a land as seductive as it is instantly recognisable, as exotic as it is familiar. The rock gospel according to Bruce is frequently cliched (though more by courtesy of his imitators than himself), sometimes maudlin and nearly always founded on nostalgia. It's accurately said that the man isn't rock'n'roll's future tense, but its past perfected. Whatever it is, it still works.

Of course, it would not work half so well without the E Street Band, of which Springsteen the guitarist, by the way, is an integral musical part. Their collective playing is consistently magnificent: hard, powerful and sensitive. Roy Bittan on piano and Danny Federici on organ provide the most delicate touches; Steve Van Zandt's guitar gives the raw, traditional rock element; bassist Garry Tallent and drummer Max Weinberg supply the sound's robust foundations.Only Clarence Clemons though, "The Big Man" on saxophone, ever comes close to upstaging his dynamic frontman. Variously introduced by Bruce as "King of the World, Master of the Universe"and "Prince of the City", Clemons' solos can be heroic affairs — check 'The Promised Land' and 'Ramrod'. Nor is it all overwhelming intensity: his comic duet with the leader in 'Fire' is a gem of nonsense.

Highlights? Tonight it was 'Born To Run', 'Backstreets' and 'Jungleland', perhaps, which stimulated the crowd's rapture the most — or else that fourth (or was it fifth?) climactic encore of 'Twist And Shout', *a la* Lennon. Through it all, Bruce Springsteen never gave less than his utmost; nothing looked forced, or calculated or half-hearted. There was a warmth, humour and human contact that defied the Arena's size. In two halves, plus that lengthy end-sequence, it was a massive, sprawling entertainment — too long *not* to touch the humdrum in parts, but with many moments of magic, and passages of simple brilliance besides. An honourable and satisfying performance . . . Shall we ever see its like again?

Paul Du Noyer



Bruce pic: Anton Corbijn

"Even a surrogate godhead can only work for so long. I'm off."

Joe Ely

The Venue

ONLY HALF the audience made it in time for Micky Jupp but he's been on before and he'll be back again. He prefaces his songs with "this is one about aeroplanes / telephones / hospitals". The songs themselves tend towards responsible cover versions but the highlights are scarce, indeed tonight singular, the almost immaculate 'Don't Talk To Me'. It's music to drink ale to, a bit dull but it warms them up nicely.

Joe Ely is a different proposition altogether. One of his innumerable pals steps up to rouse the rabble and then the man himself appears. Exuding Texan rebel chic, he grabs the mike and hollers straight into 'I Wish Hard Living Didn't Come So Easy To Me'. Taking time out only to strap on his geetar, it's on like a freight train thru Roy Brown's 'Good Rockin' Tonight' and then 'Going Down To Dallas'.

By now the Jack Daniels is flowing, the hall is packed and England v. Switzerland is forgotten as these ol' boys lay some *real* American heritage on us. As a front man, Joe reminds one vaguely of Strummer and Broocie, even a little of Elvis. He's having a ball, he's demanding your attention and you give it all. Behind him, the band play hard and fast; accordion, sax and guitar sharing the limelight equally with a rampant honky tonk piano pounding throughout. They swap influences from cajun to blues, from Chicago to Ensenada, with a most pleasing absence of axeman heroics.

The show is well paced. The crowd are allowed a little respite but never get bored. Ely is even confident enough to leave the stage to the accordion player who does a plaintive *"she's a real beer-drinking woman and I don't wanna see her no more"* blues. Then the man is back to finale down, chucking in a guitars-only 'Not Fade Away' which would have rocked fellow citizen Buddy Holly's bones.

It's only goodtime music, but expert practitioners are few and far between: Bruce, Parker, Southside, Mink DeVille — and Ely can live with them. They do more for the States than Reagan ever can. Don't get caught up in it but it's a treat — serve rare and go back for more.

Piers Thompson

John Cooper Clarke

Dominion

JOHN COOPER CLARKE. God, he's been around for years. I remember when . . . He's been rejecting refinement, breaking the bones of liberal enlightenment and betraying reason and coherence through two careers, and the secret of his survival is the irresponsibility of his labour, the expendable ingenuity of his playfulness, the power of his created universe. CC is a sneaky comic, infected poet, neurotic traditionalist, a complicated entertainer whose spiked energy and wit is incompatible with rock restraint. The autonomous rhythm and liberating humour, the uncurbed absurdity of his attack, has far more to do with the jazz plan.

The preposterous figure has swing! — it's his life support. The basic infidelity of his action is supportive of the unsweetened Ze-ist chaingangs, the crooked excursions that are his stories as much a devious vengeance on banality as the rap-poops. CC's avowed intent is to spank the familiar, spit at the established, slam the overvalued, scorn orthodox destiny, fuck fate and of course annihilate all meaning. Do not plunge him into rock penitence!

A rock label and a rock routine has ricocheted the zigzag CC to the suffering wider audience, and whilst the regularity of the demands has not reversed the suggestiveness of his fables, he is forced to do some sad things. The original idea of The Invisible Girls as an abstract, aligning soundtrack for his full words has degenerated alarmingly. What is this thing called a rut? The Invisible Girls worked uncoiled wonders on record, where it seems the spoken word — even CC's tangential spoken word — needs an intelligent or odd surround.

In performance CC can do it for himself — win audiences over through the tickle of his hair, the skid of his voice, the geography of his body even before the jabber of his gob. Occasional guest appearances from a superstar Invisible Girls supplying a contextual incongruity is welcome, but the kind of Invisible Girls CC is lumbered with these days is offensive. CC wordplay and rock chunk-plank cannot ever mix.

CC at the Dominion was two readings in one. CC stuck deep inside a rock chasm. CC beautifully alone speaking a disturbed language; a compelling presence.

With the group — four chastened uglies, truly the Anonymous Girls — CC's incendiary performance was unrecognisable. When the BAND played on it took the form and fallibility of a rock show, all peaceable and impotent. The rock cast

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Make my funk the D-funkt

Defunkt

Embassy Club, London

FIRST: put this in the JIVE! section. ZOOT! SHOOT! KAZAM! CHUKA BOOM BOOM!

The Defunkitty kats pounced upon an unsuss-pecting London town with their teeth kleerly bared; that recent report from New York to the deffect that the tension had left the Defunkt rapport and that their stage presence was sloppy to an alarming degree — in short, deficiency — makes little sense after Sunday at the Embassy. For, amongst the decolletage, Defrock's internal combustion ingenuity sparked up something savage and mighty real. DECOKE! DECODE! YEAH! It made me mighty thirsty — it swept me off the wagon back into the flagon. DefunNY's ruddy rhymes and treason stamped the American flag on (London) down, and then some, handsome, had me some, and so on.

Maybe they got jet jag or a pep pill or culture shock pell mell, but what the hell, they definitely refunkt: this was the most energy — the most ennervating, the stretchiest, tetchiest, staminated, staggered, staunchest set! — I've seen delayed off one little stage in one little time span in recent memory; if, like, Fela Kuti took it all out of a three hour stretch and squashed it all into a one hour drag — *then,* maybe. Turned the Embassy into a squash court — BOOM! ZOOM! — though it was a decent enough contextual starter. Not as, em, bossy as these sort of settings can be, and certainly a little too free-boozy for Deadfrankt's brassy nuclear voodom scared rap: *"your happiness . . . is . . ."* big breath CHUCKA BOOM *"a FUCKIN' ILLUSION....."* (That punched a few drunk jaws.) More intimate than Heaven (some people say that Heaven is a place where you can drink till three without wasting a second on looking at someone else on a stage, but I wouldn't know about that) and discoquettish enough to dramatise things: decent predefunkt disco score to sip or slip to, enough room to cruise or peruse or pseud about, enough romance in the air to roll up a good few fashion notes, dark enough to hold hands but light enough to spot Spands, letting pose upstairs, and getting close downstairs. Tuck in, pluck up, flake off or wheel out . . .

Then the deft draft of the boa deconstructive Depunct — a conceptual dreamer's sharp slant on the Black American dance. Defind: a Black American six piece aggressive militant pacifist fistfunk splutter gutter aggregation. Instructions in instrumental approach, CHUCKA BOOM (nuclear) BOOM. Funk stun and dent, punctuated with jazz squiggle and squeal. Defluct demur, redefine, do dental work on the soft bridge of popular soul beat. Quite a sarcastic, socialist brew. Like, when they say "GET DOWN!" it's probably into a fallout shelter. Dig? You can, but it won't do you much good. (BOOM BOOM!). Defund dismantle the samey structures of strut-your-stuff stuff, and scream little hysterical messages into it. A warped, tipsy-turvy, speedy, reedy, meta-physical ZAP POWER music. Get crushed, get a rush on them. Get a bead and stop being obedient. Lig? How can you possibly, with a sound like this gnawing at your throat?

Defect: saxy (Byron Bowie), two gritars (Richard Martin and Kelvin Bell), a new person on bass who is a woman and looks like a star and plays like a Bootsy disciplined (Ms Kim Clarke), a drummer (Ronnie Burridge) who hits the hi-hat LIKE THAT — it echoes in your hitherto dead head like ts-ts-ts-ts-ts-ts that! — and Joseph Bowie who looked like Coati Mundi, danced like a speedy Saturday, wore the LP cover Defunkhat and a knatty bow tie, kept asking for a scotch, made the microphone rattle with his trombone, trampled the nightclub fabric and screamed about the obscenity of war. (LET'S go over the top! LET'S go over the top! Why not?) In the odd lull the whole Defuckin' ensemble burst into drug mad raga raging bullshit raps in combined and sublime acappella sublimation a.k.a. CHUCKA BOOM BOOM! Inbetween the lull they did just about everything off the Defiant LP with ten times less breathing space: CHUNK CHUNK BOW CHA CHA BOOM! What the tract, DEFUNKT are the rhythm business, the devil's own, the only dislocats of their kind. The new songs (sex, the lack of; war, the flak of; social shit, the crock of;) really sounded off. (On). Lack lustre and black bluster. Sure to back blister. That's it. I've runout of depuns. For other words in *de-* see *DE- .(DE-FUNKT YEAH!).*

Ian Penman

Joe Bowie pic: Adrian Boot

"Hey! Not that way, man — the action's over here!"

crippled the zest of CC's delivery, smothered the spiced ferment. CC's backing BAND was like the fairy tale.

If music is needed for a CC live show — and it is not — then let it be spontaneous, active, lustful, not this stodgy and unproductive representation of those generous Hannett music metaphors. Music should compound CC's exuberance and inventiveness, not imprison it.

The separation between the acapella CC and the group-addled CC became more and more pronounced. When the music smashed you became tired of those words heard a million times before. When CC alone did whine, the unhindered initiative and eagerness kept the familiar purple lurex prose a fresh tonic.

The BAND went away. Hooray. The BAND came on. Piss off.

CC is a special entertainer, a capricious commentator on the chronic precariousness of passive lives and queer times, a fanatical worshipper of painful curiosities and the struggles of culture. 'Ten Years In An Open Necked Shirt', CC's informally inaccessible autobiography, was the highlight of the performance — quintessential CC. Furious, dubious, impervious, treacherous, a damn shifting blast of irresistible falacious syllables. Propaganda for the low life, with few clues for the cautious.

The BAND must go. In context — TV, guest spot in a new review, regular at some new club, star of the new cabaret — CC is unimpeachable. The feet splay on, the smile gets nuttier, the eyes more distant. Do not hide CC. Though you may not long survive get out of bed and look alive! But don't *make* the bed!

Paul Morley

D.A.F.

The Venue

'ALLES IST Gut', for sure, ist gut: there's an almost Imagistic pointedness to DAF's musical progressions, just simple sequencer patterns stripped bare of "musicianly" encumbrances and beefed up with equally simple clattering drums. The most basic of skeletal dancing hints.

At their best ('Der Mussolini'), DAF songs can tweak a certain primitive nerve, as if they'd stripped away the waste stone to reveal the true sculptural image — the Platonic idea — hidden inside. It's a strikingly similar process to that pursued by Suicide on their first LP: just a pulse, a punch, and the bare bones of a light melody. 'My Heart Goes Boom', for instance, is, but for the occasional snare sound, identical to early Suicide.

The parallels aren't just confined to the music, either; Gabi, DAF's Alan Vega, employs a similarly breathless, over-erotic delivery ideally suited to the sharp brevity of the words' phonetic vocabulary. One of DAF's most interesting features is their marriage of musical and lyrical images, and their successful attempt to develop an appropriately musical lyrical vocabulary in their native German, taking their rhythmic structures from the inner rhythms of lines like *"ich und ich im wirklichen leben/ich und ich in der wirklichkeit/ich und ich in der echten welt"* ('Me And Reality').

Their songs, in fact, are what makes DAF unique and special at the side of other synthesiser units. With few exceptions, they seem like haikus of modern European life, realistic, cynical, hard-bitten and sad, though unbowed in their alienation: *"don't say anything. close your eyes. think of nothing. believe me. everything is good. everything is good."* ('Alles Ist Gut').

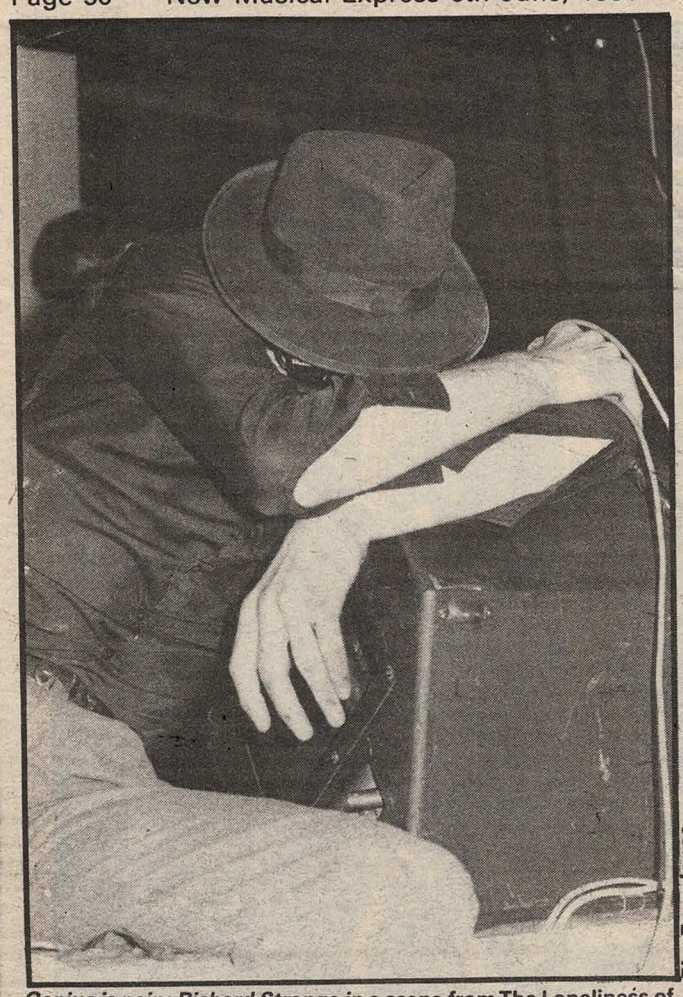
All of which provides little or no justification for actually encountering DAF in a live-style situation rather than in the convenience of your own music-box. Their stage show, to put it kindly, is as simple, unadorned, and maybe Imagistic as their music, featuring Robert Gorl hammering away at a drumkit and some androgynous individual changing tapes (and managing to make it seem as though s/he's doing more), whilst singer Gabi throws a mild fit of clumsy dancing which consists mainly of staggering spastically round the stage in an absurd parody (?) of emotional excess.

Given Robert and the Third Party's necessarily static roles, it seems as though Gabi's trying desperately to fill the acres of spare stage-space, and what ought to be a controlled, sustained increase of tension dissipates into absurdity. In a small club, he can probably inject a claustrophobic kind of grace into the show, but here the whole performance just seems silly. Even 'Der Mussolini', their wildest punch, fails to move more than a bare handful to dance. At home, we do things a little differently.

If anything of lasting value can be gained from tonight's show, it's a further reinforcement of the view that groups should pick and choose their gigs more carefully. Just because DAF are recently converted Virgins shouldn't mean they have to play The Venue as their "major London date." Soiling expectations is an entirely different matter to foiling them, and a lot less fun besides.

Andy Gill

Potted palms and poseurs



Pic: Bryn Jones

Genius is pain: Richard Strange in a scene from The Loneliness of the Long Distance Entrepreneur.

Cabaret Futura

Sheffield

NOW THAT Cabaret Futura's London operation has shut down for the summer, Richard Strange is taking a sample of its entertainment on a tour of the country. At the first stop in Sheffield, students had enthusiastically created a sense of occasion by arranging potted palms, small tables and even a few faltering candles around the room.

I arrived in time to hear Miss Deidre Simpson giving her epic versions of 'Hey Big Spender' and 'The Lady Is A Tramp', gamely undeterred by an accompaniment of only one taped piano. Dressed in a suit and straw boater, Deidre throws herself into tap and comic dance routines with the true grit and gusto of a Hollywood hopeful auditioning for her first part in the chorus, and if we weren't actually witnessing the birth of a star, at least her exertions endeared her to the audience.

Joining the Futura entourage only in Sheffield, Cabaret Voltaire came on next for a short set that was a reminder of a harsher reality from the windswept concrete of the city outside. Although the Cabs can take credit for many of the groups currently on the electronic circuit, they remain innovatory and unique, a jarring reflection of fragmentation; the sound of cold, shocked sweat.

Disembodied voices fade in and out of their flickering aural collage, vague and haunting as an unspecified threat. There's a sense of panic suppressed beneath the music's splintered surface that conveys a momentum carried just beyond control and a tense suspense stretched just short of breaking.

As Richard Jobson didn't return from Belgium in time for his planned performance, some brave soul volunteers to sit on a stool onstage in silent impersonation while we listen to a tape of the Skid/poet reciting at Cabaret Futura. The resulting muffled Scottish diatribe sounded, when audible, like an ode to his father intriguing enough to make you wish Jobson had appeared in person.

Eddie And Sunshine's combination of formal charm, deft styling and elegant understatement proves a source of pure delight. Playing their parts of the perfect couple to the hilt, they incorporate the gentlest of ironies with wry subtlety and unerring wit. Singing 'Times Are Hard' wearing evening dress and an air of implacably polite regret or performing genteel tribal ululations in front of a projected slide of two glumly naked primitives, theirs was the funniest and most entrancing act I've seen for ages.

After The Event Group's manic game of mimed cricket which involved much rushing about in the audience by thickly painted performance artists, Richard Strange takes the stage with a band which includes Dave Winthrop, ex-Secret Affair, on sax.

It's unfortunate that in an evening which has successfully incorporated so many different styles, Strange himself should prove the weak link in the chain. From a self-conscious and slightly shambling compere, he changes to a histrionic poseur whose antics seem as incongruous as they're unneccessary.

Strange's songs may well be more successful with simpler backing tapes, but given the full rock treatment they sound muddy and melodramatic, a hack combination of rock components which make even 'International Language', originally a pleasant enough electronic single, sound turgid and tedious.

While his eccentric figure hurls and thrashes around the stage, the atmosphere evaporates and the rapport between performers and audience that's been so carefully nurtured all night degenerates to a passive game of watched and watchers, only later redeemed by the massed dancing that ended the evening.

As an entrepreneur Richard Strange has created an imaginative entertainment where conventions have relaxed enough to allow a genuine breakdown of restrictive barriers and an invigorating shot in the arm from arts with a wider range than rock.

After an evening partly pantomime, part provocation, mainly a means of a more rounded and communal enjoyment, it seemed strange that Richard should choose as his own medium a music which merely illustrated Cabaret Futura's original rationale of rock redundancy.

Lynn Hanna

The Whispers
Shalamar
Lakeside
Carrie Lucas

New York

THE CONCERT is billed as the Solar Galaxy of Stars, and it's no idle boast.

Solar is starting to be to contemporary black music what Motown was in the 60's — a point of introduction to the (white) pop charts. Like Motown, Solar is formalist, aggressively polished and conservative, the right wing of the new black music spectrum.

But what wins minds and feet on the radio or dance floor doesn't necessarily translate into a successful stage act. This is the old story with discos. Here, only Lakeside are an exception.

Carrie Lucas comes off as a run-of-the-mill disco diva. Shalamar's Jody Watley is beautiful and fun to watch, but her singing, stripped of studio enhancement, is weak.

The Whispers, on record and at their best, go down smooth as ice cream. On stage, they are just a bauble, and not a very bright one, dangling in front of us. They try to distract, but nothing could distract from the fact that they are overweight, out of shape troupers, huffing and puffing their way through an act that should be retired to Vegas.

Each set is a build-up to the last number, which is that act's current hit. Then the singers really pour it on, and the audience wakes up. But then the singers also feel a need to stretch things out with singalong parts ("All the ladies say . . . Now all you fellers . . .") and other stock tricks. The applause at the end of each set is surprisingly faint — I feel like I'm in the midst of a crowd watching television.

Lakeside are the funny, funky, dazzling exception to the rule. They enter dancing up the centre aisle like a Mardis Gras parade. Their look is satin gipsy-pirate, sleek and blindingly colourful. I have a feeling they were doing this before Bow Wow Wow or Adam.

Lakeside enact a fantasy and make it work. For a few minutes I was transported to that silly land of funk they sing about, and I loved being there.

Richard Grabel

Pic: Joe Stevens

Hello, hello, it's good to be black: Lakeside in a scene from The Gary Glitter Story.

Spontaneous Music Orchestra Ensemble

Notre Dame Theatre

FREE MUSIC may sometimes be designed in willow pattern, but in percussionist John Stevens' Spontaneous Music Ensemble and Orchestra chintzy prettiness gets a mallet treatment. This is bald, flinty music, players at full stretch, no quarter over nerves or ideas.

SME play first. I'm sitting in the centre and they're playing way off to the right — the effect's as if you're lounging in one room while this bizarre catfight is raging in the next. The trio of guitar, violin and drums sit in a little semi-circle and dare each other to play harder-louder-softer-faster! Ears are snagged on tiny breaks and swells out of the fuscous assemblage.

SMO play 'Triangle'. The nine players (six brass, two strings, voice) sit in trios and each aim at the same sort of sound, a continuous chittering line, modest in volume. Nearest to me, Lol Coxhill (as ever displaying his impeccable taste in shirts) squeezes the flow from his soprano. Elsewhere I pick out Maggie Nichols' yelping line and Alan Tomlinson's slur 'n' mutter trombone. As the sound starts to churn, fingers flutter in sympathy.

After Howard Riley's solo piano set — a rumbling dungeon of darkly-keyed sonorities — SMO play 'Static'. Two bars of concentrated, written music splay out into a piecemeal, perverted chorus line that seems to loop back in on itself: room for sinister lowerings and lovely elliptical tunes, a very thick sort of soup. They over-extend it and there's some confusion too, but it's easily forgiven. It's very rich.

I go home humming 'Skylark'.

Richard Cook

The Cramps
The Meteors

Glasgow

CAN YOU believe it? There are still groups out there trying to catch your weary eye with those old 'shock and disgust 'em' tactics. The joke is on The Meteors as they fail to do either: the atmosphere is charged with boredom as podgy singer P. Paul pours a bottle of red liquid (surely not — gasp — blood!) over himself, and his fan-club at the front of the stage. Wasn't Alice Cooper doing this sort of thing years ago?

The Meteors delivered their ugly rock-oi-billy music mainly to a handful of spitting, pogoing illiterates who even applauded the murderous rendition of 'These Boots Are Made For Walking', and touching, romantic little ditties like 'I'm A Psycho'. I'd say it's probably best to add The Meteors to a list with a load of other names like Infra-Riot, Venom, Rose Tattoo etc., and just pray your paths never cross. Now bring on the real garbage!

As anyone knows, you don't pogo to The Cramps, you throb (and true enough, the ned element ceremoniously take their leave at the start of the set. . .) — the floor throbs. . . scared of falling? I picture a *Tom and Jerry* cartoon with one of the eternal enemies bouncing along the floor in time to some crazy rhythm.

Against a back projection of a skull in sunglasses, Ivy, icy, detached, chewing gum and looking great, plays by instinct; and the new boy, Congo Powers, fits in splendidly. It's not the completely frenzied show witnessed here last time round (when the group crammed onto a small stage, mere inches from the ground — and audience participation took on a whole new meaning) but The Cramps are on form and it shows.

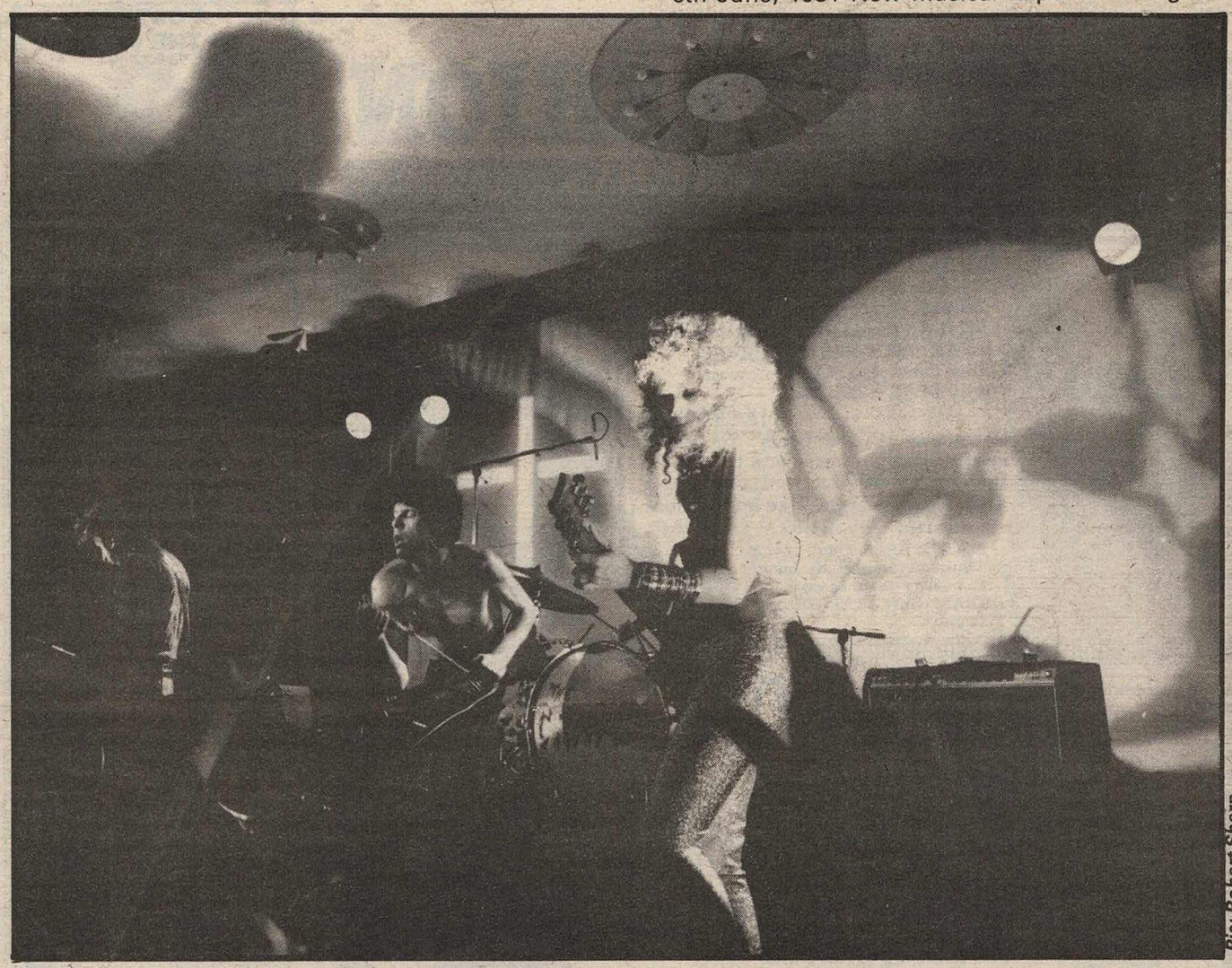
New songs ooze alongside old favourites. Thought they had only one good album in them? Wrong! — I'd hesitate before actually recommending a Cramps LP, but then again everyone should be able to listen to 'Green Fuz' at least once a day: just try and stand still.

A trip down depravity lane, as 'Green Door' (remember Frankie Vaughan) slips into the set almost unnoticed. Any hint of tunefulness is swiftly put right by the steady increase in volume, as 'TV Set' becomes barely recognisable to tomorrow's deaf generation. Ivy grins wickedly, Lux swats the restless natives with his mike. They encore, naturally, with 'Surfin' Bird', and Lux does his old mike in the mouth bit.

In that tasteless, gross American way, The Cramps are a delicious alternative to the studiously outrageous (B52s, Tubes, Plasmatics. . .) and the dirty mainstream (Bruce Springsteen).

Let them refresh those parts of your body you didn't even know existed!

Kirsty McNeill



Pic: Robert Sharp

Beam us up, Scotland: The Cramps in a scene from the recently-discovered '50s sci-fi classic **Attack of the Kitsch Light-Fittings from Strathclyde.**

A trip down depravity lane

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fourth wall

electric singing voice

The New Single
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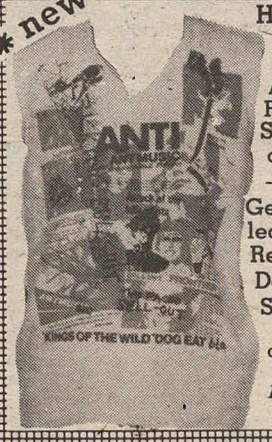

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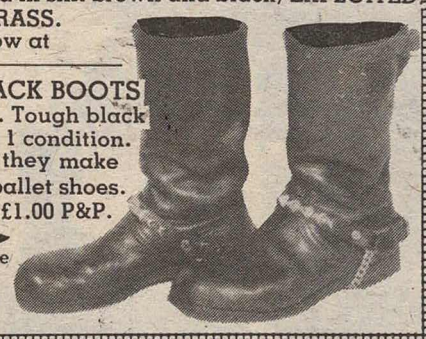

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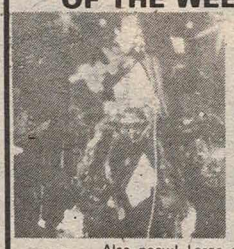

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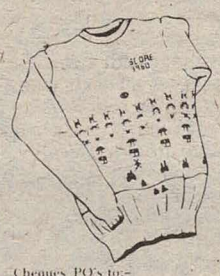

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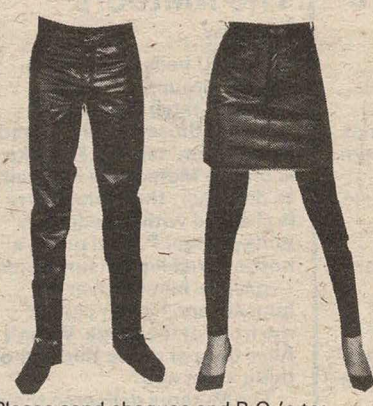

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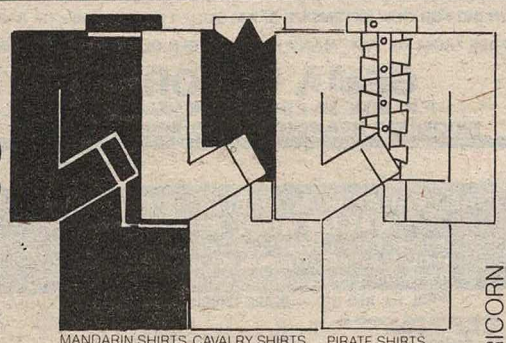
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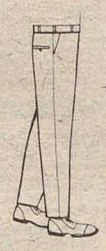
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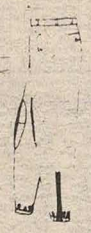
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MAJESTIC CRISP

FROM PAGE 23

just getting off a bus leant back to touch my arm and said 'I was just about to kill myself and then I read your book'. I don't suppose he was going to kill himself but I expect he was deeply unhappy until he read the book. So in that book, which is a catalogue of *disasters,* he thought, well if he lived through it, with nothing, without talent, without money, without anything, so can I.

As the years have gone by since the showings of *The Naked Civil Servant* your homosexuality has all but been discarded.

Yes. My sins have been washed away. I am a virgin. It's not referred to in most interviews now. I don't mind. It's the redemptive element of TV.

This is one of your answers . . .

Ha ha ha ha . . . I can't think of anything else! Well, no, I can think of other shades of answers. Now, all sin is less — except to deeply religious people. "Ordinary" people had a much stricter morality than they do now. I'm sure religious people have their fixed views which will never change, and pagans have their fixed views which will never change, but the people in between will now be able to say well . . . he's *queer.* Which is an *awful* pity, but there you go. What can you do? At one time they wouldn't have said that. So there's been a change in morality. Of course there is my age and my now being beyond sex and this means that I'm no threat to the world. I don't think there could ever be a scandal other than the scandal of my entire existence.

If I can use the word 'considering', you are very kind to the world. You are always offering.

Every *hour* of every *day* I urge myself on to justify the . . . *money!* and certainly the *appreciation* that I've received. I ask myself what *more* can I do? Indeed, when I was a model another model came during the rest and sat beside me and said we must do something about our wages and I said I agree. The first thing we must do is find a way of *deserving* them. I meant it!

I used to say to the students *what can I do?* Because they can draw their mums and dads sitting around, and yet I am being paid.

I always have the desire to be of service, to be of good value, to justify. . . . and over and over on stage I say the words 'Am I saying the words that you *wish* to hear?' I must never think of myself as a teacher, only an entertainer. Once you suggest that you are a teacher you imply that you look at the world from *above.* I must never do that. Some people do say 'Who the hell do you think you are?' and then I explain that what I say I say as an offering. I do like being obliging.

WHEN CRISP is not sat motionless and magnificent in an armchair, when he is showing me into the room or painstakingly preparing a delicious cup of coffee or carefully treading the room, there is a noticeable and somehow misplaced fragility. In all ways but physically he is ageless.

In conversation he both flatters you and contains you. There is a final obscure hint of the unobtainable. He will tell you everything, but it is from a great distance. Most of his phrases are well-worn but they could never wear out.

Soon Quentin Crisp is to leave the room in Chelsea.

"I would like to live my last years living in a room in Manhatten with a telephone and plenty of people who will come and see me when I can no longer go to see them. But on the other hand I do not only expect but do *need* quite a lot of time on my own. Even when young it was the same.

"I can remember when I first got a room on my own and I thought, I don't have to do a thing! And it really was wonderful. I didn't want to do anything peculiar, I just thought that no one is going to question the fact that I'm sitting here, no one can say to me, you're not going to slop around like that all day are you? I don't have to answer for anything! I can remember that.

"Of course if I spent every evening in on my own for a week when I was 25 I would have thought, this is getting dreary and I would have gone out. But I never thought, help it's six o'clock and I've got nothing planned for this evening.

"You could say I've practised being old."

The interview finishes with fine formality. Quentin Crisp shows me out. As I'm walking up Beaufort Street towards the Kings Road I turn round. Mr Crisp is sending me an immaculate wave from the doorstep. I will of course remember it forever.

NME X-PRESS WORD

ACROSS

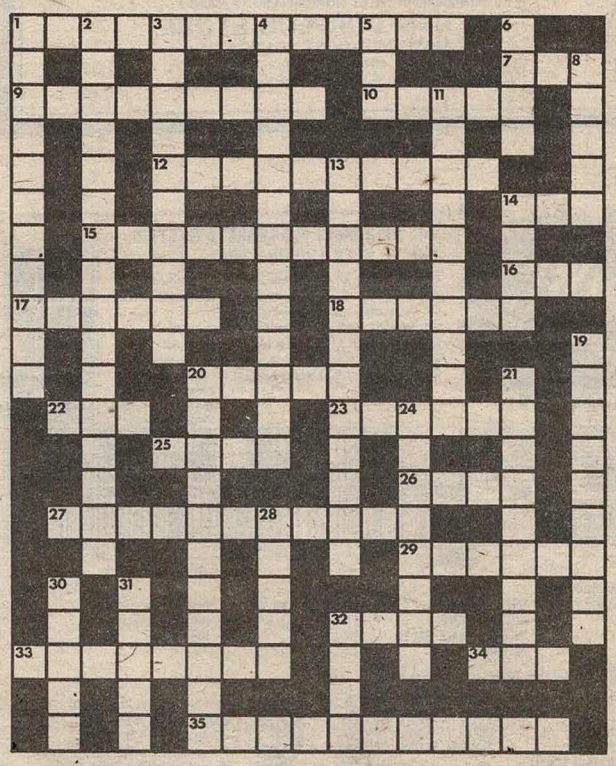
1 Follow up to 'John I'm Only Dancing' (10,3)
7 Kate Bush exclamation
9 Siouxsie hit
10 Girl's name and/or Seventies 10cc hit
12 A pert chick (sexist anag. 2 words)
14 Girl's name and/or famous old US R&B label
15 Old Bowie single (5,6)
16 Sound part of a lamp?
17 Something soon expected to follow 10 across
18 Palmer possibly
20 See 33
22 Bowie album
23 The Night Tripper (2,4)
25 **& 35** Neil Young title familiar to anyone who's ever owned a motor car (4,5,6)
26 Duane definitely
27 Scorcese/DeNiro classic (4,7)
29 **& 30** They're rich in vitamin C
32 See 19
33 **& 20 across** V. early Roxy Music smash
34 Sixties TV pop show (initials)
35 See 25

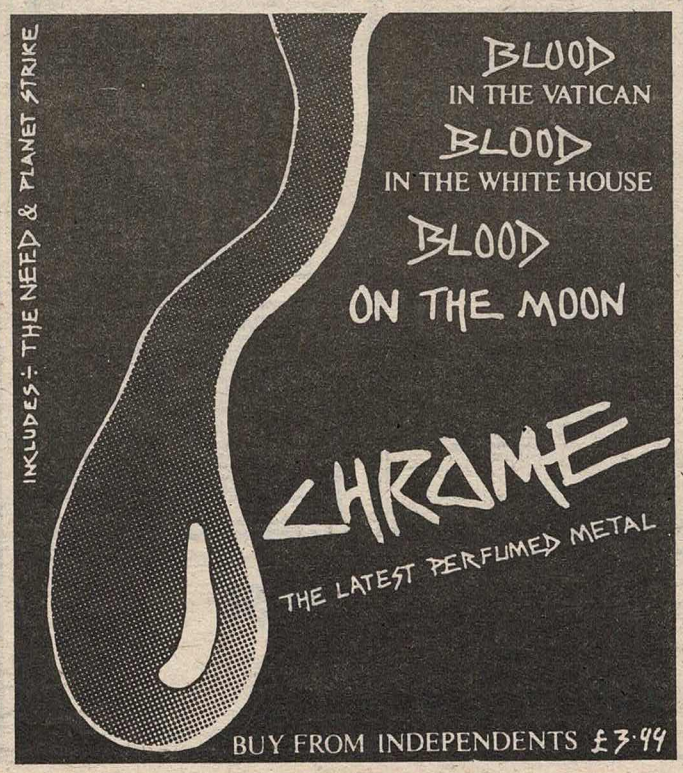
1 'Wacky' 'personality' 'axeman' of 12 across (4,7)
2 Follow up to 'Planet Earth' (8,8)
3 Made their debut at 33rpm with the acclaimed 'The Affectionate Punch'
4 One of those US mega-buck superbores (5,8)
5 **& 21** Beach Boys classic (3,4,5)
6 See 28
8 See 28
11 A Member (5,5)
13 Last heard of in Utopia (4,8)
14 Cats' singing?
19 **& 32 across** Kirk Brandon's band (7,2,4)
20 American singer/songwriter goes on and joins The Clash (4,7)
21 See 5
24 'Games People Play' singer (3,5)
28 **& 8 & 6** Vintage Bolan hit (4,1,5,4)
30 See 29
31 Bulge to blow!
32 Sixties musical

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 4 '(Union) City'; 6 'Nightclubbing'; 9 Nils Lofgren; 10 'Pet (Sounds)'; 13 The Stooges; 14 Cook; 15 Impressions; 17 Pop; 18 Carpenters; 19 Sha Na Na; 20 Ron Wood; 22 Union Gap; 23 Tom Dowd; 24 Sandie Shaw; 26 Joe Strummer; 27 Paul; 30 'She's So Modern'; 32 Stiff; 33 '(Pet) Sounds'.

DOWN: 1 'Living Ornaments Box Set'; 2 The Shakin' Pyraminds; 3 Cliff (Richard); 5 Ian Page; 7 Bee Gees; 8 'Guns Of Navarone'; 11 (Peter) Tosh; 12 Japan; 13 The Records; 16 John Mayall; 21 Duane Eddy; 25 Crass; 28 'Union (City)'; 29 Chas; 31 M.O.R.

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7" AC/DC Shook me all night long (Diff. pic to Bnt) (I) (P) 1.99
12" BLONDIE Denis; Presence dear; Sunday girl; Atomic; Heart of glass (All pic) (All British) each 1.99
7" MOTORHEAD Over the top (PIC DISC) (This record is NOT released until the end of June. In line with our fair trading policy we will not offer it for sale before release. As there are 100,000 being pressed, we will have ample stocks on the release date) 1.99
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7" ABBA Chiquitita (sung in Spanish) (I) (P) 1.99
7" RUSH Tom Sawyer / Witch hunt (I) (P) 1.25
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12" CAN — I want more / Silent Night + 1 (P) 1.49
7" PHIL COLLINS — Leaving me is easy (+ wraparound poster) 1.15
LP. MONKEES Dolenz, Jones, Boyce & Hart LIVE concert in Japan (Lots of hits all live + Poster + lyrics) (I) 8.99
(Slightly smaller biggies in other sections)

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12" KRAFTWERK Showroom dummies / Spacelab + 1 (P) 1.99
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12" P.I.L. Memories (E) (P) 3.99
12" ROBERT FRIPP Four from exposure (with P. Gabriel) (P) 5.99
12" SHAM 69 Hersham boys (E) + I don't wanna, Rip off, I'm a man I'm a boy, Tell u the truth (last 4 live) (P) 1.99
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LP. BEATLES Timeless (includes Beatles & others + interviews) (Pic disc) (I) 7.99
7" MARILYN MONROE I wanna be loved / Running wild / Thro with love (P) 1.99
LP. ELVIS PRESLEY TRIBUTE (Unique Presley collector's item 11 tracks by other artists, NOT Elvis, all recorded as tributes) (Picture disc of Elvis) (I) 5.99
7" GARY NUMAN (All Jap I + lyrics & pics) Cars; Are friends electric; Complex; We are glass; I die you die each 2.50
7" ADAM & ANTS Whip in my valise/Zerox; Ant music; Car trouble; Y Parisians; Dog eat dog; Kings of wild frontier (all pic) each 1.15
12" GARY NUMAN/TUBEWAY ARMY Are friends electric; Cars; Remember I was a vapour (2 versions) (All pic) (All I) each 2.99
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7" TUBEWAY ARMY Are friends/You are in my vision (I) 1.20
7" T. REX Get it on/Hot love (I) (P) 1.99

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LP. KRAFTWERK Radioactive (sung in German) (I) 5.49
7" ROGER TAYLOR Let's get crazy / Laugh or cry (I) 1.20
LP. BEATLES Rarities (with Butcher sleeve) (I) 3.99
LP. JAPAN Quiet life only 2.99
LP. PAUL McCARTNEY Interview album (deleted British copies) 2.99
7" CRAMPS Googoo muck (Yellow vinyl) (P) 1.15
LP. JAM Sound effects (Jap I + lyrics) 8.99
LP. JAPAN Obscure alternatives; Adolescent sex each 4.99
LP. STRANGLERS Black & White (Grey & White vinyl) (I) 4.99
7" U.K. SUBS Keep on running / Perfect girl / Party in Paris (French version) / Ice age (4 track e.p.) (P) 1.15
7" SPLIT ENZ History never (Laser etched vinyl) (P) 1.15
7" DAMNED Dr. Jeckyll & Mr. Hyde (I) (P) 1.25
LP. FOCUS Focus on Focus; Focus 2 (Both I) each 4.49
B.E.F. CASSETTE Music for Stowaways (50p P&P) 3.99
LP. E. CLAPTON Rock of the century (2 recs) (Hits) (I) 5.99
LP. RUSH Hemispheres (Pic Disc) (I) 4.99
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LP. GENESIS/P. GABRIEL Profile (I) (12 tracks) 4.99
LP. RUSH (I) 4.99
LP. FLEETWOOD MAC Live in Chicago (Dble) (I) 8.99
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7" PSYCH. FURS Dumb waiters (Playable pic sleeve!) 1.15
7" 999 OBSESSED E.P. (+ Free patch) (P) 1.15
7" JAM Start/When you're young (I) 1.20
7" JAM Sats kids/Heatwave (I) 1.25
7" POLICE De do lin Spanish/De do do (in JAPANESE) (I) (P) 1.25
7" STRANGLERS Duchess/Raven (I) (Diff. P from British) 1.25
7" SLADE — I'm A Rocker/Ginny Ginny (I) (P) 1.50
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7" SEX PISTOLS Holidays (with original banned British pic) 1.50

BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE

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LP. BOWIE Another face (14 early tracks) (New sleeve) 3.25
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7" BOWIE C Japan/Alabama (Jap I + lyrs)(Diff Pic) 2.50
7" BOWIE Rev song (Jap I + lyrs) (Diff pic to any Bnt)" 2.50
BOWIE BADGES (1 inch) Low, Man who sold, John I'm, Ashes (clown) Scary Monsters (P&P 14p any quantity U.K.) 25p each
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CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT 45

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7" BLONDIE Tide is high (same pic as album sleeve) (I) (P) 1.99
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METAL METAL METAL METAL METAL METAL

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7" SAXON Suzy hold on (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.50
7" WHITESNAKE Don't Break My Heart (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.50
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7" IRON MAIDEN Sanctuary (P) (Deleted now) 1.50
7" GILLAN Smoke on the water (8.25) Vengeance (P) 1.15
7" AC/DC Hells bells/What do you want (I) (Diff. pic to others) 1.99
LP. IAN GILLAN Scarabus (I) 4.99
LP. R. BLACKMORE Green Bullfrog (I) 4.99
LP GILLAN Clear air turbulence (I) (Deleted here) 4.99
7" KROKUS Bedside radio / Celebration / Easy rocker / Bye by baby (P) (+ Free Patch) 1.15
7" RAINBOW All night long / Since you've een gone (Jap imports + lyrics + pics) each 2.50
Cassingle WHITESNAKE Don't break my heart (P) 1.20
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Flowers Of Romance 12" (Pic) P.I.L. £1.99
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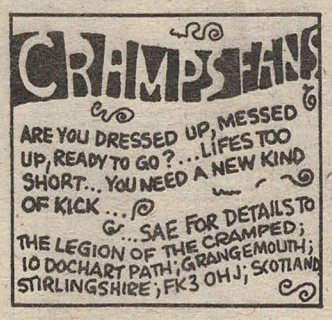
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MORE HEAD

FROM PAGE 29

Lem and Wendy chat about Motorhead's fortunes and Wendy's recent acquital from an obscenity charge in Cleveland. Every sexist eye in the room is fixed on her black leather pants and spike heels. As the saying goes, they might have been painted on. She asks Lemmy why he sings with the microphone tilted down from above his head. He grins.

"It's to hit those high notes."

After two shows in the same evening, Lemmy's voice is little more than a husk.

Wendy's departure is marked by an outbreak of ribald macho comment. There is an American booking agent, record company person or whatever hanging out in the dressing room and drinking the band's beer. He has no discernable purpose in the scheme of things, but he's hanging out and drinking the band's beer all the same. He is at a loss to understand why The Plasmatics should want to visit Motorhead and why when they do they should seem so in awe. He files Motorhead under heavy metal and The Plasmatics under punk and sees no reason why the twain should complicate things by wanting to meet. It's an attitude that makes Lemmy mildly indignant.

"We're not heavy metal. We're a rock 'n' roll band."

The obvious implication is that The Plasmatics are also a rock 'n' roll band and it's perfectly natural that they should want to pay their respects on Motorhead's first night in New York. The booking agent, record company person or whatever isn't buying it. He likes his rock 'n' roll strictly categorised and, in a nutshell, his attitude sums up a lot of what is wrong with the American music business. His imagination doesn't stretch to very much.

Lemmy and others, myself among them, attempt to explain how, from the very start, Motorhead have never had any trouble getting across to punks (or any other of rock's myriad minorities, except perhaps the pretentious and overeducated who prattle on about "good music").

We tell this American about the unique relationship between Motorhead and The Damned, how it wasn't an unusual sight to see Lemmy in the company of Cook, Jones or even Sid Vicious. How Sid and Lemmy even once played together at the Electric Ballroom. Wasn't the whole secret of Motorhead that they made heavy metal noises but they made them at punk speed? The booking agent or whatever can't get a grip on any of this. He clings to his preconceptions.

"That may be true in England but I don't think you'll find it's the case in the USA"

Lemmy mutters under his breath.

"Bollocks."

Interestingly, US writers who have already latched onto Motorhead tend to talk about them more in terms of Blue Oyster Cult or The Dictators or even The Ramones rather than (say) Blackmore's Rainbow or Ozzie's aforementioned Blizzard. Everyone seems to see them as modern rather than a sop to those who grieve the passing Led Zep.

ST MARK'S PLACE is a two-block strip of clothes stores, punk emporiums, head shops, bars, bookshops, not too covert drug vendors, ice cream parlours, damage cases, Japanese tourists and health food cafes on New York's funky Lower East Side. This shabby, gaudy miracle mile has served at least four generations of bohemia. The beatniks were there, the hippies were there and now Motorhead are there. On a warm Sunday afternoon, it's nothing short of a scuzzy carnival.

Lemmy and I are standing on the corner of St Mark's and Third Avenue watching some of the world's most unattractive hookers hitting on depressed looking Puerto Ricans while we wait for Phil, Eddie and Joe Stevens to show up for a photo session. Each time one of the girls scores she takes the john to a flea-bag hotel next door to a building with a brass plaque that proclaims it to have once been the home of James Fenimore *(Last Of The Mohicans)* Cooper. The home of James Fenimore Cooper has been converted into a gay bathhouse and swing club. This also is New York for you.

The picture session quickly disintegrates. It's virtually the first time since the band arrived that they haven't been confined to the environs of concert hall, hotel, airport or car. They are like kids out of school. Phil is on one side of the street peering into the window of a biker store called The Pit, Lemmy is on the other side buying a sterling silver skull ring from a sidewalk silversmith. Eddie has seemingly vanished into a bar. They immediately attract attention.

"Hey Motorhead, how ya doing?"

"Alright."

"You staying in town long?"

"Nah, sorry."

Punkettes with pink hair yell at them. Tish and Snooky invite them in for drinks in their boutique Manic Panic. There are greetings, conversations, the odd autograph. The trio are instant celebs and they love it. They radiate a sense of being totally at home. Of course, Motorhead aren't that easy to miss. They are wearing T-shirts, tour jackets, something with the logo emblazoned on it. Johnny Ramone happens by, promenading with his girlfriend. There is one of those polite rock 'n' roll encounters with hand shakes and photographs. Lemmy takes it all in his stride but Phil Taylor has a determined gleam in his eye.

"We're coming back here for a bit of a holiday after the tour."

From St Marks we stroll on down the Bowery, easing past the winos who've gotten mellow from the afternoon sun and a pint of Thunderbird or Nightrain pear wine. Everyone is starting to become very conscious that the cars have to leave the hotel at five to get to Poughkeepsie, New York by showtime. Suddenly, on the corner of Bowery and Houston, Lemmy becomes every inch the authoritarian.

"We've got to get in a cab, *right now.*"

The three of them flag down a checker and pile into it. School has been out for barely two hours, now it's back to business. The car pulls away. The sun's going down and it's kind of sad that they can spend so little time in the outside world, but that's the nature of cracking it in America the hard way.

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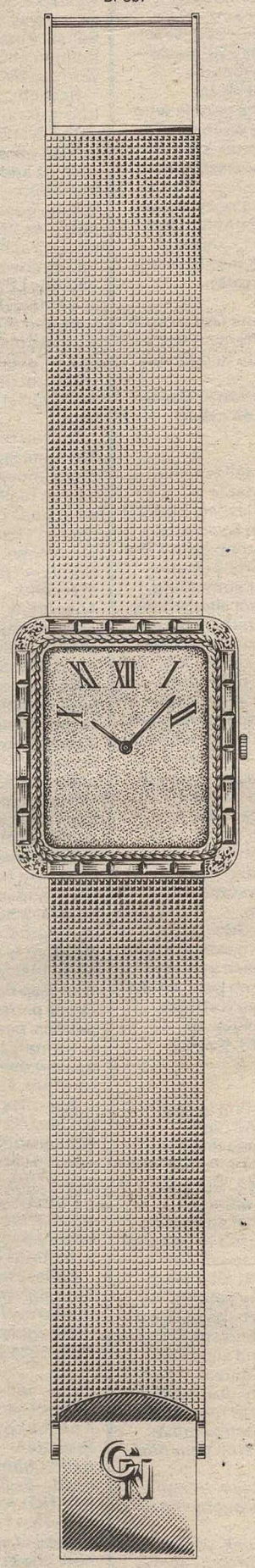

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MAY

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JUNE

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NEWCASTLE, MAYFAIR 3

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PORTSMOUTH, LOCARNO 14

LONDON, HAMMERSMITH PALAIS 15

BRISTOL, LOCARNO 16

ST.ALBANS, CITY HALL 17

NOUVEAUX CLASSIX

LIBERTY

So Julie Burchill thinks unemployed women are "too stupid to find employment". Why do you let her write such shit? It's bad enough everybody telling you it's your own fault you're out of work for not trying, without someone with a supposedly enlightened attitude putting the whole thing down to your own lack of intelligence. And this from a person who believes in sex equality! We can't all sit on our fat arses scribbling thoughtless little insults and get paid for it, Julie. Some of us have got to find real jobs — even if it is virtually impossible.
Lee Allsop (unemployed male), Nottingham.
Careful rereading of Julie's piece (*QBTV* May 23) leads one to the inescapable conclusion that she is condemning the people who try to inculcate women with the belief that they are (stupid) second class human beings via the press and TV; records etc, and *not* women themselves. About her arse I'm afriad I can't comment. — R. L. (Male — it says here on my birth certificate).

P.S. There wasn't really much point to this letter was there?
Margaret Smith, Redditch, Worcs.
Got you a mention in *Gassy* didn't it? (You do call it *Gassy?)* — RL

I am writing to tell you that 'a fan of Ian Penman's sax-playing' *(Gasbag,* May 23) is actually John Spontane, a member of a group called The Invisible Immortals (*Haaaa Haaaa — RL*) or something, whose single got slagged the week that 'Reeferbilly Boogie' was Single of the Week. He keeps moaning about it in the pub. He seems to think his group's record should have been made single of the week, which is daft 'cos it's a load of bilge about zip codes and quotes from Edgar Varese. In fact, it is so bad it makes Springsteen seem like the future of rock'n'roll.

Please print this so he will be humiliated and go to another pub or something.
Colin B. Morton, Croesyceiling, Gwent.
Now, more than ever seems it fit to die. To cease upon the midnight with no pain, whilst thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad in such an ecstacy . . . John Keats.

How disappointing to see young Adam and his bedaubed cronies take the credit for the composition of their No. 1 single, when the truth is that it's a thinly disguised steal of an incisive little ditty that used to be sung by the dustbinmen of the King's Road, and overheard by Adam as they would sift through the garbage out back of the World's End shop. The song, 'Spam And Old Liver' was belted out thus:
We're the dandy dustbinmen you're to polite to mention,
We're paid in cash to move your trash and stop your bins from stenchin'
The devil take your orange peel, you throw out by the lashing,
The way they stink, you'd almost think that punk was back in fashion.

(Chorus): Spam and old liver! Dustbins full of junk! Lonnie Donegan was the original punk!

We're the Chelsea dustbinmen, the stuff that we unearth's,
A hidden cache of last week's trash, now much declined in worth,
Old cans of beer, stale bondage gear, used Durex and Lillets,
Last week's Sounds, old coffee grounds, and Bow Wow Wow cassettes.

We're the dandy dustbinmen, our job is bin inspection,
We deal in much, we'll have no truck with Malcolm's spring collection,
A pox upon your pirate gear and all your King's Road tat,
I wear gorblimey trousers and I live in a council flat.

Porky's Minion, London NW11.
Have you noticed how green everything looks at this time of year? The verdigris growing down the front of your overcoat, the pallor of your drinking companions. — RL

I've noticed an increase in the number of mentions that Northern Ireland gets in your pages but still there's no serious attempt to explain/deal with/open discussion on the real situation here. Last November we had a Gavin Martin article which was a short round up of Belfast music and said nothing about the outside world in the north at all.

Recently, Gavin let Youth (the ignorant slob) get away with a blanket condemnation of Irish people. He doesn't trust us and has no time for Irishmen — if that's so why did the good for nothing, new hippy waster use a photograph of rioting in Derry for the cover of his band's pathetic LP? We've had bands like Killing Joke, Theatre of Hate and the other no-hopers writing songs about us, using us for covers, good copy; when not one of them have the slighest clue what goes on here.

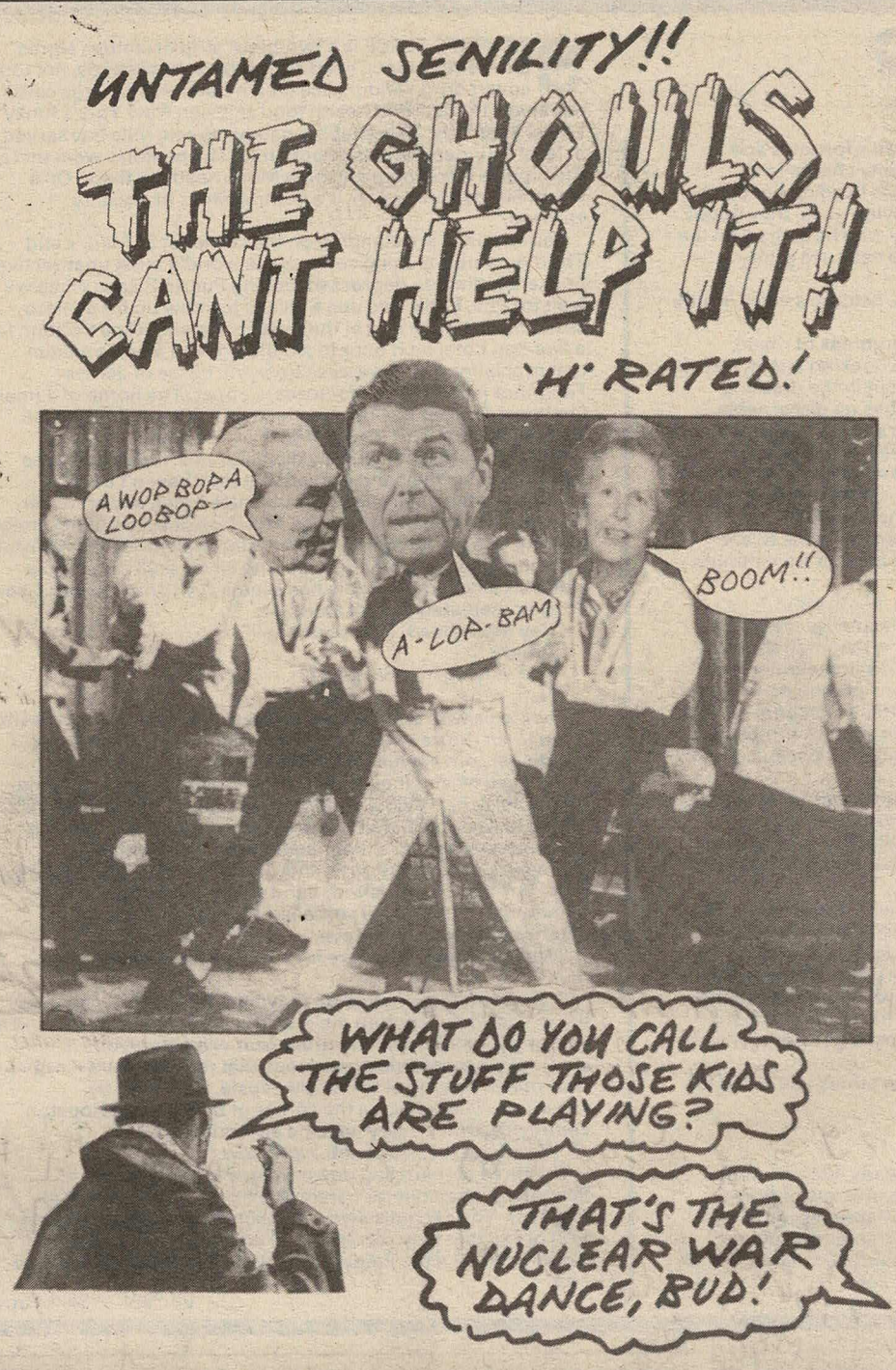
Do you really believe that The Outcasts and Rudi are more important than H-Block, do you really believe that what goes on in Belfast today mightn't happen in London tomorrow?
Domhnall MacDermott. Derry, N.Ireland.
Absolutely. I believe that papers I enjoy, like *NME,* should at the least provide a forum for discussion of the wider issues affecting the lives of their readers and those of the people whose doings they chronicle. The socialist/vaguely anti-authoritatian /rock and roll consciousness is such an important area because many people came to a kind of political awareness through exposure to the freedom of ideas and information which characterised the boom years of 'Youth Culture'. That freedom is now under attack on so many levels and people who slap down the idea of music papers talking about politics, personal and public, are simply helping to further narrow down those areas of freedom.

Specifics — Gavin allowed the absurd Youth to condemn himself with his own words and attitudes, was the impression I received.

Bookshops are full of publications detailing the history and present conditions in N.Ireland.

Belfast today, London or Birmingham or Manchester tomorrow? — Surely this was thoroughly discussed in the *NME* 1984 series. — RL

Please will you print this letter so that I can cut it out and use it on the cover of my next cassette?
Keith Chapman—I'm dead—Essex.
NO! NO! A million times NO! See what I mean about a variety of subject matter. Or how about . . .



About *Dangerous Visions* (May 9): the *Chronicle* programme 'The Crime Of Captain Colthurst' ended with the statement that Skeffington was a pacifist, but Graham Lock thought this was not "pertinent" enough. If he had to live in this fucked-up, bomb crater of a country, he would realise that if that fact had not been made *very* clear it would have provided the IRA with yet more propaganda to stir up anti-British feelings with and therefore give more credibility to their so called 'cause'—which, incidentally, no true Republican would even think of supporting.

I am neither Protestant or Catholic. I am anti-Tory, anti-monarchy, anti-IRA/UDA/UP/SDLP — it is possible to be left wing without being pro-IRA.

Several ordinery people I have known have been wounded or killed by the IRA — the government have yet to do the same.
The Slaughtered Rat, N.Ireland.

"NME still seems to me the only place where anything worth saying gets said" — Paul Du Noyer in *Gasbag* (May 2) in reply to a letter from Tony Darke.

You must be joking, surely. The reason Tony Darke finds he "gets nothing from you any more" is that you're not giving very much any more. As one of the most influential sections of the established mass media *(hollow laughter — RL)* you carry a very serious responsibility; the responsibility to report on the world (in general as well as of music) in as impartial and objective a way as possible.

You no longer do that. You read like a propaganda rag, though precisely on whose behalf is difficult to tell.

You, quite rightly, attack racism, but focus on only one incidence of it, namely colour racism, as if it were the only kind there is. You completely ignore the racism against the British which is becoming rampant in Ireland as a result of well-planned terrorism, propaganda and media-manipulation. "Brits Out" or "Pakis Out" — different manifestations of the same thing leading to the same violent consequences.

Rock Against Racism is an excellent idea. Why Doesn't someone come up with a similar project to help ease the Anglo-Irish friction? Here's your first fee-less volunteer performer.

For too long were have had people speaking and behaving on our behalfs without asking us first. *We* should not allow ourselves to be dictated to — as should be discussing our *own* ideas amongst each other. *"NME — your paper, use it".* Put your money where your mouths are — give us a readers' column. Democratise a little.
John Sayer, Frankfurt, Germany.
"Brits Out" and "Pakis Out" are very obviously not different manifestations of the same thing. Britain isn't one of the last outposts of the Pakistan Empire. There is no Pakistani army in Britain.

A great big *yes* to readers' contributions. Get writing — get your goddam views in the paper; musicians, fans, everybody, get some fresh air blowing through Carnaby Street. This *Gasbag* could easily have been twice the size it is. *Demand* more space! — RL.

Julie Burchill's vitriolic hatred of America is only matched by her romantically adolescent fawning over Mother Russia. To blame America for Stalin's butchery; to cite America (it seems) for allowing people to emigrate, to deny America's role in defeating Hitler — all this shows is that she must alter recent history in order to make it fit into her bitter little theories.

Also, Burchill, *you* are a racist because you subvert the issue of worldwideracism with your one-side hyperbole. You spit and fume at racist America but where is your outrage of the fact that since December '79, over *two million* Afghans have been driven from their country by the Russian military? These starving and destitute people don't get any space in your articles because you are an asshole racist who only sees oppression where you desire to see it. How very British.
A. Cernoia, Cleveland, U.S.A.
Correspondence about Julie's rear quarters, now closed. — RL

Having scanned the first four fifths of Julie Burchill's *Print* (May 9), I was jolted awake when I reached the last bit. Shades of *red!* As the inimitable Ms B points out, honour and blind obedience to one's leaders are hardly Siamese twins. The twist, of course, is her butt *(what is this anal obsession? — a Doctor writes)* licking and question-begging admiration of Kim Philby's chosen means of fighting back. There's nothing much wrong with changing horses in midstream, but the Philbian (underhanded) method of trying to drown the first critter is neither honourable or courageous.

But what of the massive moral fibre of those vodka-soaked masses? Allow me to suggest that their lack of neuroses, wastage and crime-trash may be the result of simply revelling in the fact that they're not at war at the moment. Is this really the only way humans can experience the terrible, the beautiful and the eternal? Like a bunch of drunken soldiers on a weekend pass?

Of course, when you take the military-oriented part away from a society of misfits, outcasts and European rejects, *and* give them enough to eat, *and* let them read what they want, you get satanic America. And the misfits become even more eccentric, and revel in their individuality. And the rejects are fed and bedded and have the luxury of raising frivolous children who never look back, but only rush short-sightedly ahead — unlike the kids of England, they have nothing to rebel against; their culture has never been able to ram anything down their throats. Terrible, yes. Beautiful, yes. Eternal, no. Sorry, Julie, but nothing about this planet is.
The Rugged Individual, Austin, Texas.
War isn't terrible and beautiful (terribly beautiful) — it's shit, piss, bullets, blood and gangrene. Have a nice day y'all. — RL

I was astonished to find that 'Rubi No Yubiwa' is still number one in the Japanese charts. Thank you for keeping us so well informed.
Jo Drury, Seaford, Sussex.
Brilliant! The first post-rockist letter! (Thanks *City Fun,* I'll get another strip soon, honest). — RL

Am I the only one around here who remembers the days when it was nigh-on impossible to tell the difference between Charlie Murray, Mick Farren and Handsome Dick Whassisname? I mean, where have all the Afro's gone?
Sidney Backaxle, Preston, Lancs.
I'll let you be in my dream if I can be in yours — Bob Dylan said that. He also said — I used to be among the crowds you're in with. Wasn't he good? — RL

After the initial euphoria of seeing my name not once, but twice in the wacky *NME* I have composed myself long enough to point out a few very relevant details which were omitted:

1 The letter wasn't written by my fair hand. However, I will be autographing copies of the live review at most branches of W H Smith over the next few weeks.

2 Even I wouldn't have the audacity to call cuddly Kirsty McNeill a "stuck up little hussy". She's a damn fine writer, and should be complimented for managing to get bands with a mere two gigs to their credit, lead reviews in these very pages. Bless her perm and trench coat.

3 Fay Ray (now) are a fine band who deserve more than a single and three tracks on a compilation disc. Fab though they are. And there are now seven people nationwide — out with Illegal records — who like Skafish (no hyphen) and the number is increasing daily.

4 And would a man of my increasing stature have the nerve to cite Rod Stewart and the Bay City Rollers as standard bearers for Scotland's rock scene? Everybody knows that Gallagher & Lyle were into checkered shirts and choppy acoustic riffs long before Orange Juice had even seen *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers.*

5 Nobody realises that, as far as this canny Caledonian is concerned, I've already seen the future of rock and roll. His name is Robert Hodgens.

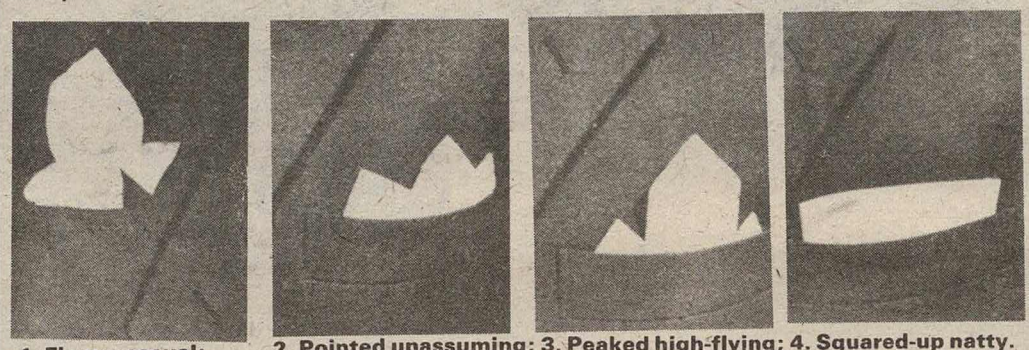
Och aye the noo.
(The real) Billy Sloan, Radio Clyde presenter.
You do call them canny, don't you — (the real) R.L.

The Judge on his back assesses the hills

Write to Gasbag, NME, 3rd Floor, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1

Photo : Joe Stevens

A tart "No comment" from 'Busty' Egan who fails miserably in the natty hankie stakes — he's unable to distinguish between a peaked and a squared-up. Back to the Drawing Room, Busty!



1. Floppy casual; 2. Pointed unassuming; 3. Peaked high-flying; 4. Squared-up natty.

HE-TALK

THIS WEEK *NME* introduces *HE TALK* — a new outlook on men and their ways. In a world where women and their cosmetic ways rate so much attention, *HE TALK* will try to fill the gap which men must often feel. After all, in the jungle it is the male animal which carries all the eye-catching furs and feathers!

***HE TALK* takes a look below at that fashion touch up above — the breast pocket handkerchief — that can make so much difference! This summer you can be sure lightweight zoot suits, panama hats and whacky, way-out ties will be all the rage — so for the *piece de resistance* consult our shorthand visual guide to the whole range of subtle, significant ways of topping it off with a snotrag!**

So how do you fold that breast pocket handkerchief? Here are the four methods most often used, and all perennial eye-catchers — you can't go wrong, no matter what's "in" this season — though style experts favour number (1)for this summer, closely followed by numbers (2), (4) and (3).

***HE TALK* is written by Pee Wee Pascal.**

T-ZERS

BY ERROL G.

IT IS a lovely Summer's day. The sun is shining down. Outside in Carnaby Street, everybody is smiling. They are happy. The tourists are smiling. The man who sells them overpriced rubbish is smiling. The traffic wardens are smiling. *Everybody* is happy! *T-Zers* surveys this blissful scenario with a serene, contented countenance. And licks its luscious ice cream.

But at that moment, a tiny black cloud floats into view. *T-Zers* frowns, then shudders, then embarks upon a steady descent into the most abject panic. Yes, a terrible thought has struck! A ghastly chill has clutched its breast. Retrieving the ice cream from its shirt front, *T-Zers* confronts the awful truth with which it is faced . . . Cabaret Futura is closed! There isn't a single bloody thing to write about! Oh my God, get me out of here, FAST . . .

And then — and *then* — in the very **Nicholas** of time, a panting messenger, fourteen Apache arrows in his back, stumbles into the room and collapses in a twitching sweaty heap. Prising a grubby, crumpled manuscript from the deathlike grip of the poor fellow's fist, *T-Zers* reads its contents feverishly. As a waiting world, uh, waits, *T-Zers* lifts its noble brow. And, in its specially-reserved, most sententious tones, it proclaims thus . . .

Four streets on Merseyside are to be named in honour of neo-psychedelic Liverpool revivalists **The Beatles.** These are **Lennon** Drive, **Harrison** Close, **Starr** Drive and **McCartney** Way. Moves to re-christen the Dock Road as **Bunnyman** Parade have been blocked by local residents . . .

Which reminds us: **Echo** and the boys were playing a set in Holland last week when news of Liverpool FC's Euro-triumph reached the stage. The Bunny repertoire was immediately abandoned and replaced with spontaneous Koppite singalonging . . .

More seriously, folks, when the Bunnymen hit Brussels a few nights ago, Brussels hit back — in the form of an ugly biker gang who invaded the bar where **Will** and **Ian** were sharing a quiet drink with **Richard Jobson** (well, quiet as any drink can be when shared with Richard Jobson). In the scuffle that resulted, Jobbers hurt his poetry-reading arm and Will needed 14 stitches on the chin. **McCulloch,** presumably, held their coats . . .

Still more villainy: **Motor Boys Motor** have had gear taken from their van, parked in Lewisham. Gone missing are a drum-kit belonging to **John Kingham** (whose name is on the flight cases) and a blond Telecaster. Supergrasses ring **Julian** at Albion, on 01-734 9072, where you may learn something to your advantage, reward-wise . . .

Stray Cats' Saturday show at the Rainbow was advertised as a "Hell's Angel Benefit" — more of a misunderstanding with the promoters than anything else, as the gig was actually a memorial, rather than benefit, for an Angel mate of the Cats who'd died in a bike-crash days before . . .

In one of those coincidences that publicists dream about, **The Equators** were rudely awoken from their sleep after a Washington DC show when their hotel caught fire, leading to personnel of said Stiff reggae artistes being rescued from their bedrooms by axe-wielding firemen. And the coincidence? The Equators' upcoming LP is entitled 'Hot'. Phew, what a scorcher, strike a light, etc, etc . . .

Motivation, the group formed by former **Buzzcock Steve Garvey,** will appear this Friday night on Granada TV's show *After All That, This* . . .

Painter **Peter Blake** is becoming something of a gigophile. Latest sighting was the Saturday **Springsteen** show at Wembley . . .

Speaking of which, **The Boss**'s sax supremo **Clarence Clemons** has been 'laying down' the odd track here and there for **Greg Lake**'s eventually-come solo LP. *(What year is this anyway, 1975? — Ed.)*

The new GLC administration hasn't been backward in coming forward to make the March For Jobs personages feel at home in this great capital city of ours — despite a hostile local media slinging every accusation at the Labour men bar that they eat babies for breakfast. *(They do? Right, to work! — New Standard)* Right to work? Oh well. One thing does give us cause for concern, however: who is the dreaded **Red Ted?** Fearsome leader of a mutant tribe of communist rockabillies, mayhap? . . .

Killing Joke report the theft from their rehearsal studios of a clap-trap (believed to be the device they programme for lyric-writing and interview answers), £200 worth of leads, some amps and drum-stands and, worst of all, an Oberhein Synthesiser (serial number 800806) containing a nine-month memory store of key sounds and effects. A reward is offered, so why not come clean like a good chap and ring Malicious Damage on 01-229 5390 . . .

This Thursday (4th June) sees a joint P.A., as they say, at Oxford Street's Virgin Megathing by TV critters **Clive James** and **Russell Davies.** Object is to flog copies of James' satirical double-LP of the stageshow, 'Charles Charming's Challenges On The Pathway To The Throne'. The show of the book of the record of the Personal Appearance also features **Pamela Stephenson,** in female roles that range from the **Queen** to **Esther Rantzen** . . .

Tina Turner time again. Ms Turner, it appears, made one small but significant contribution to Spain's political instability when she played a recent festival in Madrid. Conservative councillors were up in arms over the Socialists' use of civic funds to sponsor the bash — and they were *really* sore about Tina's personal contract. It stipulated cash payment, an ample supply of French champagne (£18,000 of the stuff, if you don't mind), a chauffeur-driven car (and nuthin' less than a Pontiac) *and* a suite to herself in the best hotel in town. As you know, style is something that need not cost you the earth — the odd continent or two will often suffice . . .

Coconuts are rumoured for a five-night stint at a suitable London venue — possibly the ICA. Michael Zilkha of Ze is said to favour the ICA because he'd like the set reviewed as theatre rather than rock. Hmm, a little *dramatist,* what? . . .

Simple Minds Jim Kerr and Charlie Burchill experienced the rougher end of the psychedelic revival when they visited a Notting Hill pub and had their drinks spiked with acid. Stopped by a constable outside, Kerr gathered up enough remaining marbles to quip "I plead insanity". They spent a night in the nick all the same . . .

Heaven 17 forge ahead with their anti-**Reagan** groove thang — the run-off groove, to be precise, on their new 'On Your Money' 12" reads "Hard luck J. H. Junior" while the 7" bears the etched message "Better luck next time, J. H. Junior". We don't dream for a moment that this is any reference to failed assassin **John Hinckley Junior.** . .

Hospitalised **Pop Group** type person **Gareth Sager** awoke from a nose operation last week to find **Flying Lizard David Cunningham** by his bedside, there not to bring grapes and flowers but to wriggle out of an unsavoury and possibly illegal situation which found a Sager saxophone tune on the new Lizards album without the saxophonist's permission. After offering to do Sager's laundry as some kind of recompense, the chief newt left agreeing to remove Sager's name from the record's cover after the initial pressing of 3,000 had been flogged . . .

'Busty' Egan makes a dramatic return to seize the last *T-Zer.* On Wednesday night (that's yesterday to most of you) he and fellow Futurists Stevo and Soft Cell will be spinning discs to raise money for No Nukes Music at Nottingham's Rock City. "Is this a fundamental shift in the youth culture axis?" asks a passing cyclist. Or is it just that there's nothing else to do on a wet weekday in Nottingham? *(Whatever happened to the No-Futurists? — 1977 Ed).*

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It's good stereo, too: 4 watts per channel, with 4 speakers (a treble and a bass for each channel).

The stereo cassette recorder has a setting for metal tape, and there's a 5 LED indicator, too.

The quartz clock is a liquid crystal display, with a timer control which automatically wakes you gently in the morning with your favourite radio programme.

All these features come ready to take away in a box which we call the TRK8130.

It's surprisingly light to carry around, and you can pick one up from your local dealer now. Ask him about the price too, it might be even less than £139.

Or write for more details to Hitachi Sales, Dept. C, P.O. Box 4SY, London W1A 4SY.

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